

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER

HOLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

RY COOPER
Paul Hesse

TENTH AVENUE GIRL — the Rags-to-Riches Novel Alice Faye Actually Lived

by **ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

ive! **"WHAT PAIN CAN TEACH YOU"** Bill Powell's Heart-t

ow to Disguise Your Weight — Learn from Hollywood's Mi

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Thanks a Million!



I'll Never Forget

the wonderful relief from that unbearable bulky feeling when I changed to Kotex Sanitary Napkins with patented pressed ends that fit flatly. No more discomfort or embarrassment... those special pressed ends put Kotex in a class by itself!

All 3 Types at the
Same Low Price



KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)



I'm So Grateful

for the extra safety and comfort that Kotex Sanitary Napkins give because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture throughout the pad and so check damp, chafing edges!



I can't thank You Enough

for 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins—Regular, Junior and Super. Never again need I cut and adjust my napkins because 3 sizes of Kotex make it a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

Better say Kotex—Better for You!

And don't forget QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors

Thrilling *new* way gives teeth Brilliance, Sparkle ...

Extra Care!

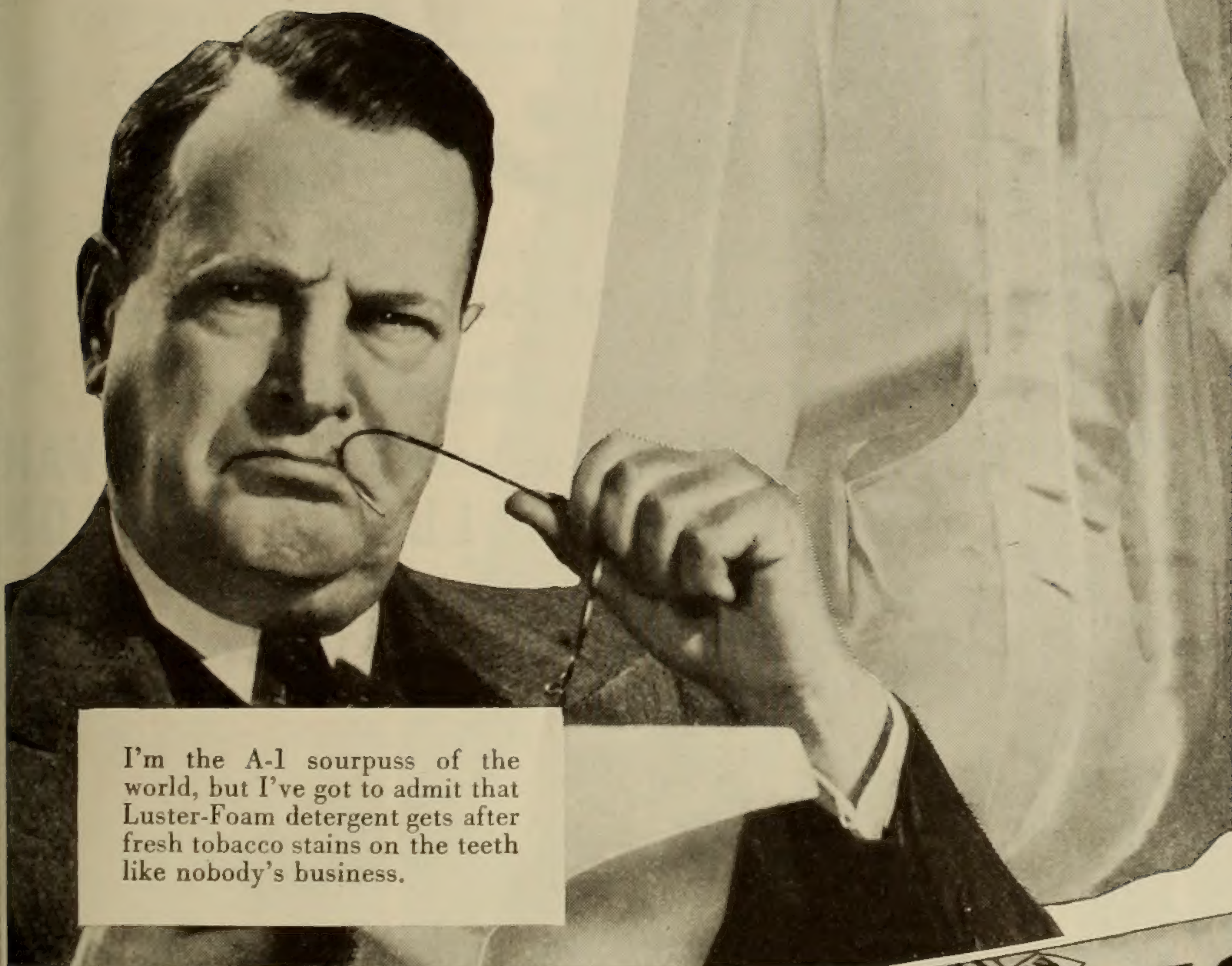
Blessed is the bride who's found the Luster-Foam way of keeping a smile ever lovely for a husband's approval.



That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste does wonders in giving teeth the luster demanded of glamour girls before the studio cameras.



What counts with me is the thorough way it cleans and how long a tube lasts. That's pretty important when the family's big and the budget's small.



I'm the A-1 sourpuss of the world, but I've got to admit that Luster-Foam detergent gets after fresh tobacco stains on the teeth like nobody's business.

LUSTER-FOAM in LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE forms a "Bubble Bath" of amazing penetrating and cleansing power

When a tooth paste can get thousands of men and women raving about it to their friends, and snapping it up to the tune of more than a million tubes a month—it's got something!

In the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, it's Luster-Foam detergent. Born in the brain of a clever European scientist, this dainty magical ingredient is now incorporated in a tooth paste, to give super-cleansing in a new, delightful, different way.

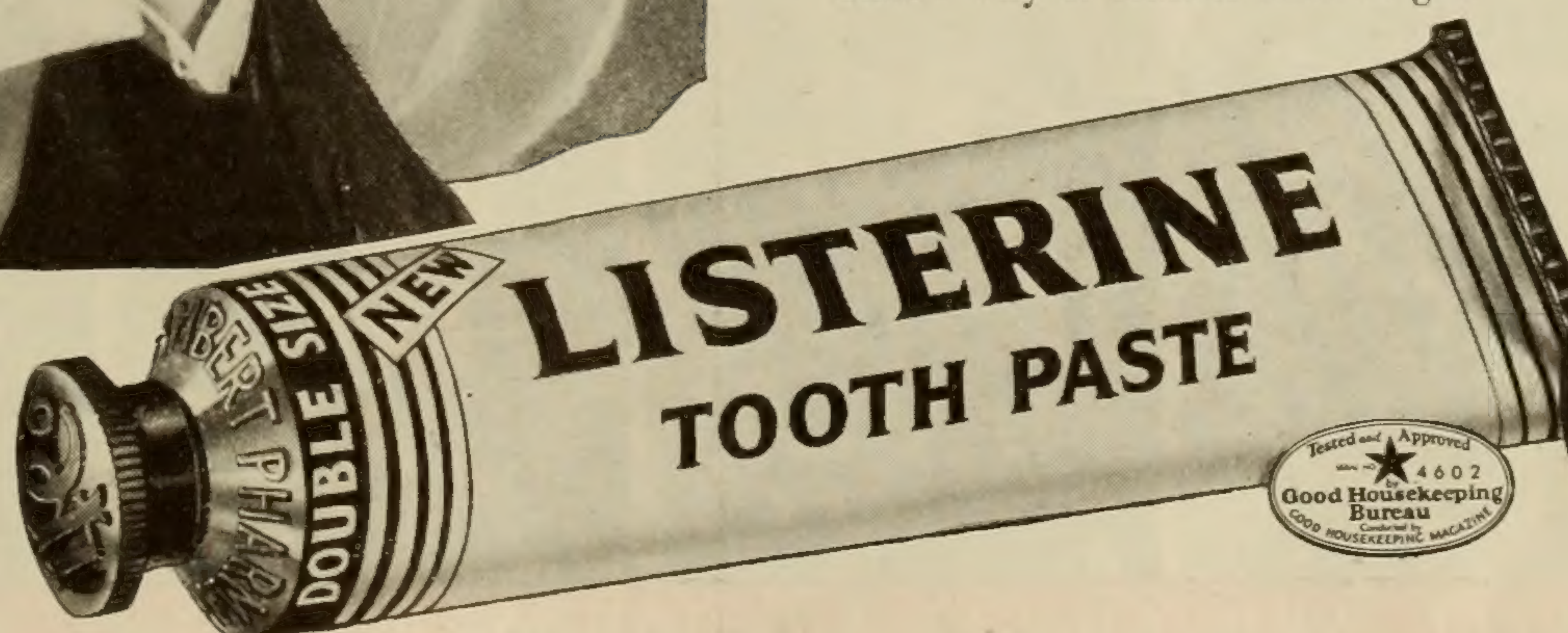
You will love that foamy, aromatic bubblebath Luster-Foam creates when saliva and brush set it into gentle action. Its power to spread and penetrate is simply unbelievable.

That's why it reaches hard-to-get-

at areas where old dentifrices may never penetrate—the very areas where some authorities say from 75 to 98 per cent of decay starts. This surging "bubble bath" quickly attacks enamel-clouding films. The teeth soon flash with new brilliance. Hosts of acid ferments and decay-fostering bacteria are swept away in a sea of foam.

And all the while your mouth feels younger, fresher, cleaner—such is the stimulation of that gentle bubble bath. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. Now at any drug counter, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube containing more than ¼ of a pound of dentifrice, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



More than ¼ POUND
of tooth paste in the double
size tube · 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢

The *NEW* formula
supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM
P.S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER also
contains LUSTER-FOAM

135 WOMEN

with nothing on
their minds

BUT MEN

Out of the boudoir...on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!



NORMA
SHEARER

JOAN
CRAWFORD

ROSALIND
RUSSELL

The Women

(AND IT'S ALL ABOUT MEN!)

Biggest All-Star Cast in Years in the Hit Stage Play Broadway Cheered For A Solid Season!

with **MARY BOLAND • PAULETTE GODDARD • PHYLLIS POVAH**
JOAN FONTAINE • VIRGINIA WEIDLER • LUCILE WATSON
From the Play by **CLARE BOOTHE**

By Arrangement with Max Gordon Plays & Pictures Corp. • Screen Play by **ANITA LOOS & JANE MURFIN**
Directed by **GEORGE CUKOR** • Produced by **HUNT STROMBERG** • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET-'EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

PHOTOPLAY

THE PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE-MEDAL
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Gary Cooper, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Anniversary

THIS year the industry unites to celebrate its fiftieth birthday, and PHOTOPLAY joins with its friends in the celebration.

Our first issue was published in 1911; thus we share more than half the five decades.

Two years ago, with the October, 1937, issue, PHOTOPLAY streamlined its contents and format, brought itself up to date with the sharply improved standards that followed the invention of sound.

The greatest writing names in America have contributed to the new luxury-style PHOTOPLAY. In the past year, Elsa Maxwell, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Greta Palmer, Irvin S. Cobb, Margaret Culkin Banning and, in this issue, Louis Bromfield have been added to the list which already includes the distinguished names of Adela Rogers St. Johns, Eleanor Roosevelt, Faith Baldwin and others. In addition to the splendid contributions of staff writers Howard Sharpe and Sara Hamilton and the authoritative fashion features by Gwenn Walters, PHOTOPLAY brought you with pride the Truth and Consequences game invented by Katharine Hartley, the occasional pieces by brilliant screen-writer Claude Binyon, many fine stories by Marian Rhea and the adventures of Jane Lyons, conceived by Lillian Day. "Miracle Men at Work," by Adele Whitely Fletcher, has proved to be the most highly praised feature in recent years.

Heyworth Campbell added the names of E. M. Jackson, Rea Irvin and Barbara Shermund to our list of great illustrators, which includes Bradshaw Crandell, Wallace Morgan, C. D. Mitchell, McClelland Barclay, Vincentini and a host of others. Hyman Fink has continued to offer his superb candid shots and Paul Hesse's great natural color photographs have graced our covers.

Incidental part though it plays in the fifty-year-old movie industry, PHOTOPLAY strives continually to be its most worthy representative.

Ernest V. Heyn

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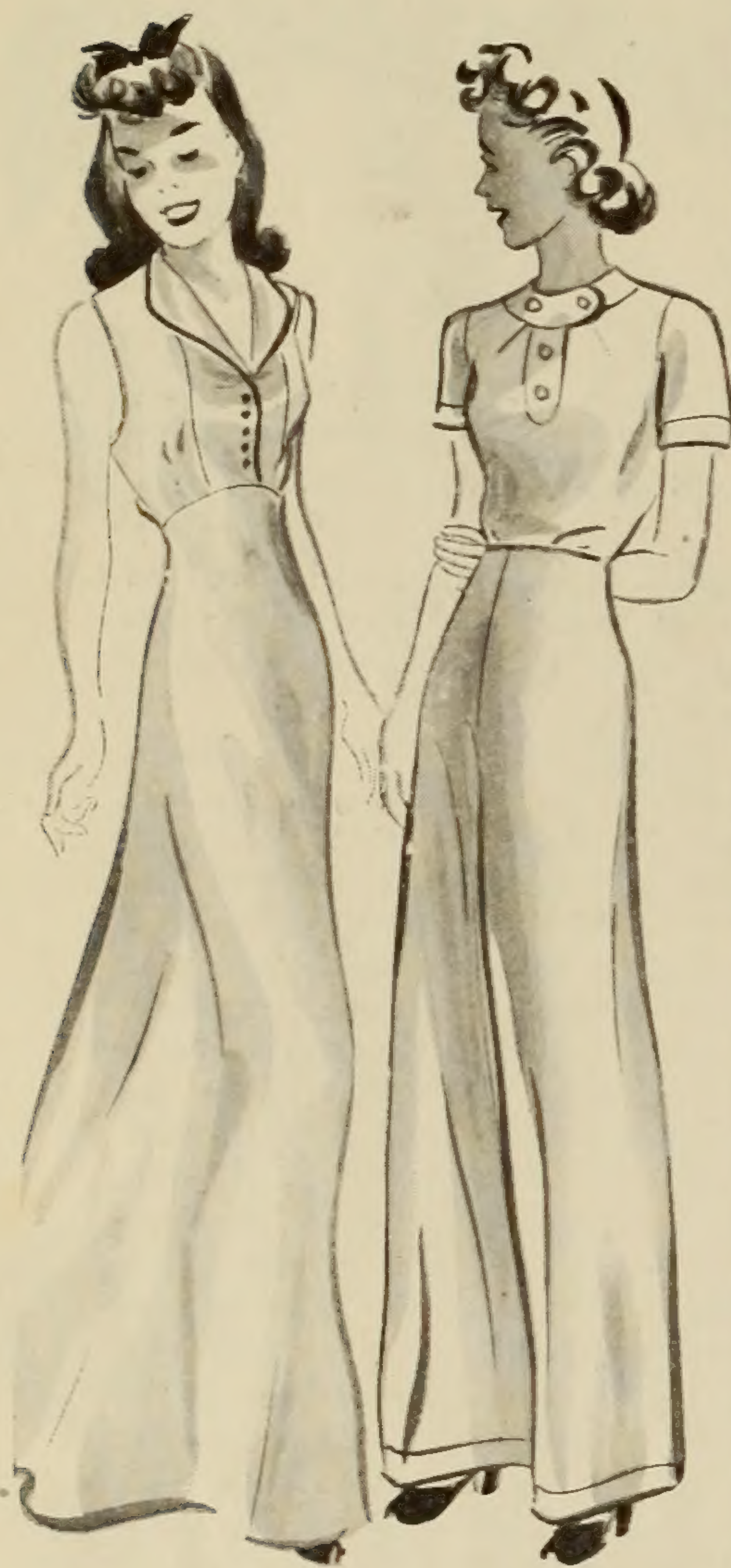
*Enchantingly Young
Siren Slim...*

CARTER'S BOUDOIR SLEEKS

Fashioned in Carter's petal-soft Twin-kle-glo . . . a flattering rayon tricot, run-proof and lovelier than ever. That's why they feel so smooth and luxurious against your skin and flow around your figure in sleek fluid lines. But don't let the femininely fragile look fool you—they were born to be practical! They wash and dry quickly—don't need ironing and stow compactly away in your luggage. Last simply ages, too. The colors are subtle (make you feel as pretty as a posy). Be sure to buy all the Carter gowns, pajamas, panties and slips you *really* need—the prices are a sweet surprise. 59¢ to \$5.

REMEMBER IT'S

"Carter's for Sleek Loveliness"



GOWN N16 — Fitted princess line. Piping in contrasting colors. Lapel neckline. Apricot, Robin Egg Blue, Angela Blue and Gypsy Coral. Sizes 32 to 42. \$2.

PAJAMA K55/11—Swankily tailored—comfortably full cut pants and top. Buttoned crew neck. Chinese Turquoise, Pink Shell, Angela Blue. Sizes 34-42. \$3.

Carter's
UNDERTHINGS

The William Carter Company, Home Executive Offices: Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

BOOS AND BOUQUETS

TO THE RESCUE!

I'VE stood by and seen Don Ameche slammed from one end of the country to the other—and I'm getting good and tired of it. The remarks of a certain Miss Lowry, in the August PHOTOPLAY, really got my dander up, so I'm defending my favorite actor tooth and nail.

So Don uses the muscles of his face to dramatize his acting, does he? Well, show me an actor who doesn't! Besides, no one has ever remarked about those "dying cow" looks displayed by Tyrone Power, or Miss Dunne's apple cheeks—ugh!

I've seen Clark Gable make violent love to Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and a dozen others, unmoved. While other females were sighing deeply over Robert Taylor, I was only mildly interested. When Power moved silently across the screen, I only looked over the audience trying to locate friends. But when that handsome Indian appeared in "Ramona," my heart beat faster. His later pictures have all found me unsuccessfully trying to leave—after about the third showing.

Can I help it? Is it my fault that his eyes hold me, his smile delights me, his voice captivates me? Could I resist closing my eyes when he sang "Now It Can Be Told"—just to see if I could open them and still see that handsome, dashing figure on the screen? Heck, no!

I know there are plenty of people who feel just as I do, who recognize a truly good-looking, attractive man with an excellent acting ability when they see one—and the "one" is Don Ameche.

So let Kansas City rage—who gives a darn about them? We're backing Ameche, muscles or no muscles!

AVIS RUSSELL,
Thomasville, N. C.

"—AND BY THE PEOPLE"

IS there, somewhere in the movie industry, a clearinghouse for the ideas of American moviegoers as to what they would like to see on the screen?

I know that Hollywood feels every quiver of our reactions to what has already been filmed. But when we read a story that so stirs our imagination that we long to see it in pictures, or meet some fictional character that we feel was cut out for our favorite actor, we can only hope the men who make movies will read the same story and see it as we do.

If enough moviegoers took note of the situations and characters they would like to see, and knew where to present their ideas, wouldn't it take a lot of the guesswork out of the movie business? And the producers might find that what the public wants is of a higher quality than what it has been given.

PAULINE SANDHOLDT,
Kerrville, Tex.



England's pride—Anna Neagle, now starring in her first American-made picture, RKO-Radio's "Nurse Edith Cavell"

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

SOUNDS GOOD TO US

THE success of the "March of Time" shorts proves that brief documentary films interest a very large section of the filmgoing public. Why not a series of "Star Shorts," each one composed of the best scenes from various films made by a famous star during his career?

Consider the genuine artistic thrill provided by the greatest scenes from Norma Shearer's pictures. Again, what Gable fan wouldn't welcome the opportunity of seeing a pictorial record of Clark's rise on the screen from tough guy assignments through heavy lover roles, to the versatile, accomplished star of today?

How deeply moving and very lovely it would be to see again Garbo's many memorable scenes. A Gary Cooper record, too, would provide rich entertainment. Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn—all such true artists that scenes from their various films would provide enough material for a dozen thrilling shorts. And

Charles Laughton! But, as with Garbo, it would be practically impossible to pick "best" scenes from his productions.

Hollywood producers seem prepared to spend incredible sums on the silliest subjects, so why not spend a little on something which would certainly be an artistic success and surely, because of its appeal to film enthusiasts, a commercial one, too?

Alice Basher,
Christ Church, New Zealand.

BING!

FOR goodness' sake, what has Bing Crosby been doing—eating an extra quota of spinach or something? In his latest picture, "East Side of Heaven," he would have made a perfect specimen for one of these "How to lose a few extra pounds" advertisements.

Now I, as well as many others, I'm sure, like to see my heroes big and strong-looking, with one of those manly chests—but only one word could describe Bing and that is "fat."

So, please, some of you Hollywood

dietitians—give Bing's fans a break—and Bing a diet!

RAYBURN DAVIS,
Lawrenceville, Ill.

A FULL SCHEDULE

SINCE it is obvious that Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald don't do any too well separated, why can't M-G-M cast them in any (or all) of the following?

1. A continuation of "Sweethearts."
 2. A remake of "The Cat and the Fiddle."
 3. Ditto, "The Vagabond King."
 4. "The Desert Song" (anybody can see what this would be in Technicolor, with Nelson and Jeanette!).
 5. A remake of "The Merry Widow."
 6. Smetana's "The Bartered Bride."
- There, now! M-G-M, do your stuff!
- DOROTHEA STEFFAN,
Augusta, Ga.

BACK TO NATURE'S BEAUTY

THANK heavens that naturalness is at last coming into its own reign of power! After long years of hardened sirens, movie actresses in Hollywood are beginning to look natural. It is good to see sensible eyebrows on such stars as Paulette Goddard, Alice Faye and others. Rouge and lipstick are not being so heavily and thickly applied, but are used to emphasize the "inner" beauty of womanhood.

As I am a high-school girl, I see all around me girls who imitate their favorite movie actresses, and for a while some of them appeared very "hard." But now they are beginning to look "youthful," and their faces and attitudes are taking on fresh and charming looks.

Let us hope that movie stars will continue to look and act natural, because it has a strong effect upon the high-

school girls of America and the girls who work in offices, factories, and housewives all over the United States.

A country can well be judged by the looks of its women, so a nation of youthful, fresh, natural-looking women would indeed be a pleasing sight.

MARY MEADOWS,
Huntington Park, Calif.

REBUTTAL

IN answer to Mildred Palmer's letter of August PHOTOPLAY, I must conclude that she has become very, very bored with movies and can't define a really real movie when she does see one.

What about "Dark Victory"? No one, not even the most blasé and unreasonable, could possibly claim that was anything but "real throughout." You know, Miss Palmer, there really are people such as Dr. Steele and Judith Traherne in the world. Real, truly human, making the best of their troubles and the most of their happiness and meeting the world honestly.

Why don't you take off those dark glasses you're wearing and look about you?

They're the kind of people, and "Dark Victory" is the kind of story, that make life worth the living.

DORIS HILL,
Syracuse, N. Y.

AN AUSTRALIAN BOUQUET

GEE, these kids are wonderful! Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Judy Garland and a dozen or so others.

Time was when a young star could not carry a picture alone, but not so these youngsters; they can carry any picture—and most the cast along with them.

Surely, never has youth been so prominent on the screen as today, and so welcome, bringing as it does a new,

fresh and completely delightful form of entertainment. How we love these kids . . . we just can't have enough of them. Down here all the "teen-age" boys are in love with Judy . . . and all the "teen-age" girls would like to play Juliet to Jackie's Romeo . . . and all the "teen-age" folk and "grownups," too, think MICKEY is a marvel. So here's to YOUTH, I say!

PATRIC CAMPBELL HESSÉ,
Sydney, Australia.

RAYE OF SUNSHINE

IS there a Martha Raye fan in the house? Then, I'm sure you'll agree with what I have to say. But if you aren't, won't you read my letter, anyway?

Many people who saw Martha in her first two or three pictures (and couldn't take her rather loud, free-and-easy type of comedy) have refused even to attend any of her later films. Is that fair? What well-known stars of today haven't improved with time and experience, their work becoming more subdued and finished than it was in their first appearances?

Miss Raye has changed, too, although she is still her own inimitable self, so why not give her a chance? Attend her next picture, not with antagonism, but with a willingness to let yourself enjoy her performance.

I'm certain you will, for she is easy on the eyes, can sing sweet and swing songs equally well, and is a capable comedienne and actress. But—see for yourself, John—and Jane.

MARILYN HARRSCH,
Chicago, Ill.

TAKE A BOW

ORCHIDS to Miss Waterbury for the beautiful and impressive article on the three latest Hollywood marriages, Power-Annabella, Gable-Lombard,

Fairbanks-Hartford. I am thinking and writing of the Power-Annabella nuptials. Nothing has thrilled me as much as the article about them, calling them the original Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power. I know they will do as Miss Waterbury asks and put the institution of Hollywood marriage back on its feet.

Congratulations to Ruth Waterbury. Congratulations and best wishes to the Tyrone Powers.

NORMA BERNSTEIN,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

ENGLAND BOOS

PERHAPS Photoplay understands just what Frank Capra thinks he is doing; I can't make him out myself. He has turned Columbia Studios into a pulpit from which he preaches a doctrine so contrary to common sense that only the entertainment value has prevented his films being intolerable.

It began with a vague suggestion of chivalry in "Broadway Bill," and continued in "It Happened One Night," where two people of entirely different classes fell in love and married, factors making for the inevitable break-up of such a marriage being conveniently ignored. "Mr. Deeds" told us that the proper thing to do with money is to get rid of it as quickly as possible. In "Lost Horizon," we were shown that it is best to fly from one's troubles.

Capra reached the limit in "You Can't Take It With You."

We were treated to the spectacle of a collection of human beings spending their lives in infantile tomfoolery, and told that this was right.

The philosophy of these Capra films is dangerously wrong, for it points toward the disruption of society. The screen is not the place for wildly absurd theories.

G. LIVESEY,
London, England.

Career girl in the Movies...

Katharine Aldridge
tells how Lux helped
her win success...

Watch this rising
young star!

"Modeling for photographers in New York, I had to look immaculate always—stockings flawless—ready for a picture at a moment's notice. Lux was my stand-by then as it is now."

1938



"Bit parts in Hollywood, on a beginner's salary, meant I had to save. Luxing my stockings and undies—dresses, too—was my pet economy. They stayed lovely-looking longer."

March
1939



"Featured in 'Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women,' I found that 20th Century-Fox studio uses Lux for all washables to keep them in condition . . . 'a big economy,' they say."

September
1939



GIRLS everywhere find Lux helps them dress charmingly at little cost. It protects daintiness . . . keeps dresses and lingerie new-looking longer . . . cuts down stocking runs. Lux is thrifty!

Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in gentle Lux. For extra economy, buy the BIG box.

HOLLYWOOD SAYS:
Don't trust to luck
—trust to Lux



Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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Tintype of a family that's helping a troubled world forget its worries—Blondie, Dagwood and Baby Dumpling, whose "Blondie Takes a Vacation" is to be followed in the early fall by another in this series starring Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms

★ BACHELOR MOTHER—RKO-Radio

Here's a honey—smart, subtle, sophisticated. There's a laugh a line, a line a second. Ginger Rogers is a shopgirl who has an unwanted baby thrust upon her by the boss' son, David Niven. It's a case of no baby, no job. When Niven's papa, Charles Coburn, thinks it is his own grandson, no one wants to disillusion him, so Ginger and David do the next best thing. They fall in love. A "must." (Sept.)

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Pessimistic in tone, this social message proves that a misdeed in childhood can lead to degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. Patricia Ellis, Aline McMahon and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (July)

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

More gangsters, more tenement kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Guttersnipe Barton MacLane gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Arden furnishes the romance. (July)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-and-robber drama, with murder as its motivating theme and the psychological exposé of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Chester Morris' work, as an escaped convict who takes refuge in the home of Psychologist Ralph Bellamy, is excellent. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast. (July)

BOY FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Husky Jane Withers is still chasing down gangsters and helping out the police. Her brother, a rookie cop, is assigned as an undercover man, and Jane snoops, too. Arleen Whelan is lost in this run-of-the-mill piece. (August)

★ BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this madcap comedy of a playboy who is allergic to marriage—that is until he meets up with Annabella. Billie Burke, as his flighty mother, Virginia Field, the jilted fiancée, and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (July)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Paramount

At long last, *Drummond's* married! Oh, yes, there's some mystery—a thief hides the stuff in *Drummond's* radio, then keeps walking into the sleuth's hands—but it's slight. Heather Angel is John Howard's long-awaited bride. Reginald Denny's in again. (Sept.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's mellerdrammer beyond belief—with horror chambers and even a treasure. John Howard is still playing *Drummond*, but even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner and Reginald Denny struggle valiantly, too. (July)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres, doing well in this popular series as young *Dr. Kildare*, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of a principle. He falls in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, but Lionel Barrymore, as the testy old surgeon, steps in when things look black. (July)

★ CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-U. A.

A rip-roaring melodrama, with escaped convicts Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen playing Robin Hood in rescuing settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. It all adds up to a grand thriller, with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen. (July)

CAREER—RKO-Radio

Edward "A Man to Remember" Ellis plays a country store-keeper around whom the lives of the townspeople revolve. He meddles with them all, despite the fact his own affairs are in a mess. Anne Shirley makes an attractive ingenue; newcomer John Archer, a clean-cut young doctor. See it, if you enjoy the homey type of film. (August)

CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—20th Century-Fox

Hollywood may go to pot, but *Charlie Chan* will just go on solving celluloid mysteries. This time Sidney Toler meets new adventure when a murder mystery pops up in Reno. The murder theme is tied up with a rich woman, a jilted lover and a wronged wife. (August)

★ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Columbia

This is sparkling mystery, with Ralph Richardson in the role of sleuth. Scotland Yard is set to work when some British bombers disappear. Test Pilot Laurence Olivier takes an interest in Richardson's investigations, and also his sister, Valerie Hobson. The climax is fantastic, but the witty lines compensate. (Sept.)

★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners

This is propaganda—with apologies to none. It's a bold step and its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to Europe, but is spreading throughout the world. G-man Eddie Robinson is billed as the star, but it's Paul Lukas, leader of the Nazi forces in this country, who's the real star. Francis Lederer, as the egocentric spy, gives a memorable performance. (July)

★ DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS—Warners

A follow-up on "Four Daughters"—with the Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, and Gale Page being courageous when their long-lost father, Claude Rains, turns up and upsets their lives. John Garfield has the romantic role this time, when Pat jilts Jeffrey Lynn for him. Fay Bainter plays the mother and May Robson is in fine fettle as the housekeeper. (August)

EXILE EXPRESS—United Players-G.N.

Another helping of Americanism, with Anna Sten playing the role of a girl whose hope for citizenship is dashed when she is implicated in a murder case. A crazy-quilt series of events climax in a fade-out of Anna taking her oath, flanked by hero-reporter Alan Marshal. (August)

FIVE CAME BACK—RKO-Radio

Out of the old story about a forced landing, comes a tale of strange psychological effects. The pilots can fix one motor which will return five to safety. Which to choose—a murderer, a child, two lovers, a professor and his wife, a shady-lady, two pilots? Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, C. Aubrey Smith, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor and others form the party. (Sept.)

(Continued on page 8)

This, above All, Bette's Best!

Remember for a moment the Bette Davis picture you loved most. Then think how magnificent that picture is which surpasses even it. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize as a play, cherished as a novel, its stirring story springs from the heart of a woman to touch the heart of the world. Its exceptional cast, its extraordinary romance, urge you to see it. Hasten to do so—the very instant it opens!

You are cordially
invited to the
marriage

BETTE
DAVIS

and
MIRIAM

HOPKINS

in

"THE OLD MAID"

with

GEORGE

BRENT

DONALD CRISP • JANE BRYAN • LOUISE FAZENDA

JAMES STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN • WM. LUNDIGAN • CECILIA LOFTUS

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by Zoe Akins and
the Novel by Edith Wharton • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

MEET THESE FASCINATING PEOPLE...

From the great Broadway play
GOLDEN BOY!

starring
**BARBARA
STANWYCK**
as
**LORNA... She's the
dame from Newark.**



starring
**ADOLPHE
MENJOU**
as
**MOODY... He loves
Lorna**



starring
**WILLIAM
HOLDEN**
as
**JOE BONAPARTE...
He wants to be a
big shot**



starring
**SAM
LEVENE**
as
**SIGGIE... He loves
the duchess**



starring
**LEE
COBB**
as
**PAPA BONAPARTE
... He wants his son**



starring
**BEATRICE
BLINN**
as
**ANNA... She loves
Siggie**



starring
**JOSEPH
CALLEIA**
as
**FUSELI... He wants
a champion**



TENDERLY... THE SCREEN
TELLS THE HEART-WARMING
STORY OF THEIR EMOTIONAL
CONFLICT AND ROMANCE!

GOLDEN BOY

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN Production
Based on the CLIFFORD ODETS play as produced
by the Group Theatre of New York • Screen
play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah
Y. Mason, Victor Heerman • Produced by
William Perlberg • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

FIXER DUGAN—RKO-Radio

Melodrama in a circus—with Lee Tracy doing a good job of keeping Lion-tamer Peggy Shannon's props from being attached, and Virginia Weidler out of an orphanage. (August)

FORGOTTEN WOMAN, THE—Universal

Sigrid Gurie returns in a rather good little movie. She and her husband want to go to Florida, advertise for companions to share expenses. Two gangsters answer. They stage a holdup in which her husband is killed and Sigrid is convicted as an accomplice. (Sept.)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

This sort of routine program picture is doomed. A horse-race bet gets into the wrong hands, that of a servant girl who rushes around spending the money. Robert Kent, playing a bookie, seems dazed by it all. (August)

★ FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-U.A.

Filmed in Technicolor, this is unmatched for sheer spectacle. John Clements resigns from the army on the eve of sailing for Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. Three brother officers and his fiancée, June Duprez, send him the white feather of cowardice. How he redeems himself makes this a fine movie. (Sept.)

★ GIRL FROM MEXICO, THE—RKO-Radio

Lupe Velez comes roaring back in this wild comedy, when Radio Agent Donald Woods finds her in Mexico and brings her to New York. His troubles start when Lupe finds he plans to marry Linda Hayes (screen newcomer). There's plenty of slapstick, a good story and able direction. (August)

★ GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—M-G-M

James Hilton's beautiful and moving novel has lost none of its charm, with Robert Donat giving a great performance as the old English schoolmaster who disciplines his boys without kindness until his beloved Kathie teaches him tolerance. Greer Garson is charming and altogether believable as Chip's wife. Entire cast is excellent. A must. (August)

★ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

Here's as funny a comedy as you have witnessed in many moons. It teams Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell again, with Joan as a waitress who has a yen to see Paris; tries a bit of mild blackmail; is run out of town. Enter Melvyn Douglas. There are fresh twists to the story, and the dialogue is delightful. (Sept.)

GORILLA, THE—20th Century-Fox

This is the picture which the Ritz Brothers didn't want to make. The result of it all is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror, and you laugh at what made you shudder in the former version. (August)

GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount

When a murder-mystery turns out to be a hysterical farce, you can be certain that Gracie Allen is lurking in the continuity. With deft hand and numb brain Gracie sees to it that the hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes free. No wonder Investigator Warren William wears a bewildered look. Kent Taylor and Ellen Drew furnish the romance. (July)

HARDY'S RIDE HIGH, THE—M-G-M

Another delightful Hardy picture, in which Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and the other lovable members of the family go haywire en masse when they almost fall heir to two million dollars. You'll get a howl out of Mickey's run-in with a chorus gal and mousy Aunt Milly's romance. Good addition, Virginia Grey. (July)

HELL'S KITCHEN—Warners

Ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are beaten and starved while Superintendent Grant Mitchell piles up a tidy sum. Racketeer Sidney Field, with the help of Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan, exposes the dirty work afoot. (Sept.)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

Isa Miranda makes her American bow in this weak war melodrama as a femme fatale who must carry on as a hotel chambermaid when the Russians invade disputed territory. There's an attempt at suspense, but somehow you know handsome Ray Milland will win out. (July)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal

The murder happens right at the beginning. An actor, Donald Douglas, is the victim. Detective William Gargan pretends he's a producer in order to reopen a theater where the murder happened, on the theory that the murderer will strike again. He does. (Sept.)

★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

Don't let the prize-fighting background fool you in this story of a charming aristocrat, Irene Dunne, who marries a man whose background is beyond her understanding. Fred MacMurray is splendidly right as the would-be champ and Billy Cook is excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce. Adult and intelligent. (July)

ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount

For no apparent reason, J. Carrol Naish establishes himself as king of an island and cracks the whip over escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze

the natives. The law comes to the aid of the innocent and the natives take care of the guilty. Anna May Wong is exquisite and Eric Blore adds the comedy. (Sept.)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

Have you ever imagined yourself in the position of an innocent person accused of murder? That's the fix Stuart Erwin's in when he finds a body in his car. He's held in jail but his wife, Gloria Stuart, comes to his rescue. Good suspense. (Sept.)

★ IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M

Claudette Colbert's at her best, which is very good and very funny, in this gay comedy in which Jimmy Stewart, as a private cop assigned to watch out for millionaire playboy Ernest Truex, gets mixed up as an accomplice in a murder. Jimmy escapes on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose. The action is fast, the story has plenty of new twists. You'll have fun. (July)

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Papa Jed Prouty is nominated to represent his hometown American Legion post at the California convention. While he parades, the entire brood, including Mother Spring Byington, poke around the studios. Gags funny. (August)

★ JUAREZ—Warners

Warners have drawn a close parallel here between the present political world struggle and the original story of Mexico's big revolution. This epic tells two stories—that of the Indian, Juarez, who believed in democracy; and that of Maximilian and Carlotta, dupes of Louis Napoleon's dreams of conquest. Bette Davis' performance is restrained and Paul Muni's fine. (July)

KID FROM KOKOMO, THE—Warners

The lid's off on this boisterous comedy in which Wayne Morris plays a yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a sentimental yen to find his long-lost mother. Things get complicated when Fight-Manager Pat O'Brien bails drunken May Robson out of jail and passes her off as the kid's Ma. Joan Blondell and Jane Wyman add feminine interest. Plenty of laughs. (August)

★ LAND OF LIBERTY—MPPDA

If you are a visitor at either Fair this summer, put this on your "must" list. If you're a stay-at-home, you'll see it later. Here's the story of America—its heroes and heroines—welded together into a magnificent cavalcade. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille. (Sept.)

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

We thought the mad-mad-fun stories were out—but, no. Here's a galloping case of whimsy, with Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor. She's a rich girl who goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor on a park bench, gets married. Myrna develops the Little-Woman complex, they both get bored. No more mad fun—but don't relax, it starts all over again. (July)

MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE—Paramount

The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patricia Morison are effective, but the characters they portray are not. The film's about a mythical empire; the emperor is murdered and Tamiroff, an actor, impersonates him. Suspense and cast good. (Sept.)

★ MAISIE—M-G-M

There's humor in this, depending upon the way you observe it. Ann Sothern takes the rap when Rancher Robert Young's wallet is stolen. Complications ensue, and Bob is accused of murder. Ann rushes to his defense. Young carries on happily, but it's Miss Sothern's picture. (August)

★ MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

Here's awfully good cinemah, really. Producer Jack Benny, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England and the basic story is surrounded by notable entertainment, lots of music, gags aplenty, delivered with the Benny timing and artistry. Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester, almost steals the show. (Sept.)

★ MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE—Small-U.A.

Dumas' famous novel sees Louis Hayward cast in the dual role of the twin Dauphins of France. You'll remember: one twin is given in the care of the Three Musketeers, while the other becomes Louis XIV. Circumstance brings Philippe into contact with his brother, the king, who devises a plan to keep the dangerous twin a prisoner. This has moments of horror. Joan Bennett plays Maria Theresa. (Sept.)

★ MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic

Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," is at his best in such a role as this of Sam Houston, that grand old American who fought for freedom. You'll have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. (July)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—Warners

A classic composition by staid music prof, Dick Powell, is modernized into "Hurray for Spinach!" The high-brow's personality also gets renovated by a screwy Tin Pan Alley gang. Among the funsters are Ann Sheridan, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom. The film has pace, laughs, good swing arrangements of classic bits.

NIGHT RIDER, THE—Republic

The best of the excellent *Three Mesquiteers* series, in which John Wayne, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune continue their Robin Hoodish career in fighting the land grab in the early '80's. (July)

★ ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M

The strange and gentle tale of an old man who gets Death up a tree, and keeps him there until the moral about keeping people alive when dying would release them from pain is brought forcibly home. Lionel Barrymore and Bobs Watson are superb as *Gramps* and *Pud*, as is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the personable *Mr. Brink*. (Sept.)

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever in this thrilling aviation film, but the laurels go to Richard Barthelmess for his magnificent performance as an embittered pilot who gets one last chance to prove himself. With exciting photography, suspenseful story and great work from every player, what more could you ask? (July)

RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter, again in the role of the Mexican Robin Hood, is believable and charming in this fast-shooting, hard-riding moon-pitcher. Cesar Romero is wonderfully mean as the *Kid's* lieutenant. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor roles. (July)

★ ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power turns villain in this story of the prohibition era, when the theater great rubbed elbows with gangsters. Everything might have been all right for Vaudevillians Alice Faye and Al Jolson in their climb to success, if Ty hadn't come along. Jolson sings memory-strumming music and Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious star. Joyce Compton garners the laughs. (July)

SAINT IN LONDON, THE—RKO-Radio

In this the *Saint* (George Sanders) starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them along with him. It's all one grand chase. And Sally Gray, the blonde, is swell. (Sept.)

SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox

Assets: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; Rudy Vallee's music; a few laughs. Debts: phony dialogue and situations; no suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the *Scarlett O'Hara* search, with Power playing the press agent and Sonja the winner of the sought-after role. Sonja's too few skating numbers are enchanting. (Sept.)

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

Phil Regan's a cop who thinks he's going to get into the movies. Falls in love with and marries Jean Parker, producer of cartoon strips. The blow-off comes when he finds she has used his voice to dub one of her cartoon characters. It's funny. (Sept.)

6000 ENEMIES—M-G-M

Walter Pidgeon, suave as usual, plays a politically ambitious prosecutor, who convicts on evidence that is often faked. When he is railroaded to the pen himself, he takes a terrific beating from his enemies, but Rita Johnson is in the jailhouse, too, to show him the error of his ways. (August)

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount

Not even Gene Krupa's drums, at work with Bob Hope, Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, could turn this into anything but a disappointment. The story: a midway barker tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs, and Hope tries hard throughout. (August)

SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio

This offers a social message to those high-school girls who intend to go to college. It's the business of being rushed, or standing miserably by while other gals get the bid. Anne Shirley shows you how to take whatever comes. Oh, yes, she makes a big sorority—and number-one-campus-man, Jimmy Ellison. (July)

SOS—TIDAL WAVE—Republic

Remember Orson Welles' Mars invasion? That gag has been put together with current interest in television, to make a film with novelty and entertainment in it. Ralph Byrd, Kay Sutton and George Barbier are the principals. (August)

★ STOLEN LIFE—Paramount

This might have been "just another picture," but it has Elisabeth Bergner to lift it into the triumph class. It's the story of twin sisters who love the same man—Michael Redgrave. He marries the ruthless one. When she is drowned, the generous one takes her place as his wife, only to find that she must assume her sister's personality. Miss Bergner's performance is flawless. (July)

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

Even Jackie Cooper can't lift this out of the routine class of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. The moral is: live a clean life, help your neighbor. Jackie does, even if brother Dick Purcell doesn't. Marjorie Reynolds lends a feminine touch. (July)

STRONGER THAN DESIRE—M-G-M

Melodrama—that settles around Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Virginia Bruce. They're in love, but he gets compromised, and she goes indiscreet. Lee (Continued on page 96)

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Marjorie Reynolds, at home in a plane, is Betty Lou in Monogram's "Tailspin Tommy" series



GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 78.

1. Only one of these actresses has never been married:

Penny Singleton **Madeleine Carroll**
Andrea Leeds **Louise Fazenda**

2. This child star has eight brothers and sisters, all of whom started working in pictures when they were babies:

Bobs Watson **Edith Fellows**
Virginia Weidler **Gene Reynolds**

3. Merle Oberon is:

Japanese **Russian**
Spanish **English**

4. At fifteen, he was in complete charge of his father's farm. Now he's reverted to type by becoming a farmer again:

James Cagney **Clark Gable**
Spencer Tracy **Don Ameche**

5. This glamour girl convulses Hollywood parties with her imitation of a baby learning to talk:

Dorothy Lamour **Joan Crawford**
Dolores Del Rio **Hedy Lamarr**

6. When she sailed for Europe, she left her jewels with the customs officials, pending settlement of her income tax controversy with the Government:

Sonja Henie **Norma Shearer**
Marlene Dietrich **Constance Bennett**

7. Rudy Vallee gave this popular star her first real chance:

Marie Wilson **Alice Faye**
Carole Lombard **Irene Dunne**

8. He was once a colonel in the Chinese Army:

Lewis Stone **C. Aubrey Smith**
Arthur Treacher **Basil Rathbone**

9. Only one of these stars has never been divorced:

Alice Brady **Melvyn Douglas**
Edward Arnold **Myrna Loy**

10. Born in Japan, this young actress has just taken out her first citizenship papers:

Patricia Morison **Marjorie Reynolds**
Olivia de Havilland **Martha Raye**

11. This star once worked for a circus—taking care of the elephants:

Walter Connolly **John Garfield**
Errol Flynn **Wallace Beery**

12. He worked in a circus, too—but as an acrobat:

Joe E. Brown **Joel McCrea**
Pat O'Brien **Fred MacMurray**

13. You'll have a chance to see this singing star in person when he begins his three months' concert tour in January. Incidentally, he's been asked to audition for the Metropolitan Opera Company:

Ramon Novarro **Allan Jones**
Nelson Eddy **Tito Guizar**

14. After two years off the screen because of illness, he has finally regained his health and will be seen shortly in a new picture:

Walter Huston **Richard Barthelmess**
William Powell **Fredric March**

15. James and Lucile Gleason star in this popular family series:

The Higgins Family **The Hardy Family**
The Jones Family **The Hobby Family**

16. Only one of these girls is a natural redhead:

Jean Parker **Anne Shirley**
Ginger Rogers **Arlen Whelan**

17. She was once married to Eddie Norris:

Virginia Bruce **Ann Sheridan**
Rita Hayworth **Margaret Lindsay**

18. This dramatic actress is making a picture now in which she will play her first comedy role in many years:

Greta Garbo **Norma Shearer**
Bette Davis **Kay Francis**

19. A character actor now, he began his screen career as a rotund comedian:

Lionel Barrymore **Donald Crisp**
Walter Brennan **Ray Bolger**

20. Mickey Rooney's girl friend in the *Hardy* series is:

Lana Turner **Ann Rutherford**
Cecilia Parker **Jo Ann Sayers**

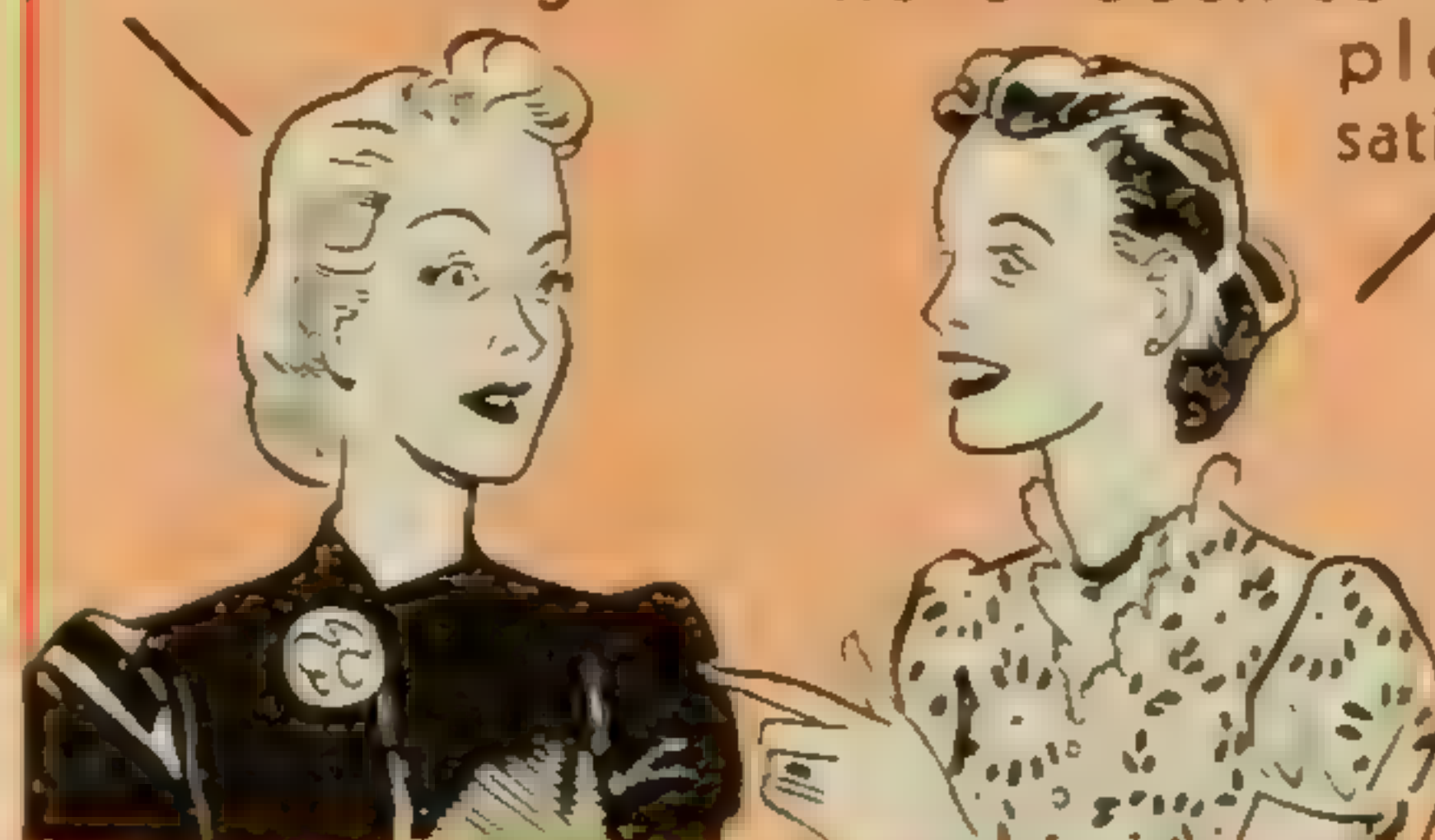
I BEGAN WEARING VALCORT SILK STOCKINGS TO SAVE

THEN I FOUND THEY LOOKED SHEERER AND WORE LONGER

NOW I'M A ONE STOCKING WOMAN

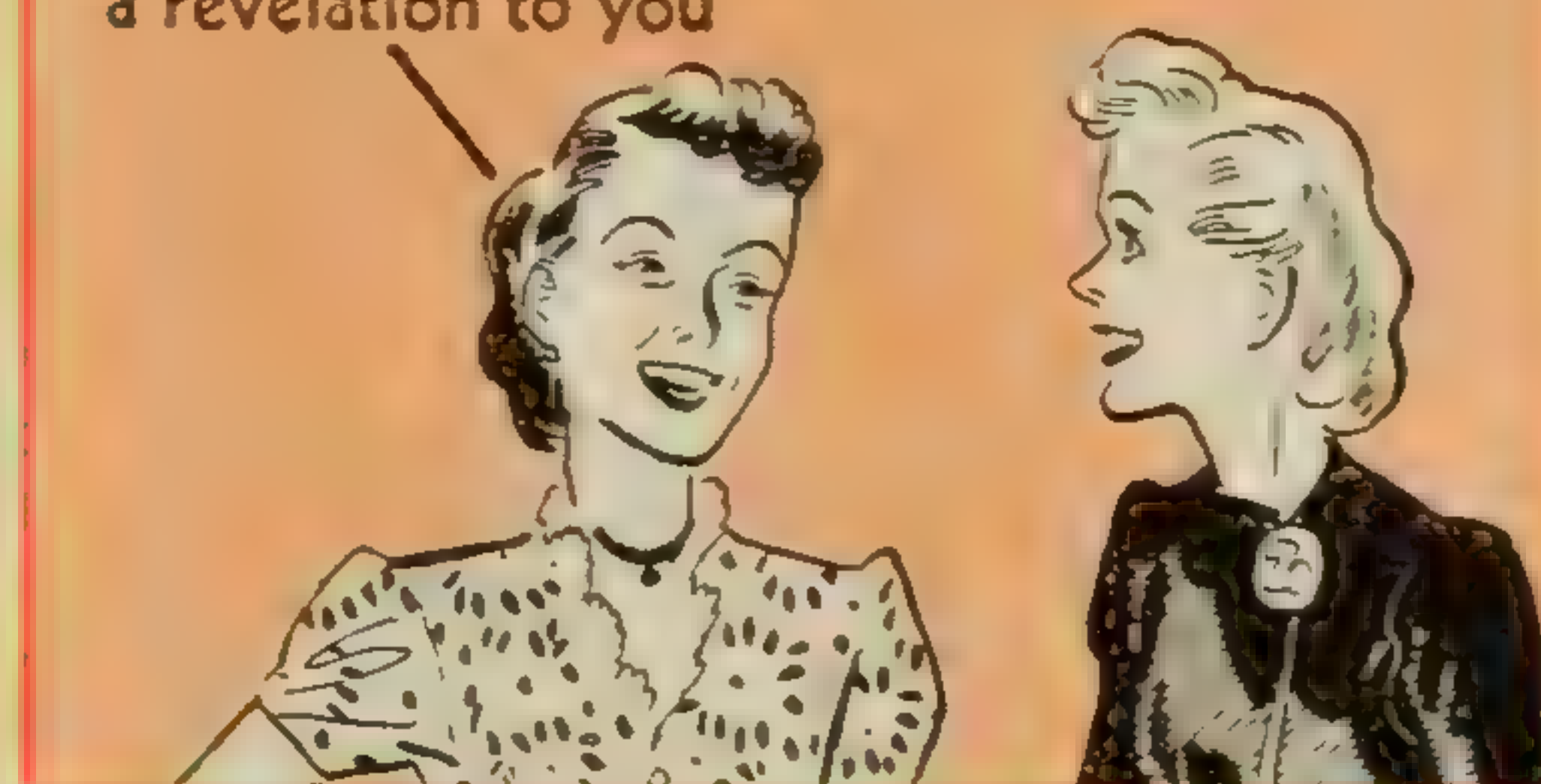
Stocking costs are my ruination. I can't spare a penny from my allowance for other needed things.

Darling, that was an old complaint of mine—but no more! Today, I use VALCORT, pay only 69c and have never been so completely satisfied.



And what's more, they have all the qualities of more expensive stockings. They're beautifully sheer and the way they wear will prove a revelation to you.

I'll try them!



LATER

Say, you must have come into money. That vanity case is a beauty.

No dear, I bought it out of my allowance. I found a grand way of saving money. No more paying \$1 or more for stockings. Now I buy lovely VALCORT hose at only 69c... and when I want to splurge I get their crepe deluxe sheer chiffon at 79c or 89c.



Follow the example of America's smartly dressed women who must keep appearances up and expenses down—become a regular VALCORT user. The glamour of their clear sheer beauty, their resistance to ordinary stocking ills plus the savings you'll effect will make you understand their amazing popularity.



One Woman



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VALCORT

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VALCORT HOSIERY MILLS • • • • IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY



I'll carry BOB PINS for you!

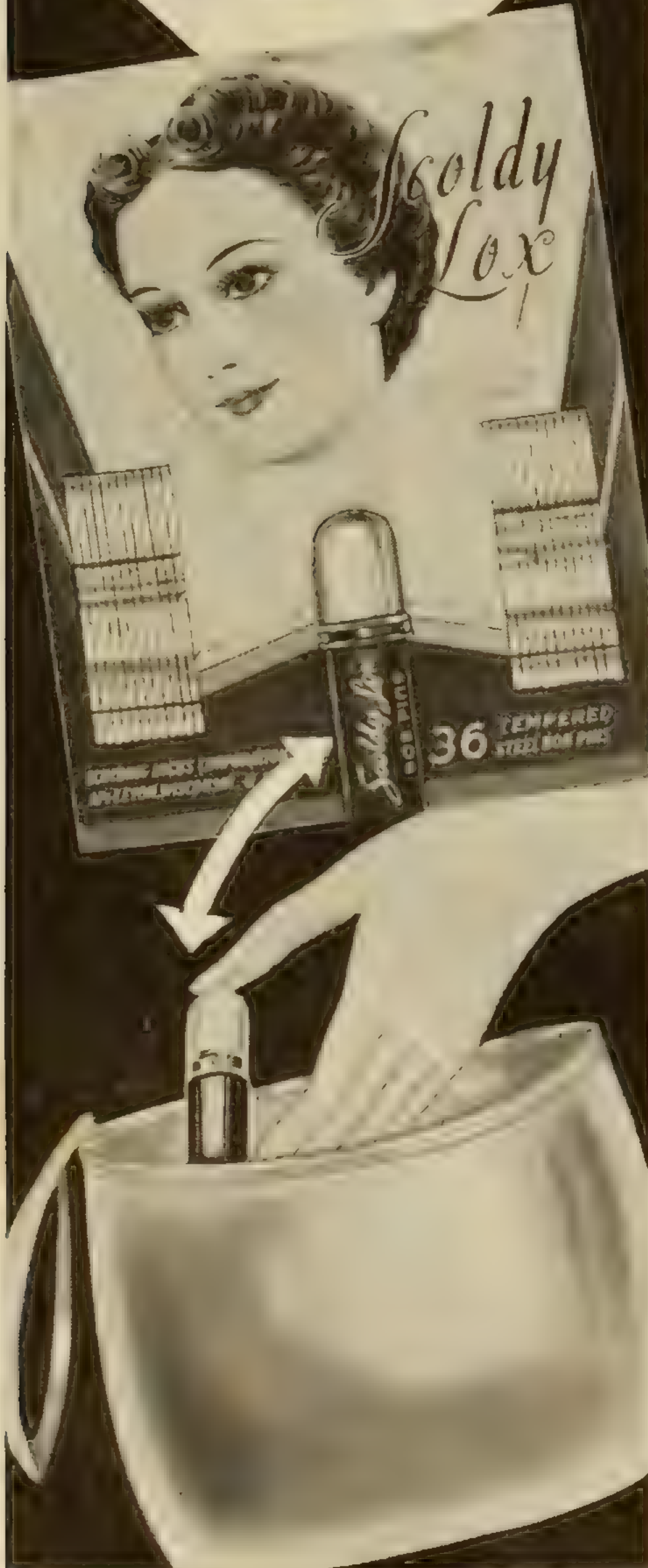
**Now! A HANDY
TUBE TO HOLD
36 BOB PINS**

At last the "where to put bob pins" problem is solved! Now you just get a card of Scoldy Lox Bob Pins with the handy tube attached. The tube looks like a lipstick case, big enough to hold the 36 highest quality Scoldy Lox Bob Pins safe in your purse!

Don't miss this value!

**AT ANY STORE
ONLY**

10¢



Barbara Stanwyck, star of "Golden Boy," comes to the aid of every daughter of Eve, with advice from the studio make-up experts, supplemented by some special tricks she has picked up on her own

PROFESSIONAL MAKE-UP TRICKS—Barbara Stanwyck finished a difficult scene in "Golden Boy," at Columbia, and strolled off the set to await the next shot. Inevitably, our conversation drifted around to beauty, and she said that she had garnered from the carefully trained studio make-up men a few tricks which she has carried over into private life—tricks of value to every girl. While we were talking, Bill Knight, who's head of the make-up department at Columbia Studios, joined us and we discussed the major problems of make-up from the standpoint of everyday living.

Bill thinks the secret of the flawless complexions of the Hollywood stars is their good health. "Contrary to usual belief, Hollywood stars are healthier than the average person in private life. They have to be, to stand up under the nervous strain of working at high tension all day. The proper amount of sleep is enormously important to them."

Barbara broke in here, "I insist upon getting nine hours' sleep each night when I'm on a production, and I also go on a special diet during the picture, to be sure my health is up to par. I think any working girl will find that sufficient sleep is one of the most important single factors to health and beauty."

"That's the secret of Barbara's beautiful complexion," said Bill. "Sufficient sleep and proper diet. The basis of all make-up is a clear, fine complexion, and that in turn is based on good health."

"What do you do about make-up when you're not working in a picture?" I asked Barbara.

"I use very little make-up off the screen," she replied, "sometimes none at all."

"That's another beauty secret," said Bill. "Tell your readers to give their faces a rest once in a while. In this way the skin and its delicate muscles and tiny glands have a chance to normalize their functions and the general texture is restored. At night, for example, if you're not going out, take off your make-up as soon as you get home from the office, instead of waiting until bedtime, and give your skin a rest. Keep your face free of make-up when you're not displaying it to anyone. Barbara's make-up routine should be followed by everyone. Go ahead, Barbara," he added, "and tell all."

"Well, I wash my face with a neutral soap in warm water each morning and night. Never hot water, as that destroys the tiny oil glands and makes them function too rapidly, yet there is no feeling quite so clean as a thorough cleansing with soap and water. Sometimes I use a soft complexion brush to stimulate the skin, followed by a cold water rinse until my face tingles."

"Then I use a light foundation cream or lotion, worked carefully and evenly all over the surface of my face. This foundation is carefully blended to match my skin at all times, especially during the summer when I tan a bit, or in the fall as my tan fades. Bill Knight has taught me to buy two or three shades of the foundation and, as my complexion changes tone, to blend them together myself to assure a perfect match."

Now that we're all bleaching our skins and trying to rid ourselves of the tan that we so carefully acquired during the summer, it's very important that foundation creams should be lightened as the skin lightens, so that, at all times, it exactly matches the skin color.

"Over the foundation," Barbara con-

tinued, "I blend in a cream rouge high on my cheekbones and make sure that each side matches. Bill also taught me to blend this in while the foundation was still moist on my skin, to assure a proper even appearance."

"I use a light brown eyeshadow for day, and in the evening I mix a light blue with it. I've found that the best way to apply it is from the corner of the eyelid to the exact other corner of the eye. Sometimes, when I want to do something different with the way I look, I blend it slightly up to the eyebrow line."

Bill Knight smiled reminiscently and said, "Barbara has a mascara trick which amused me when I first saw it. She powders her eyelashes with face powder before applying mascara. It's a swell trick, too, because it gives a thicker and longer appearance to the lashes and makes the mascara stick to the tips of them."

BARBARA broke in, "Another trick I learned from professional make-up is to use a light brush to smooth off the extra powder from my face after I've powdered with a puff. In this way a definite made-up appearance is avoided."

"I also use a brush to apply lipstick. Studio make-up men always use a brush, and I've found that it gives the lips a better-groomed appearance than they have when rouge is applied with a lipstick alone."

Bill added to this by saying, "The lip brush gives a better outline to the natural contour of the lips and if there is a lip fault it can be corrected by careful experimentation with a brush."

Lipstick brushes are really one of the make-up gadgets that no smart girl can afford to be without, since it gives a fine smooth outline to the lips and allows you to reshape your lips to give just the effect desired. Remember, however, to avoid sharp lines or angles while making up your mouth. A smoothly curving line with the lipstick carried out to the corners of your mouth gives a younger, more attractive appearance. Powder your lips lightly before applying the rouge, as this trick will make it adhere more lastingly to your mouth. And be sure to remove the surplus lip rouge by pressing a bit of cleansing tissue against your mouth.

Barbara also pats a little powder on her lips after applying the lip rouge to do away with that painted appearance that sometimes results. She says that it also makes the lipstick stay on

(Continued on page 96)

MOVIES *in your home*



Tips and advice—hot from Hollywood's own experts—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

AMATEUR cameramen who have had the sad experience of missing the shot of a lifetime simply because they were caught unprepared should be interested in the advice of a professional whose everyday job calls for meeting just that sort of a situation. The professional is Norman Alley, Universal Newsreel cameraman, whose ever-present De Vry camera has caught such unexpected events as the bombing of the *U. S. S. Panay* in China—and who has been given the title of "best-known cameraman in the world."

"When an unexpected picture story sneaks up and surprises you," Alley told us, "there is only one important thing to remember. That is to point your camera at the subject and 'shoot.' Don't stop to worry about lighting, focusing, shutter speed, parallax, exposure, camera-angle, composition, or anything else. The main thing is to get the scene on film! A shot made this way may have a lot of photographic faults, but it is infinitely better than missing the shot entirely, which almost always happens if you stop to make adjustments."

There are, of course, certain ways by which an amateur can improve these "snapshots," according to Alley. One such way is by getting into the habit of keeping the diaphragm open, shutter speed and approximate focus always set for the conditions of the moment. For example, long years of experience have conditioned most newsreel cameramen so that wherever they go, even when they walk into their own offices, they subconsciously estimate the proper exposure and probable focusing range of their immediate surroundings—and then automatically set their cameras to the new adjustments. This habit is as automatic with them as breathing. As a result, these cameramen are always ready for that unexpected picture, and only have to point the camera and "shoot," without ever thinking of the mechanical details.

Another important way to get these "snapshots," said Newsreel Alley, is to practice the proper method of holding the camera and the proper way to "pan" and follow action. This should be done over and over again with an empty camera until it is completely automatic. Then, in an emergency, the cameraman can swing his camera into the proper position without thinking about his "form," thus leaving his mind free to concentrate on the subject matter itself.

Many 16 mm cameramen, by using these methods, have obtained shots which were good enough in quality and news value to bring high prices from commercial newsreel companies.

WITH things the way they are in Europe today, you'll want to get Garrison's fine documentary film called "People Are Waiting," which tells the story of present day exiles and refugees. It is a sharp and speedily told picture, made by the famous French director and cameraman, Jean-Paul Dreyfuss. From the British Isles, Garrison Films have garnered an interesting 16 mm one-reeler called "Cover to Cover," which tells, in sound, the story of most of England's present day writers from Huxley to G. B. Shaw. Garrison also has "Le Vieux Cha-teau" ("The Haunted House"), a French cartoon lampooning the surrealists, and an amusing musical short called "Anitra's Dance."

Castle Films always finds good material in the American Legion conventions, and this new release covers the late Chicago gathering of Legionnaires. If you were there, you'll want this 16 mm film, because you may be in it. Castle's high light of the month is a splendid one-reel short on San Francisco.

NEW EQUIPMENT: The Universal Camera Corporation has taken another step forward in 8 mm development by offering a three-lens "turret" type Univex Cine 8 mm camera. . . . Besbee Products of Trenton, New Jersey, is now marketing a trick titling effect called the "effectograph," which masks titles in the form of a heart, key-hole, arch, diamond, binocular. . . . A device to prevent eye-strain and discomfort for "stand-ins" is a dimmer for photofloods perfected by the Lafayette Camera Corporation of New York City. . . . Movie Service of New York City offers amateurs a choice of sixty-five animated cartoon titles at a price of fifty cents per title.

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FOR YOU...AND WE
DO MEAN *You!*

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Hollywood Cavalcade

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Photographed today!
with great stars of today...
and great personalities of
yesterday!

SEE Buster Keaton, Ben
Turpin and the Keystone
Cops in slapstick, custard-pie
comedy with Don Ameche
directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing
beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

HEAR Al Jolson sing again
"Kol Nidre"...the song
that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was
as it is...in a three-ringed
circus of entertainment!

The most brilliant new
note in entertainment!



A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

with
ALICE FAYE
DON AMECHE

and
J. Edward Bromberg
Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari
Stuart Erwin • Buster
Keaton • Donald Meek
Jed Prouty • George
Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen
Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn
and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original
idea by Lou Breslow

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

WHY I LOVE HOLLYWOOD . . . because Connie Bennett air-conditioned her limousine for the summer months . . . because Ty Power, when pulling a flirtatious crack at the girl, said, "Oh, gosh, I'm sorry . . . I forgot I'd lost my amateur standing" . . . because Mickey Rooney said, when discussing his work in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" (which is the best Hardy picture yet, by which I mean it is my idea of one of the most amusing pictures ever made), "I wouldn't have played the part like that when I was young" . . . because fog on sets is made out of castor oil; snow is crystallized cornflakes and a "fall" has nothing to do with the seasons or even original sin, but is a piece of hair . . . because I came across two of the leaders in Hollywood's rising radical movement in a hideaway restaurant, sorrowfully discussing the trials of the underprivileged and drinking pink champagne out of highball glasses while they decided Something Had to Be Done . . . because when you go to look for apartments they ask you if you would like a "double bachelor" . . . which doesn't turn out to be some sort of handsome Siamese twins but merely a parlor wherein the bedroom is two beds which pop out of the wall. . . .

I love Hollywood because at Universal they are wondering how to cast a seventeen-months-old baby, who officially is a boy but who is actually a girl, and at Metro they are rejoicing over the recovery of Lionel Barrymore, who is past sixty . . . because out here "dailies" don't mean newspapers, as they do in other towns, but the results of each day's shooting (and the best "dailies" I have seen in months are those on Walter Wanger's "Eternally Yours," which will star Loretta Young and David Niven and which looks quite naughty but very nice for Walter, since Loretta and David are married throughout the scenes and therefore Walter can get away with a lot). . . .

I LOVE Hollywood because all in one day I had lunch with Clark Gable and dinner with George Brent, and that couldn't happen to me anywhere else on earth . . . because everybody, knowing how Claudette Colbert worries, had her absolutely convinced that she would have to live in a tent while on location for "Drums Along the Mohawk," and it wasn't until Miss Luxury got to Cedar City, Utah, that she discovered that the studio had built a sumptuous log cabin for her living quarters for those three weeks . . . because Rosalind Russell admits that she went around for months before 20th Century-Fox cast "The Rains Came" and told Myrna Loy that she was a fool if she changed her type from the Perfect Wife and played a most imperfect wife, *Lady Esketh* . . . all because Rosalind wanted to play *Lady Esketh* herself . . . but Myrna merely grinned and went ahead on the best woman's role of the year . . . because the commonest sign on Hollywood's streets is "furnished vacancy," a California way of saying there's a furnished apartment for rent . . . because one Sunday evening when Joan Crawford was sweet enough to take me for a musical evening at

Two good reasons for loving Hollywood — Anne Shirley and her husband John Payne. A Technicolor sunset has nothing on these enchanted lovebirds



On the other hand, the problem of Sandy Henville (officially a boy, actually a girl) is what makes Hollywood the maddest, most amusing town on earth





Hollywood has its own brand of reasoning—like Mickey Rooney's comment on his fine work with Lewis Stone in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"

Rosa Ponselle's, she wore a white dress with a very short knitted top and a separate skirt and nothing in the middle except a big strip of Miss Crawford, which was perfectly stunning and most chic but nobody could possibly keep his mind on mere music after that . . . because when you order watermelon at the 20th Century-Fox restaurant the seeds are taken out of it before it is served. . . .

I love Hollywood because an overworked, nervously wrought girl like Bette Davis will take time off to sponsor an obscure artist who comes from her home town and also to finance a Dog Guide school . . . a training camp down in the San Fernando Valley where police dogs are trained to guide the blind . . . and where penniless blind men are able, through Bette's sensitive charity, to live free of any charge for the necessary three or four months that it takes for the dogs to get to know them . . . and I like the fact that when you try to tell her how swell of her it is to do that . . . and to sponsor her friend, Stanley Woodward, at the biggest art gallery in Los Angeles, she doesn't brush it aside and act shy, but launches forth with great enthusiasm on both subjects, as any real person would . . . and also because being convinced that Queen Elizabeth must have looked ghastly in the final years of her life, Bette let Perc Westmore cut her hair in a way that looks ghastly, too, but she doesn't care at all so long as her performance looks good. . . .

I LOVE Hollywood because RKO throws a big dinner party in honor of Charles Laughton, invites every writer in town, and then explains that he never sees the press . . . because while



—or RKO's comment at the press dinner they gave Charles Laughton (seen with William Dieterle): "Mr. Laughton NEVER sees the press"

the men dress just as informally as the women out here and a sweatshirt and slacks are frequently worn at a formal dinner, it is an unforgivable sin to show a single wrinkle in any garment or to have one hair out of place . . . because when discussing remaking "Back Street," the producers admitted that they couldn't use either the title or the plot again, but that they are going to remake it just the same . . . and because if Professor Milliken, the Nobel Prize Winner, were to walk into a Hollywood restaurant he couldn't possibly get as good a table as Betty Grable would. . . .

I love Hollywood because you can get a week

like the week in the last month in which the following previews are shown, one right after another . . . "Each Dawn I Die"; "Beau Geste"; "Winter Carnival"; "Four Feathers"; "Frontier Marshal," with this observer thinking "Each Dawn I Die" is far and away the best of the lot . . . it being terrific . . . and that the screen has never recorded a more touching few moments than those in which Jimmy Cagney breaks down before the parole board . . . and then after such a week go for ten solid days without another picture being shown anywhere . . . and yet somehow each of the Big Five studios makes a picture a week and almost always get them out on time. . . .

I LOVE Hollywood because when people cannot remember your name they always call you darling . . . because one of the top publicity boys whenever he knows you have been pursuing him for days by phone, wire and whatnot will call up finally and beat you to the gun by asking plaintively, "Why have you been avoiding me?" . . . because top stars' maids refuse to speak to lesser personalities' maids. . . .

I love Hollywood because very broad-shouldered, very two-fisted men think it perfectly all right to go and have the right haircut designed for them . . . because one of the most enchanting sights anywhere is seeing Anne Shirley and John Payne dancing together with love burning in their eyes brighter than a Technicolor sunset . . . because, when being interviewed, stars will inevitably say, "Now this part is off the record,"

and then tell you something it practically kills you not to print . . . because everybody knows when they read the lists of guests present at any party, as printed in the papers, that probably not more than forty per cent of those people were really there, with the result that one host had H. G. Wells, George Moore and Karl Marx, one of whom was in Ireland, one of whom was in England, and one of whom was in the grave, as being at his party and a local paper printed it in all innocence. . . .

Really the reason I love Hollywood is a cinch . . . I love it because it is the maddest, most exciting, most amusing town on earth.

NOTES from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdyce

99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".



Miss America has a new Beau . . . Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age . . . but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste" William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" . . . and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling.



Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet.



More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdyce, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

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Silver on Lace



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Tenth Avenue Girl

Beginning
THE RAGS-TO-RICHES NOVEL ALICE FAYE ACTUALLY LIVED

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

HOLLYWOOD had changed from its lusty, pioneer days by the time a girl named Alice Faye stepped off the train at the funny old station one winter afternoon in 1933.

There weren't any brass bands to meet her and nobody handed her the keys to the city. But that was all right with Alice, because she didn't want the keys to Hollywood at any price.

To Alice, who was eighteen, who had a tip-tilted nose and a too-sensitive mouth and a figure that belonged and had recently been in the front row of the chorus, it was just another town. A town three thousand miles from Broadway, where there wouldn't be any snow at Christmas and the sights and sounds and smells of New York were only things to haunt you when you were trying to go to sleep at night or waking up in the morning with that awful ache in your throat.

There had been a lot of towns in Alice's life since she ditched her first truant officer and went dancing—big towns, tank towns, north, south, east and west. One-night stands and sleeper jumps, that was all. When you got forty-five minutes from Broadway you were only camping out anyhow. Hollywood or Tampa, Chicago or Duluth, it didn't matter much.

"Carry me back on a stretcher," Alice told the doctors when they had patched and bandaged her after that terrifying automobile accident the year before. "Carry me back

"Alice is like a rare Stradivarius. The lightest touch brings music. She responds to every emotion in some mysterious way that maybe she herself doesn't understand"

PORTRAIT BY E. M. JACKSON



Eight months old, one among many West Side babies—



Then three and a half, too young for dreams—as yet

An American rhapsody, composed of the cry of the tenements, the syncopation of Broadway, and the song in her own heart—the story of blonde Alice Faye!

on a stretcher, but get me back to New York."

So they did, and Alice considered it nothing when she showed up the next night, black and blue, still sick and shaken with shock, to sing with the band as usual. But Alice never, then or afterwards, considered anything she did remarkable. You did your part and gave it all you had and if you were never satisfied, always reaching up and beyond toward some shining ideal that kept dancing in your head, that was life.

When she became a movie star, she was still like that—still reaching up and up to something beyond, never satisfied, always scared to death, but always going on in spite of it. Those who have never been afraid and gone on in the teeth of that fear do not know what courage is. It

was that courage, later, that made her the most beloved person on the big, busy studio lot, so that guys like Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, and big directors like Henry King and Irving Cummings, and that most brilliant of producers, Darryl Zanuck, literally sat up nights planning how to help her, how to protect her from that fear, how to make the steep road easier.

For upon the little chorus girl's climb to the moment when in 1939 all Hollywood said, "Alice Faye's the coming greatest star in pictures," she had one enemy. She made the grade the hard way and always had to fight herself and her memories and her past, as you will see.

One thing, she thought, as she drove alone to Hollywood that first day, one thing I won't have to stay in Hollywood long. Just a few weeks,

a few broadcasts with the band and then I can go home.

Why her idol, the great Rudy Vallee, wanted to make a motion picture was a little beyond young Alice Faye. When you were head man in radio, when you could pick and choose among the famed night spots of New York, when you were a big shot in the sacred theaters of the Roaring Forties, it seemed pretty silly to travel three thousand miles away to make a movie.

But Rudy Vallee could do no wrong.

The tale of that strange, romantic friendship, the true tale of the kid who first danced on the sidewalks of New York and the Irish-Canuck lad from Maine, can and must be told now, must be revealed in all its danger and tragedy and beauty. Certainly Rudy Vallee was the most important influence in Alice Faye's life. It made her and almost broke her, it is blended of many feelings and thoughts and happenings, it has been so little understood—which is natural enough because there have been few love stories like it and in a way it isn't a love story at all.

If Rudy wanted to make movies, if he needed her in those tragic days, why, Alice would come along, as she would have gone to the snow fastnesses of Tibet or the sands of the Gobi desert after long-haired tigers. You had to do that for the guy who was your best friend and had given you your great chance.

But movies? No. I don't have to make any movies, she thought. I'd be scared silly. I'm just the singer with the band.

"I just came along for the ride," Alice said, in that slightly husky voice of hers that still held traces of Tenth Avenue and the West Side of Little Old New York. She said it to anyone who was interested, though not much of anybody was. "Me in pictures? I'm a singer and a dancer, see? Besides, I got to get back to New York. You know how it is, if you stay away too long they forget all about you, and you lose what little you've done for yourself. I was born in New York and that's where I belong—you ever been to New York? H-mm it's a big town, huh?"

But Hollywood, even the refined, respectable Hollywood of 1933, turned out to be a contrary jade. Woo her, and often enough she shrugs and turns an indifferent shoulder. Look at her with big, wistful, blue eyes that regard her honestly

as a tank town three thousand miles west of the Grand Central Station, three thousand miles from a snowstorm in Central Park, three thousand miles from Fifth Avenue on a spring day, or Radio City by night, and she is interested, she takes notice, she begins to do the wooing. "You ought to know me better," says Hollywood. "I'm wonderful. I can offer you greater rewards than New York ever heard of. Stick around awhile, baby, and you'll never want to go back to Broadway."

AFTERWARDS, the girl named Alice Faye could always remember her first impressions of Hollywood. A big rambling place where it took you hours and miles to get from one place to another so that she was always late. Wide-open spaces and sunshine, hot dry sunshine, and everything closed up at night, just when you'd been used to starting the day's work or play. Dark cavernous stages you could put a whole theater into, and people who spoke a strange language and never talked about much of anything but motion pictures and didn't hardly seem to know New York existed except as a place you telephoned to or got wires from. "We'll call New York and let you know." "Wait till we get the night wires from New York."

A scary, unfriendly place for a good-natured kid who was used to crowds and bright lights and noise and lots of clowning and families all crowded into a few rooms. There was too much outdoors to Hollywood.

"Let's go back to New York, Rudy," she would say, tugging at his sleeve in her special way for calling the master's attention to her. "It's funny out here. Let's go back to New York."

"Don't be such a baby, Alice," Rudy said. "Do be a good child. I'm in no hurry. I like it here."

Oddly enough, it was to be Vallee who went back to New York and Alice Faye who was left behind, weeping her heart out, in the bewildering world of Hollywood. Left behind against her will, chained to a startling and unwelcome movie contract, scared almost out of her young wits, left behind to become, a short five years later, Hollywood's only candidate for real, old-time, all-embracing starring honors.

Hollywood—somebody in Hollywood—had seen in the scared little chorus girl, with her ridiculous nostalgia for New York, that rare and precious combination of tears that are so close to laughter, and laughter that sings over tears—had seen the enormous emotional imagination and dramatic heartbeat of the child who had known so well the trials of the poor and had learned life from the swarming tenements and street scenes of the biggest city in the world.

Crude, sure. Lots of rough edges, some cheap chorus-girl-and-night-club mannerisms, no education and all the wrong experience. But Darryl Zanuck's ruthless eye saw something, saw that here was a personality that might some day be rich and real and honest and escape the synthetic glamour under which Hollywood girls were being slowly buried.

Could she do it?

Could they lick that fear and shyness that manifested in a funny little defiance, in a withdrawal from Hollywood and all its works?

Her handicaps were terrific and not the least of them seemed then—especially to the scared, defiant Cinderella who felt that she was at the ball all right but her fairy godmother had forgotten to change her ragged clothes for the proper finery—not the least of her handicaps seemed then the life that lay behind her.

East side, west side, all around the town,
The tots sang Ring a Rosy, London Bridge Is
Falling Down,
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie
O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of
New York.

West side. Tenth Avenue with the Ninth Avenue El roaring near by. Houses flush with the sidewalks of New York, where the kids played and screamed and fought and defied death under the hammering, swift traffic. Women hanging out windows, yelling back and forth to each other the news and gossip of the day; big, sordid, violent, commonplace, reeking of life and death and disaster and triumph and the fight for existence. Hurdy-gurdies ground their shrill music above the rumble of trucks and the rattle of the Elevated and the whistles from the steamers floated in sometimes. In the summer when the heat came down like the outposts of hell, the people and their kids sweated, and in the winter, under the pressure of snow that was grimy almost before it hit the streets, they

were blue with agonizing cold. But it was life.

A stone's throw away on one hand the majestic Hudson flowed, and on the other the main artery of the great city, Broadway. At night you could see the glow of millions of lights against the sky.

ABLAZING they were that soft May night when pretty little Mrs. Leppert knew that her time had come. Under their glittering benediction, within sound of Broadway's roar, the baby was born and the old women, drawn as always by the miracle of birth, heard the first thrilling cry almost on the stroke of Broadway's witching hour of midnight.

Maybe that had some influence; maybe Broadway
(Continued on page 83)



"Run home and grow up," Alice was advised when she registered as a chorus girl at thirteen. But, in less than three years, Alice was a Chester Hale girl (right)—and, a year later, was enjoying a modest success when she gratefully sent her latest portrait (above) to her first dancing teacher, Billy Newsome



*Written with the frankness of friendship, this is
the portrait of an adoring father and devoted
husband, of a man both stubborn and generous,
straightforward and sensitive—Gary Cooper*

IN this complex world of today, more particularly in this complex town of Hollywood, where emotion distorts many a resolve and ambition many an ideal, it is good to see a man traveling in a single, unconfused path, calling his shots as he sees them, being quietly true to himself.

Gary Cooper is such a man. I call him "Coop." He calls me, for no good reason, "McFee." We've known each other for ten or a dozen years. We are both very busy. Our paths often lead in opposite directions. But when we get together again, we pick up where we left off.

When I was asked to contrive this "portrait" of Coop, I said I'd be glad to do it, and proud. "Although," I added, "it may sound too complimentary to ring true. You see, I regard him highly." But the editor of PHOTOPLAY said, "Describe him as you see him. That is all I ask."

So . . . I give you the Gary Cooper I know.

My Friend Coop!

BY
JOEL
(MCFEE)
MCCREA



They might have been rivals, instead they are friends. Because, in Gary Cooper, Joel found a quality that is rare in humanity—a man, true to himself



Gary entertains his pal Joel on "The Real Glory" set, with Director Henry Hathaway, whom Gary also calls "friend"

When the Coopers arrived for a vacation with Sandra's mother, Mrs. Paul Shields (center) with Mr. Shields, New York lensers scooped the Hollywood ones—by snatching a picture of baby Maria

I could start out with a long list of adjectives which fit him, I suppose—quiet, straightforward, straight-thinking, strong, kind, stubborn, generous, sensitive—but I would rather tell a little story about him first, an anecdote which is so typical of him that it comes to mind whenever anyone says to me, "What is Gary Cooper really like?"

It happened two or three years ago. Coop had been away from Hollywood for some time and had been ill, too. Finally, he returned and came to see me at the ranch. He was still under the weather.

"Know what I'd like, McFee?" he offered, straight off. "I'd like to take a walk. I've got a new gun and I want to try it out."

So we did. We walked for an hour or more, with never a word from him. That was like him. He had been away. It would take a while for him to feel at home again. It had always been that way. So we walked on and on—up a long hill, finally. And then, on the crest, we stopped, looking off across miles of rolling green

hills and fields, a beautiful vista. We stood there for five or ten minutes, perhaps, both of us silent. Finally, Coop drew a long breath and turned to me. I was certain that when he spoke, it would be to say something about how swell it was to be back again in God's country, or something like that. But instead—

"You know, McFee, that European situation is a hell of a mess," he remarked.

I think I laughed at the unexpectedness of it, but he didn't even notice. He launched into as intelligent a discussion of international affairs as I have ever heard. He knew everything that had happened—names, places, dates and facts. He also had figured out what was going to happen in the future and he was right, too, as subsequent events have proved. He talked fluently for fifteen or twenty minutes; then he stopped quite as suddenly as he had begun. He had studied the situation. It had interested him. He considered that I would be interested, also, so he spoke his mind. When he had finished, he shut up again.

There is no small talk in Coop. He doesn't say, "Hello-how-are-you" and never wait for or care about your answer. If he asks you how you are, you can be darned well certain he would like to know. If he talks about the weather you can be sure he is interested in it. He reads prodigiously; remembers what he reads, and when he figures he has this or that subject all summed up, he may discuss it, if he feels he has a sympathetic listener. But never under any other circumstances.

GARY and I first met at a party at Pickfair, but each of us had heard about the other through mutual friends long before that. We weren't introduced. We simply encountered each other, shook hands and with one accord went over to a corner and sat down. We must have sat there an hour or so, talking some but not much, perfectly companionable all the while. That was the beginning. We've been friends ever since. No, we are not inseparable. We each have a
(Continued on page 85)

I MARRIED A Star

I WENT into it with my eyes wide open, though I've often tried to find solace—and an alibi—in the thought that it wasn't a star I married at all, but just a beautiful, sweet, bewildered wisp of a girl. More than once I've almost wept in self-pity at the memory of how she looked the day the idea of marrying her hit me. And how noble and unselfish I felt.

Huddled in the far corner of the testing set, the look of a scared rabbit in her big eyes, she seemed utterly lost as she watched the director, cameraman and hairdresser battle over her hairline and eyebrows.

"She needs somebody to protect her against these wolves," I told myself. If I had paused to use the spoonful of brains God gave me, or to lend an ear to the cargo of experience Hollywood had dropped in my lap, I'd have peeked three years into the future and seen those "wolves" scampering to keep out of her way.

But, instead of looking ahead, as I had done when other meek supplicants to stardom stood before me, I thought, "The poor kid's all alone here. She needs a friend."

So I married the girl.

Hollywood declared it a swell match. She was twenty and a promising youngster. I was twenty-seven and the junior partner of a sweet agency. As an artists' agent with good connections, I could really do things for Anne. Even then, the thought of her staying home like a regular wife never occurred to anyone. And I didn't suggest it, because Anne (that's as good as any other name that's not her own) was so eager to accomplish something herself, so, as she pointed out, people wouldn't think I had an empty-head for a wife. That's a weak excuse, but I would have grabbed anything that made me think a career wasn't first in her heart. And I think Anne made herself believe it, too, she was so sweet and anxious to please.

AFTER Anne's first picture, any producer or director in Hollywood would have offered two to one that she was headed for stardom. "Star" was written all over her work, while I still had a chance to run.

I knew my Hollywood odds: three to one she would be a star, and ten to one, as a star, any marriage she made would go on the rocks. I

knew that the odds of ten to one that a woman movie star can't stay married are conservative. But I figured that somehow things would be different with us, so I married her, in spite of my friends' advice and warnings. And the same thing happened to me that happens to nine out of ten men who marry movie stars, or other celebrities.

Not that living with a luscious lady hasn't a charm all its own. Even my cynical men friends admitted that they envied me my first six months—not forgetting to tell me it was a great life, if I knew when to let go.

I resented their lip-smacking attitude toward Anne. It was damned poor taste to let me see just what a choice morsel they regarded her.

Whenever they spoke of her charm, her beauty or her naturalness, they managed to convey the impression that it was a shame I would soon have to kiss it all good-by.

"Not that living with a luscious lady hasn't a charm all its own. Even my cynical men friends admitted that they envied me"



Hollywood called it an ideal match.

Yet, if I had used the spoonful of brains God gave me, I would never have done what I pitied so many others for doing—for I have learned the true and—perhaps—shocking reason why stars don't stay married

So Anne and I planned a campaign to confound them. We loved each other, and we just couldn't believe we would ever feel differently. But if the time came when we did, we would carry on like real troupers. Anne was deadly earnest about this. Marriage had been good to us, and had brought her peace and security and a chance to work without worry. We would always respect and treasure it.

EVEN now, after two years, sometimes I wake from a dream of the starry mist of her eyes, the full, red lips, and the glint of her hair. I'll just admit that I'm still in love with my Anne of those days, and that I've more than once futilely damned pictures for destroying her. Every vestige of her is gone. The gorgeous, glamorous star that has wiggled into her skin is less she than her image on the screen. That beautiful fake stirs no warmth or longing in me.

They say divorce is born of misunderstanding. But not in Hollywood. Here understanding, beautiful, intelligent, civilized understanding is the embryo of separation, friendly parting, or what have you. In our village, 'twixt the mountains and the sea, to know is not to love.

The first clouds appeared on the horizon of our second year, when Anne would come home at night completely exhausted, with nerves frayed by studio irritations.



WHAT KIND OF SHOES DOES CHARLES MAKE YOU THINK OF, PHOTOPLAY ASKED IRENE.

THEY would be shoes with a foreign look. I don't know exactly how to describe them, except that they would not look like just any pair of shoes walking down the street; you would suspect that an English or French boot-maker had made them at a fancy price. They would be slightly worn; the heels would be leather, not rubber, because it would be more important to the wearer that the heels last than that they break the shock of walking. They would not always be shined, except for a very special function.

WHAT KIND OF ARCHITECTURE?

A French chateau, I think. Not the grand, too large kind, nor would it be provincial. It would have a subtle kind of charm, an elegance you would discover after you had been there a while. At first, you would think the rooms were not quite in order, or tidy, but later you would sense the casual flair of the rooms and then you would be glad everything was not too neat. There would be an absolutely fabulous wine cellar, a connoisseur's cellar, and it would contain a fortune in champagne. There would, of course, be a music room. I don't believe the piano or the violin would be used often, but there would be a phonograph—the latest type phonograph on which the music of old masters would be played. The house would sit well back from the road, hidden from the eyes of prying people by a well-planted screen of trees and shrubs. There would be an extensive library, and every time you put your hand out it would touch a cigarette box. The cigarette boxes would always be full.

WHAT KIND OF CAR?

Conservative. High-powered. One of the big ones. Black, or a dull green in color. But it would not be new. The motor would be kept in perfect condition, scrupulously. Nothing would ever stop that motor, and there would never be a ping-noise or a knock. But the wax job might get shabby. There would be an air horn hidden under the hood, a horn that on occasions, I suspect, would come right out and blast at a road hog or a driver who got in the way.

Food?

A superlative ragout. Cherries Romanoff, with an occasional cherry pit.

Tree?

Well, a tree called a curly-leaf oak came up in my garden a few years ago. I don't know what started it—it just popped up. It was an attractive tree, with a certain quality about it, so the gardener let it stay. Once it looked wilted and sick and the tree surgeon came and gave it a shot in a twig or something, and it perked right up again. Finally, an afternoon came when a friend of mine was walking through the garden; when he saw the tree he broke into little cries of admiration, said it was a very rare and wonderful variety, and offered me a great deal of money if I would sell it to him for his own garden. Mr. Boyer is very like that tree.

Book?

He's a collection of books. A play by Maxwell Anderson—some French classics, of course—a touch of modern writing, like Bernstein—Pierre Louys—with perhaps a page or two from the "Satyricon."

FAMOUS STREET?

Charles Boyer would be the Champs Elysees in Paris, with an awning over it. In New York

I think he would be Fifty-ninth Street by the Park, near the St. Moritz at the cocktail hour.

PAINTING?

A portrait of an actor—naturally—and of a gentleman, painted by Matisse. The background would be by Monet, and Degas would contribute some dim figures in a corner, for balance. Are busts ever carved by sculptors out of quartz? Charles could be a Rodin bust in black quartz.

SPORT?

He is skeet shooting from the deck of the *Normandie*; a flashing doubles set of championship tennis played on a supermodern tennis court smack—and incongruously—in the middle of an Old-World walled garden; any subtle indoor sport; dart throwing in the formal study of a duke.

SONG OR MUSIC?

I cannot resist it: To most women, he is "*L'Après-midi d'un Faune*," by Claude Debussy. But I feel that melody would fade at times, to be superimposed by a Bach Fugue, very contrapuntal, for (Continued on page 87)



And It all Came True

Life holds only a few moments as thrilling as this famous writer experienced when, with dread in his heart, he stepped onto a set and watched his dreams come true



BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

AUTHOR OF
"THE RAINS CAME"

India transferred to Hollywood—in this dramatic scene with Myrna Loy and George Brent

NOT every book that a novelist writes occupies an equal place in his heart. There are some books which he finds entertainment in writing, others which are more or less autobiographical and consequently easy; there are some which are so difficult that he finishes by hating them; and finally there are those books which are written from the heart because they *had* to be written. I have written three of this last category—"The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg," "The Farm," and "The Rains Came." But of all of them "The Rains Came" was the closest to my heart. And so when it was sold to be made into a talking picture I felt uneasy about the whole thing.

It was not the first time Hollywood had made a picture of one of my books. From my point of view, and once or twice from the point of view of the public, the results were not altogether happy. Some of the pictures had been good, some indifferent in quality, and one downright bad. There were various reasons why

stories which had known a great popularity as books failed to achieve a corresponding success as pictures. The reasons for the failure are varied. Sometimes the adaptation is bad, sometimes it is the rapidly changing fashions of Hollywood which force a story into an artificial or unconvincing form. Sometimes a story can be massacred by economy or by a director not suited to it.

A book is different. No one lays hands on it but the author himself. No one else has the authority to change a comma. No one can maul it about, stick on a different ending or change the characters. No censorship can reduce what is the result of intelligence into what appears to be the result of idiocy. The novelist is not used to having a dozen brains taking part in the production of a story. A novelist's craft is a solitary one in which he takes his own pace. The production of a talking picture is a co-operative affair achieved under the terrific pressure of time and the vast cost of everything.

And so, when I found myself unexpectedly and on very short notice coming to Hollywood to the very lot where they were in the midst of making "The Rains Came," it was with trepidation, punctuated even by moments of actual dread. The book and all the characters in it were close to my heart.

I knew "The Rains" was a big and complicated and expensive story. I knew that a record budget had been made for its production. I knew too that in the book itself there were at least a dozen stories—the material for a dozen pictures. If the book were filmed in its entirety, about twenty-four hours would be needed to show it. So cuts had to be made and I wondered what they would be.

On arrival I was handed the final script which they were in the midst of shooting. I read it over and saw what had been done. Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson, who did the job, had taken the two principal love stories—one happy, one unhappy—and stuck to them.



In the game of "Who will play Lady Esketh," Myrna Loy was never mentioned



It was a tall order for newcomer Brenda Joyce, playing with a veteran like George Brent, but she came through with flying colors

Praise from the author is praise indeed—and both Myrna Loy and Tyrone Power might well be proud of what Mr. Bromfield thinks of their work in "The Rains Came"

Some of the characters I had cherished most in the writing were gone. They had to go. The two writers had selected brilliantly and had kept in the script what was in the book—the feeling that no matter what happened to the characters, India was always there in the background, bigger than any individual or any government. I was immediately and still am humbly grateful to Mr. Dunne and Mr. Josephson for what they had done.

I thought, "So far so good." But there were so many other influences, so many other individuals who could still do vast damage.

On the same afternoon that I arrived in Hollywood I insisted upon going on the set.

(Continued on page 76)



An unscheduled bit of "monkeyshines" was put on the day this widely read columnist, Dorothy Thompson (center), was entertained by Director Clarence Brown and Author Louis Bromfield (right)

MIRACLE MEN AT WORK

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



You won't know yourself if you'll put these style lessons into practice

If you're fair, but just don't dare to weigh yourself, if your hips bulge and your waist needs slimming, let Hollywood's fashion magicians speed to your rescue with fascinating suggestions on line, on color—and what's more—show you how to be a "best-dressed woman," yet remain a budgeteer

"WHEN we get through with you, even your mother won't know you!" So went the old threat. But in Hollywood today those same words are a promise—a promise the studios' make-up men, hair-dressers, dress designers, and health and charm experts make to those they are grooming for stardom and to those whose stardom they are preserving.

And they do not exaggerate, these miracle men and women. Rather they incline to understatement. For often enough when they go to work on a star she scarcely knows herself. We've seen more than one famous lady stand before a full-length mirror with that "Can this be I?" expression in her eyes.

FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE

Since the dress designers started to reveal their heretofore unpublished findings last month, we take this opportunity to boast all over again about the experts in our line-up:

Adrian makes the Metro stars look so divine that the effects in which he dresses them frequently become the latest fashion. And they are worn, alas, even by those who should shun them.

Vera West left the fashionable "400" in the lurch, amid proverbial weeping and wailing, when she signed with Universal Studios.



Wear furs around your neck



Add a pin to serve as an eye-catcher



Ruffles are disastrous



Use a decoy



"Consider your leftovers—"

TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

Greer and Banton used to design for the lovely ladies under contract to Paramount. Then stars from here, there and everywhere began pleading with them to create their personal clothes. So they opened their salon and said, in effect, "Come one, come all." They're doing very well, thank you.

Edith Head is in the Paramount spot which first Greer and then Banton previously occupied. She's a little thing. She neither looks nor acts like an autocrat. But her word on color and line is law to girls like Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Joan Bennett and—*need we go on?*

Royer is the gentleman to whom the Twentieth Century-Fox stars—among them Alice Faye, Loretta Young and Sonja Henie—sing, "You made me what I am today. I hope you're satisfied!" If Royer isn't, everyone else, including the Great American Public, is.

Edward Stevenson at RKO may have a cold, scientific gleam in his eye when he surveys the star he is to gown. But the gleam in the eyes of those who later behold her is quite different—green sometimes, but not cold, ever.

Irene, like the musical comedy of the same name, is famous for a Little Blue Gown. And for every other kind of gown, too. Associated with no studio, she is sought by producers to dress their most important stars.

Orry-Kelly of Warner Brothers specializes in adaptability. He will turn from a chic, sophisticated street dress he is creating for Miriam Hopkins to design a bewitchingly demure negligee for Olivia de Havilland. And between times, he will make rough sketches for an interestingly dramatic dinner frock Bette Davis is to wear when she walks off with another Motion Picture Academy Award, alias Oscar.

Walter Plunkett has been working day and night, lately, helping to make a new star . . . Vivien Leigh, who plays *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind." And Vivien's hoops and bustles and bonnets will be as completely right for her face and her figure as they are historically.

And now to get down to hard facts, offered by these miracle workers, which will keep you, too, from being hard to look at.

IF YOU'RE FAIR, FAT, AND FORTY *
* Or If You're Only the Second of These Things

1. Don't try to dress like willowy Carole Lombard. Call attention to your face, not your figure. Be like the opera singer who comes out in subdued draperies, but who has made the most of her face and her head so that soon all you see is a beautiful head out of which comes beautiful sound. (Plunkett)
2. Remember that French women, even when they weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, manage to be something to look at. Consider the French peasant who wraps her shawl around her or drapes her apron for the sake of grace, not disguise; and then sticks a bright dandelion behind her ear to call attention to her beautiful eyes and make you forget everything else. (Plunkett)
3. Foundation garments and fitting are of paramount importance. However, don't wear foundation garments that are too confining. And don't have your clothes tightly fitted. You'll cut only half an inch this way. And

it's no good to cut off half an inch, especially when it makes you look as if you were about to pop. (Greer)

4. Don't have a little set of rules about what you can wear and what you can't wear and abide by these rules eternally—until you get static in your appearance. For, if you do, your personality will be affected and you'll be stodgy and dull, too. (Greer)
5. The old black surplice dress, which anyone who wore anything over size thirty-eight used to climb in and out of, is gone. Hallelujah! But larger ladies still can be a little more adventurous than they are at the moment—if they are well-groomed and their hair is attractively dressed. (Stevenson)
6. Get youthful lines and have them adapted to your size—have the shoulders made a little less broad . . . lower the waistline just a trifle . . . lengthen the skirt a bit. (Irene)
7. When you wear any color but black, dark green, dark gray, brown or dark blue be meticulous in your selection. Avoid bright or heavy colors. Be ever so partial to the now fashionable dirty shades. (Irene)
8. Dark, dull colors and monotones are slimming. They can make you look twenty-five pounds lighter. Honestly! This is proven again and again on the screen where the colors themselves do not show but where the results they produce in size are magnified. (Head)
9. Avoid glittering materials and brightly embroidered things which fairly shriek, "Look what a big girl I am!" But don't mope around in dark clothes at the wrong time or you'll be depressing. Wear white at those seasons when it is in order, even though it does make you look larger. For it also will make you look cool and dignified. Keep your white clothes simple, however. A white shirtwaist dress is ideal. For it has an opening line down its entire front, to cut your girth in two. (Banton)

(Continued on page 80)

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SHERMUND



"Don't have a hat that gets all the attention"



"Hips, hips, away!"



"Even your mother won't know you—"

Shermund —

"WHAT

BILL POWELL'S HEART-TO-HEAR COMEBACK INTERVIEW

A kiss from Myrna, a stern command from Director Van Dyke, a cheer from the crew—Bill's long, dark "exile" was over

BY RUTH WATERBURY

"ANOTHER THIN MAN" is shooting right now in Hollywood; hours, ten to four daily. Ask them at Metro how it happens that the picture is being produced in such elegant banking hours, instead of nine to five, which is the usual strict movie schedule, except when it is eight to six, as it so often is; or seven to seven, as it is on location, and they say, glibly, "Oh, you know how it is with Van Dyke directing."

That sounds like a good explanation. It is a good explanation. Only it isn't true. Hollywood, where emotion is something you put on celluloid and send out in tin cans, is shy at admitting when its heart is touched. Hollywood lets itself be called hard-boiled, the double-crossroads of the world, and other such labels. The labels fit most of the time, too. But they are having a thirty-day moratorium right at this

Back again to the work he loves, the life he loves—the son he loves!

PAIN CAN TEACH YOU"

moment, and all because of a man named William Horatio Powell, who has been very, very sick.

The reason that "Another Thin Man" is working a mere six hours daily is that Bill Powell, the original, the one and only *Thin Man* there ever could be, is back acting again. He's facing the cameras for the first time after a long and frightening year and a half during which he survived, by the slenderest of margins, three major, dangerous operations.

Bill is back, his voice as suave as ever, his marvelous platinum technique still as smooth and sophisticated as a diamond-faced platinum watch. He's witty, debonair, laughing—every minute the cameras are turning. Woody Van Dyke, perched on that inevitable short step-ladder of his, is as offhanded about his direction as usual—when Bill is around. Myrna Loy, Bill's perfect screen wife, is there, sweet, warm Myrna, gay as red carnations—when she and Bill are in a scene together. "Doc" Dearborn, who has been Bill's stand-in for nine years, goes around cracking a neck or two (he used to be a chiropractor and he always used to fool around sets making those so-called "adjustments" for people between shots). "Doc" is doing that still—whenever the gleaming glance of Mr. Powell is upon him.

It's all keeping up for one and one keeping up for all on the "Another Thin Man" set, but underneath all the surface casualness you feel the tension—the tension and the tenderness.

The tension comes from the awareness of everybody in the troupe that when a man's been as sick as Bill has, it takes months and months for him really to feel himself again. As for the tenderness—

IT'S brutal to admit it, but people aren't generally loved in Hollywood. Admired, yes. Respected, yes. Feared, yes indeed. Frankly envied. But the place is too ambitious, too nervous, too young as yet for most stars to inspire any true devotion.

But a few have. A very few. You could count them without any effort on the fingers of your right hand and still follow the Biblical injunction of not letting your left hand know what your right hand was up to. In this select census, be assured, you would find Bill Powell. Hollywood loves Bill, not for his success, nor for his wit, nor for his intelligence, all of which are very admirable, but because he has the quality the town worships most: He can take it—and not whimper. Hollywood has seen life break Bill's heart for him, and then try to break his body—and Hollywood has also seen Bill's gallant spirit keep right on fighting in the face of such ordinarily defeating odds.

I invaded the sound stage the fourth day that "Another Thin Man" was shooting. Properly, I shouldn't have been there at all. The studio is barring all visitors but I presumed on the very long-standing friendship Bill and I have had and rang him up to see if I could drop by to say "Hello." Very typically (knowing that since we had last seen one another, I, too, had visited that place so cheerily called an operating theater), Bill said, "Don't try to kid me, my fair beauty. What you really want is to match scars with me. Well, let me tell you, Powell can match his scars with anyone." Equally typically, he set the date for the next day.

I thought I was sneaking in on that sound stage and appearing very dainty about it, too, not really revealing how moved I was to be there, but no sooner had I opened the door than that roving Powell eye saw me. He may not

get the Gable build-up but, nonetheless, he detects the faintest flutter of a skirt, even at a hundred yards on a foggy day. He was already on the set and the lights were burning, so he waved and indicated a chair behind the camera lines.

"I'll be with you in a minute," he called. "Sit and thrill at the sight of some really great acting, but let's get this settled right now. I insist upon my scar being longer."

I laughed loudly at that. Bill grinned, very gaily. But I was doing my own bit of acting. My throat felt as though a football had got stuck in it. I had only to glance at Bill to see how completely he was playing a role, too.

THE minute became an hour and while I waited the set workers whispered little stories to me, stories of super speed in filming, made possible only by sheer generalship of the producer. There was the fact that as soon as Bill finished one scene, Van was ready to shoot the next one; there was the fact that not only the stars but all the principals had stand-ins and that the crew—electricians, prop men and the like—was almost doubled so that there was never a second's delay. There were the four unoccupied stages which Van had commandeered and on which he had had sets erected so that all Bill had to do was ride from one to another in the limousine that was kept waiting for him, walk in, play the scene and walk out again—through which strategy two days' shooting was done in one. There was the fact that even though the schedule said quit at four, Van somehow always finished about 3:45 and then said there was no sense starting a new scene before the next morning. And there was, most memorable of all, the day they began to shoot the picture.

Van Dyke carries the same workers with him always. There's Harry Albiez, who has been his assistant for fourteen years, and Florence Thomas, who has held script for nearly that long. Those three came on the set first. Then Myrna came. Myrna had only the day before got back from her European vacation. She probably had a million things to do but there she was, bright and earlier than her co-star. "Doc" Dearborn came next. They stood about and waited and nobody could quite seem to talk, and then suddenly Bill stepped into the circle of lights. His shirt was open at his throat and he was bronzed from the sun. The gang saw that he was trying to speak but, for once, no Powell wisecrack came. It was Myrna who helped them all out. They all had so much in their hearts that words were difficult. She ran over to Bill, threw her arms around him and kissed him. Bill spoke then.

"Myrna," he said, "this was worth getting well for."

"Oh, Bill," said Mrs. *Thin Man*, "this is going to be more fun than another vacation."

"Well, come on," said Van Dyke, sounding very tough. "What are we wasting time for?" The set lights flared up then, the crew cheered, and Bill was back in his kingdom.

As I waited, I wondered if Bill was as conscious as I was that, for the activity going on in the scenes, Van always managed to have the star sitting down. (Try to sell me the idea that that was any accident!) Finally, however, there came a scene that had to be shot from Shelton Leonard's angle and Bill was free for ten minutes. His portable dressing room was only three paces away from the set. Bill indicated that we'd go in there and talk and as we stepped into it I noticed that there were two big bed



"One pain kills another. I've found things . . . new faith in people . . . simplicity . . . the great gift it is merely to live. I'll be all right now"

pillows and a blanket on the couch that Bill always used to keep comfortless as an ironing board. Bill lay down. He said, "Lucky girl, to get Powell horizontal." We both laughed again and pulled some more what we both fondly hoped were funny remarks and then suddenly Bill looked at me, very directly, and said quietly, "Speaking as one operated upon to another, it greys everything out, doesn't it?"

I said, "Oh, but there are compensations." I knew I was lying in my teeth and I knew Bill knew it, too, but I had to say that. I couldn't agree with him, then, though I knew, as all people know who have come too close to death, how horribly true his remark was.

Bill looked at me. I repeated myself. "Really, there are compensations."

His face became more serious. "Yes," he said
(Continued on page 93)

Languid Lady

The rise of Ann Sothern, who looks like a fugitive from a hothouse but is really a maze of contradictions

BY JERRY ASHER

EVER since she amazed everyone in "Maisie," Ann Sothern has been a bit bewildered herself. Now that she's been "discovered" again and taken to the affluent bosom of M-G-M, she's the most popular girl in town.

Up to date, everyone but Mickey Rooney is taking credit for Ann's good fortune. Make no mistake. Casting her as the heart-warming "Maisie" was no master stroke of some front-office genius. This story, originally bought for Jean Harlow, was collecting dust on the shelf. M-G-M decided to make it into an inexpensive

"B" production and salvage what they could. They needed a girl with a luscious flair for life. She had to be human and real. And at the same time—not command too large a salary! They actually needed—Ann Sothern.

Hollywood has never really known Ann. As she says, "Everyone expects me to be as *hel-l-pl*less as a humming bird. *No-o-o* one ever gives me credit for being sensible." In speaking, she has an inimitable way of forcing certain words which gives them an exaggerated importance. Everything she says sounds funny, because she is always so serious when she says it. She always affects a confidential tone. Even if she's telling you about a hangnail.

Ann looks like a fugitive from a hothouse. She is definitely a dual personality, herself and the girl you expect her to be. There's an air of indifference about her which makes her different. It also gives people the impression that she is snooty. Ann does have a charming way of looking at you, through you and beyond you. It's unintentional and there's a good reason for it.

It ail started way back when she suffered from anemia. She was a diffident child, bursting with talent and never finding quite enough energy to express it. She was always cold and listless. A lassie who lived in lassitude. (Today, she has one of the warmest hearts in Hollywood. But she wears fur coats in July.) She was trained to conserve her strength. Not an ounce of effort was ever wasted. At four she toddled out on the local stage to sing a chorus of "Pretty Baby." In the middle of the number she stopped. For the first time she noticed the theater was half-empty. Deeming such a small audience unworthy of taxing her talent, she went toddling off again.

At fourteen she rode to school in a taxi. At the junior prom she got every dance. Sat them all out. By the time she became an actress, "Languid Lady" was (Continued on page 95)

She started out as a lukewarm redhead named Harriette Lake (right). As blonde Ann Sothern, she had a fling, then got lost in the shuffle. "Maisie" put her in line for stardom once more. Below, with her husband, Roger Pryor, and adopted son, David



THE

Camera

SPEAKS



Photography as sensational as its subject — once Brigitta Hartwig of Norway, then Vera Zorina, toast of Broadway in "I Married an Angel," now the main reason the Brothers Warner are filming "On Your Toes"

"Muky"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

A "modern" Garbo, a gay Garbo, that's what they promised us! So "Ninotchka" (her first film in almost two years, her first comedy in eons) gives us Greta as a serious worker of the new Russia, swept up in the lightheartedness of ageless Paris—with Melvyn Douglas ably supporting the cause of love and laughter

Bull





Sixteen! The transformation of baby Frances Gumm of Grand Rapids into starlet Judy Garland of Hollywood is complete. But two things have never changed—her desire to sing, which she satisfies in "Babes in Arms"—and her desire to be a doctor, which she satisfies with ambitious plans to build a hospital for children



THE FACE WITH THE SMILE WINS

John Garfield smiles because he is "lucky"—but it was more than luck that made his first five pictures personal triumphs—and won him the same part Spencer Tracy had in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

Which came first, the smile or the victory? Is Eddie Albert grinning because he gets the chance to dance with (and make love to!) Zorina in his second film, "On Your Toes"—or is the grin itself the reason for the breaks he's getting?



It takes courage to tear up a fat contract just because you're tired of insipid roles—but John Payne's fighting spirit has been more than justified by his new success with Warners', where he gets his finest opportunity in "Kid Nightingale"



Circe OF THE CIRCUS

The answer to "What's-in-a-name?" As a Bradna, after generations of circus trouping, she's a "Big Top" blueblood. As Olympe (her parents and Paramount say "O-lamp"—she prefers the more American "O-limpey"), she's named after the French theater in which she was born. No wonder Olympe Bradna, at 14, wowed Broadway—and now, at 19, as Pat O'Brien's daughter in "Happy Ending," is considered one of Hollywood's brightest starlets





Camera Nocturne

A man alone in the deepening twilight with his memories—and the photographer catches a prophetic mood with shadows in this study of Ronald Colman, star of "The Light That Failed," as the Kipling hero whose art career was cut short by blindness

PHOTOPLAY'S

CALIFORNIA

A pictorial history of the world's most fascinating city, from the barn that gave birth to "The Squaw Man" to the glittering billion dollar industry that found its voice in "The Jazz Singer." Through the magic of memory (aided by Photoplay's incomparable files), the screen's immortals once more make their bows—or answer a last curtain call

Early California producers didn't even boast a roof over their heads! Hobart Bosworth's first movie in 1908—"The Roman," with Betty Harte—was filmed on a borrowed estate



Film history was made in the Lasky barn at left, in 1913. Here Cecil DeMille directed his first movie—and Hollywood's first hit—"The Squaw Man" (below, with Winifred Kingston, Monroe Salisbury, Billy Elmer, Dustin Farnum)



HOLLYWOOD

BLAZING across a night sky, a comet streaked to earth behind the hills. But there were no prophets to see that where it had buried its weight there would spring up in the next twenty years the modern world's most fascinating town.

Nor did prophets herald the arrival of the world's fourth largest industry when, in a barn long disused, the first camera turned on the first scene of "The Squaw Man."

None was wise enough, in 1913, to know that Hollywood was soon to become the magic land of make-believe, the factory of escape for a world weary of its depressing truths, the city of fabulous fortunes and fabulous spending, of scandals and death, the city where "terrific" found a new use as an adjective.

Today, twenty-six years later, Hollywood stands as the symbol of entertainment, a giant industry of personalities, while movies celebrate their fiftieth anniversary of Edison's invention of the kinetoscope, granddaddy of today's silver screen. The story of Hollywood is ready to be told.

In one of the most ambitious pictures of the year, Darryl Zanuck has been filming these past few months his own history of the movies, "Hollywood Cavalcade,"

co-starring Alice Faye and Don Ameche in a dramatic movie which covers the period from 1913 to 1927. Many of the personalities you will see on the following pages have been recalled by Zanuck for one more appearance before the lens.

So, inspired by the movies' anniversary, the 20th Century-Fox film, and its own personal celebration of a birthday, PHOTOPLAY herewith presents its unvarnished history of Hollywood, a pictorial feature taken from the industry's greatest photographic source from the past—PHOTOPLAY's own files—to bring to life a vanished era.

In the beginning of the Twentieth Century, when the potential millions in motion pictures were just being discovered, it was New York which was the center of film making. Slowly Edison's powerful film trust froze out all the independent competitors. There was nowhere in the East for those outside the trust to carry on their business. Escape was essential.

Some tried Florida, others went as far as Cuba in the search for a place free from lawyers and lawsuits, and in 1909 Francis Boggs, director of the Selig Polyscope Company, brought the first moving picture unit west to California and set his cameras up in the little

(Continued on page 42)

Even today, this is recognizable as a motion picture studio, though the time is 1914 and the film, "Captain Courtesy," now forgotten. Its rough props, and workmen watching from the side lines, are typical of the hit-and-miss methods by which films were produced in those days



A great man starts a great era: Mack Sennett (far left) directs Chester Conklin in one of those comedies that convulsed a nation

Al Christie Studio and Universal's old open-air stages near that site, but it was the release of "The Squaw Man" which put Hollywood on the movie map.

From then on, the future course of the films was assured. In 1913, "The Perils of Pauline," with serial queen Pearl White, had shown what publicity could do; installments of the story were published weekly in great chains of newspapers, with prizes for the best solution before the next episode appeared on the screen. In 1914, William Selig made the first "super" picture, "The Spoilers," setting the vogue for using the works of such popular authors as Rex Beach and Zane Grey. William Fox, with "A Fool There Was," brought sex appeal to the screen and introduced Theda Bara as a vamp.

Mack Sennett's Keystone Comedies brought him the title of "The Father of American Comedy" and initiated such novelties as the bathing beauty, the comedy chase, and the ubiquitous pie-throwing—all of which he helps to revive in the current "Hollywood Cavalcade." He also developed such stars as Gloria Swan-

(Continued on page 44)

Cross-eyed Ben Turpin was an hilarious foil for the Sennett bathing beauties

Close rivals to the comedies were Westerns, with Bill Hart as Cowboy No. One

Early audiences wanted belly laughs, so most early stars were comedians—among them, deadpan Buster Keaton

Charlie Chaplin—a heel-hanger in "The Floorwalker"—vintage, 1916

(Continued from page 41)

town of Los Angeles. There he discovered the climate ideal for picture-making—especially for the extremely popular "Westerns"—and the nearness to the Mexican border, where U. S. process servers had no power, was a distinct advantage! By 1913, two dozen or more picture plants were established in Los Angeles.

Up to this time, Hollywood was nothing more than a quiet suburb northwest of Los Angeles, named for its abundance of holly and live oak. One day, Robert Brunton, an art director, saw the possibilities of converting a barn there into a studio and sold the idea to the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Company, composed of Lasky, Goldfish (Sam Goldwyn) and Cecil B. DeMille, who were looking for a site where they could film "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum. Already, there were film companies such as the

—But the real kings of the comic-chase days were the Keystone Kops (Ford Sterling at the phone)

"Vamp till ready" became the byword as Theda Bara brought SEX to the screen (it wasn't there to stay—as subsequent events proved). Such poses as this (1916) started the first great movie legend, made the former Theodosia Goodman "the wickedest woman in the world"



Two women in 1915 paved the way for present salaries, when Mary Pickford's mother asked—and got!—\$10,000 a week for her daughter



J. Warren Kerrigan was the Robert Taylor of 1914—Photoplay readers named him their favorite male star



Then as now, stage stars such as Weber and Fields were at a premium—and often too costly



Wistful Mabel Normand—whose sad eyes seemed to foresee her tragic destiny—won Photoplay's contest, with Kerrigan, as readers elected her their favorite feminine star

Below—Chester Conklin poses with Marie Prevost in a Sennett comedy



Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline" was queen of the serials—when serials were king



Movies were coming into their own in 1915. Universal dazzled Hollywood with a studio (above), built just for the job of making motion pictures (public admission, 25c). The unassuming chap in straw hat, at left, is the incomparable D. W. Griffith, whose directorial genius counted more than any other factor in raising the cinema to an art



Even in 1916, his Babylonian scene ("Intolerance," right) set a standard which has seldom been matched since for lavishness—and expense



It was D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" (originally called "The Clansman") that first put history into motion pictures—and thus put motion pictures into history. It also helped to place Lillian Gish (at left) and other minor stars of the period among screen immortals

(Continued from page 42)

son, Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin, the latter already an important comedian by 1914 in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (with the late beloved Marie Dressler). Movies were now one of the largest industries in the world!

Film stars shuttled back and forth from their studios in the East to make pictures in the West. The attempt to use famous stage stars in films was begun by the Triangle Company, comprising D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince and Sennett, resulting in the screen appearance of such personalities as Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Weber and Fields, Billie Burke, William Collier, Elliott Dexter, Taylor Holmes and George Fawcett. But most stage celebrities—with the exception of Doug Fairbanks, Marie Dressler and William S. Hart—were dismal flops as far as audiences were concerned. To make things worse (for the producer) the publicity given the great sums necessary to lure these Broadway darlings to the cinema gave the moderately-paid established screen stars the idea of demanding more salary for themselves. In 1915, Mary Pickford startled the movie world by getting \$10,000 a week through the efforts of Mamma Smith. The competitive bidding for stars' services had begun in earnest, though the October 1915 PHOTOPLAY revealed that only Pickford, Chaplin and Marguerite Clark, among film stars (stage stars got more), received more than \$750 a week—junior salaries to box-office personalities of today.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles was definitely growing. War in Europe had cut down film production and given American companies a boost.



The war found film popularity so strong that stars like Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin were Uncle Sam's best Liberty Bond salesmen



Post-war cynicism made itself felt in such scorers as Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," in which Conrad Nagel, Aileen Pringle—and their bed of roses—had audiences gasping

Ringleader in sexy drama was Cecil DeMille (inset), whose epic style has changed considerably since those days—but whose puttees and cap set a directorial style for years



Film "orgies" (shades of censorship!) like this were so commonplace in 1924, reviewers found "Three Weeks" very mild and confined themselves to praising the fine photography



The period between 1915 and 1917 saw such expansion as the establishing of Triangle in Culver City, Lasky in San Fernando Valley, Vitagraph in East Hollywood, and Fox at Sunset Boulevard. The grand opening of Universal City in San Fernando Valley, March, 1915, fifteen miles from the heart of Los Angeles, was the occasion for much fanfare. Covering 750 acres, with wonderful new indoor studios, it was called "the world's one celluloid metropolis."

D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," produced in 1914 on a then staggering budget of \$100,000, had given the industry its first great artistic success, as well as one of the greatest money-makers of all time. Now, in 1916, he splurged still more on the gigantic "Intolerance," which was filmed amid a great deal of secrecy. It was probably the first time a "closed set" had been used in those pre-Garbo days, as previous pictures had been filmed with all the local yokels gaping on the side lines.

Socially, Hollywood was beginning to take on

(Continued on page 46)



The director, William Desmond Taylor, whose murder February, 1922, remains unsolved



A series of scandals in the early 20's brought Hollywood notoriety, disaster—and the unwanted title of "naughtiest city on the globe." At least two careers were wrecked by the Taylor shooting—those of Mary Miles Minter (above), whose name had long been linked romantically with that of the director, and Mabel Normand (right), whose lovingly-inscribed picture was found in a locket which Taylor carried



When the District Attorney's office announced that Taylor was shot by a jealous woman, dope peddlers (with whom he was allegedly at war), blackmailers, or robbers, Hollywood found itself in the full glare of public disapproval. The crime, which occurred in the house above, left, was further complicated by the disappearance of his former valet—rumored his brother



Another headline to add fuel to the censors' fires in the early 20's—the death of Wallace Reid (seen with wife and son), while fighting against the drug habit



And so, in 1922, the most far-reaching event of the decade took place: Will Hays became arbiter of Hollywood morals!



First spark to kindle a flame of moral indignation that has never died down, was the "wild party" death of Virginia Rappe—which brought the career of Fatty Arbuckle (left) to a sudden end in 1921

(Continued from page 45)

the glamorous aspects which characterize it today. Los Angeles was still a prim little city and there were no places within the city limits where stars could make whoopee. The Hotel Alexandria and Levy's Café were the favorite meeting places for dining. Outside the town, stars frequented the Sunset Inn at Santa Monica and the Ship Café at Venice, for dancing. As for Hollywood itself, it was already the movie residential center ("To Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles, belongs the palm of housing more picture people than any other spot in the world," read a PHOTOPLAY story in 1915).

Then America entered the war, and the temper of the times changed. Peace pictures, such as "The Battle Cry of Peace," were being booed out of the theaters. Great stars entered the

(Continued on page 48)



She came from Sweden, almost unheralded, in 1925—but she brought a new kind of glamour with her to the screen—even though Greta Garbo did pose with the University of Southern California track team in those days—in full regalia!



1927-8 (heyday of national prosperity) gave Hollywood its first real "social season," high lighted by the gala wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque

No career has been more typical of Hollywood than that of Joan Crawford, one of its most beloved stars. In 1927, among her dancing trophies, she was the perfect pattern of those carefree days of the old regime. Now, in 1939, her quiet receptions, constant study and dramatic roles typify the new

It has changed indeed
the lush era of tinsel and
ament. When Gloria
n posed for this home
in 1923, the day of the
the Guild and World
s was far in the future

Much of the change was brought about by
the sudden advent of the talkies—Holly-
wood's own revolution, precipitated by
Jolson's great success in "The Jazz Singer"



But, throughout all changes of
time and technique, the enor-
mous vitality of the film colony
has maintained something that
will be forever "Hollywood" . . .
something that made it possible
for one rather small community
to vie with New York and Paris
as the amusement centers of the
world . . . something that kept
the Cocoanut Grove a dancing
mecca through such cycles as
the Charleston, rumba and
swing. Still Hollywood, eternal
symbol of gaiety and glamour!





VOUR

blue soufflé fashions this flat-
gly feminine evening gown
ed by Howard Greer of Hol-
ed for Irene Dunne to wear
niversal's "When Tomorrow
es." It features the new bustle
ette, a corselet girdle, puff
der wings, a low back and a
draped surplice front blouse

Clark

GOV

Irene selected
crepe dinner c.
personal wardr
French Room of
pany, Los Angeles.
broidery accents th
the fitted jacket, a
the eyelets for the
the sleeveless bodice

Jones

Twins

POSES IN
'MES FOR
R COED



FOR YOUR BUDGET

If you would like to know the name of the store in your community where the merchandise shown on these two pages may be purchased, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a clipping or description of the merchandise desired



Brown Botany flannel is featured in this two-piece dressmaker suit (above) that has an all-around stitched pleated skirt and a fitted jacket. Rosemary adds a green off-the-face felt "Heath" beret, genuine alligator and bucko "Shenanigan" oxfords and an enamel and stone-studded "Coro" lapel pin in motif of "the frog that would a-wooing go." The suit is \$17, the hat, \$6, the shoes \$8.95 and the pin is \$1.95. Rosemary's two-piece suit (at left) is of dark green "Triple X" monotone tweed. It consists of an all-purpose winter coat that has velvet revers and buttons, and a gored skirt. Rosemary pins a "Coro" fob that dangles a Blarney stone, Blarney Castle and a shamrock to her lapel and adds the green felt beret described above. The suit is \$25 and the fob \$1. Rosemary's newest Warner Bros. film is "The Return of Dr. X"

Four

ARE

VERSATILE

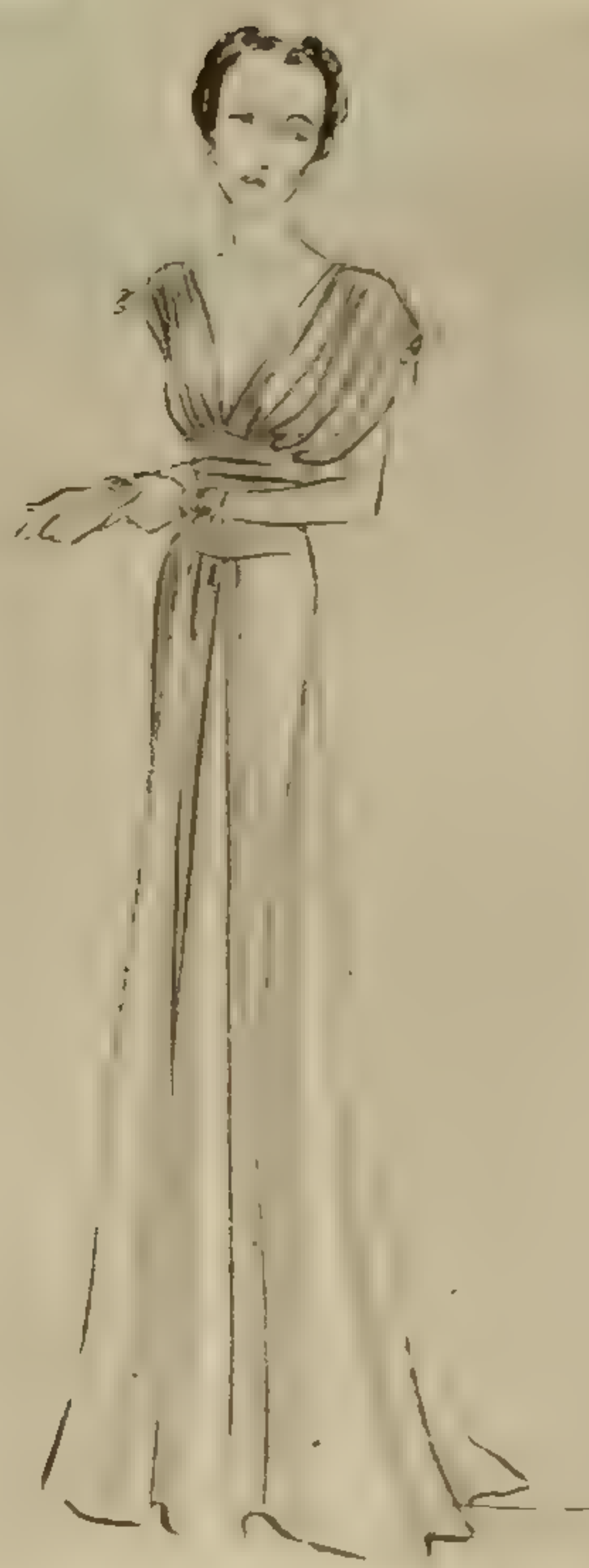
AND

SMART



Bachrach

Statuesque Kay Francis, currently appearing in RKO-Radio's "In Name Only," selects a three-quarter length, tailored cape of mink as her all-purpose fall wrap. Kay wears it in the photograph over a brown matelassé crepe street frock, which is sketched at the right so you may note the exquisite draping of the blouse. The other two sketches show Kay's leaf green wool jersey evening gown (center), and her gold colored woolen street frock (far right), which, like the brown crepe street frock, were especially designed by Stevenson. The dresses sketched on this page are not available in the shops. The mink cape was created by Willard George, Los Angeles



Capes



Petite Miriam Hopkins, who is co-starred with Bette Davis in the Warner Brothers film, "The Old Maid," chooses a hip-length cape of sable as her newest wrap—the pencil-slim, creamy beige crepe evening gown worn beneath is accented by a massive gold choker that slips through the neckline drape (sketched left). Miriam also wears the brown jersey afternoon dress (sketched right) with her little sable jacket. It features a low-waisted, pointed bodice, gathered sleeve insets and a gathered skirt. Orry-Kelly designed both of these dresses for Miss Hopkins, and therefore they are not available in the shops. The sable jacket was created by Willard George, Los Angeles

V A R I A T

in



Louise Campbell, appearing in Paramount's "The Star Maker," models three exciting Jeanne Barrie "five o'clock" frocks that are topped by Alfreda's chic chapeaux. The "necklace" frock (left) is pleated in rayon faille has a flared skirt that is available in wine and smoke blue. The It is also pleated in rayon faille has a flared skirt in gossamer veiling. Gold soutache braid embroidered every lends a note of old-fashioned charm to Louise's black frock (center) of "Record Breaker" rayon crepe that is styled with a looped skirt and a wide corselet girdle that is looped in back to give a modified bustle effect. The three-color velvet beret has a rippled, three-tiered visor and snug fitting crown. Louise's second black "Record Breaker" rayon crepe model (right) is all-over studded with gold nailheads—the wide cummerbund sash is bright red. Alfreda's looped turban with bustle streamers is of black satin.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.

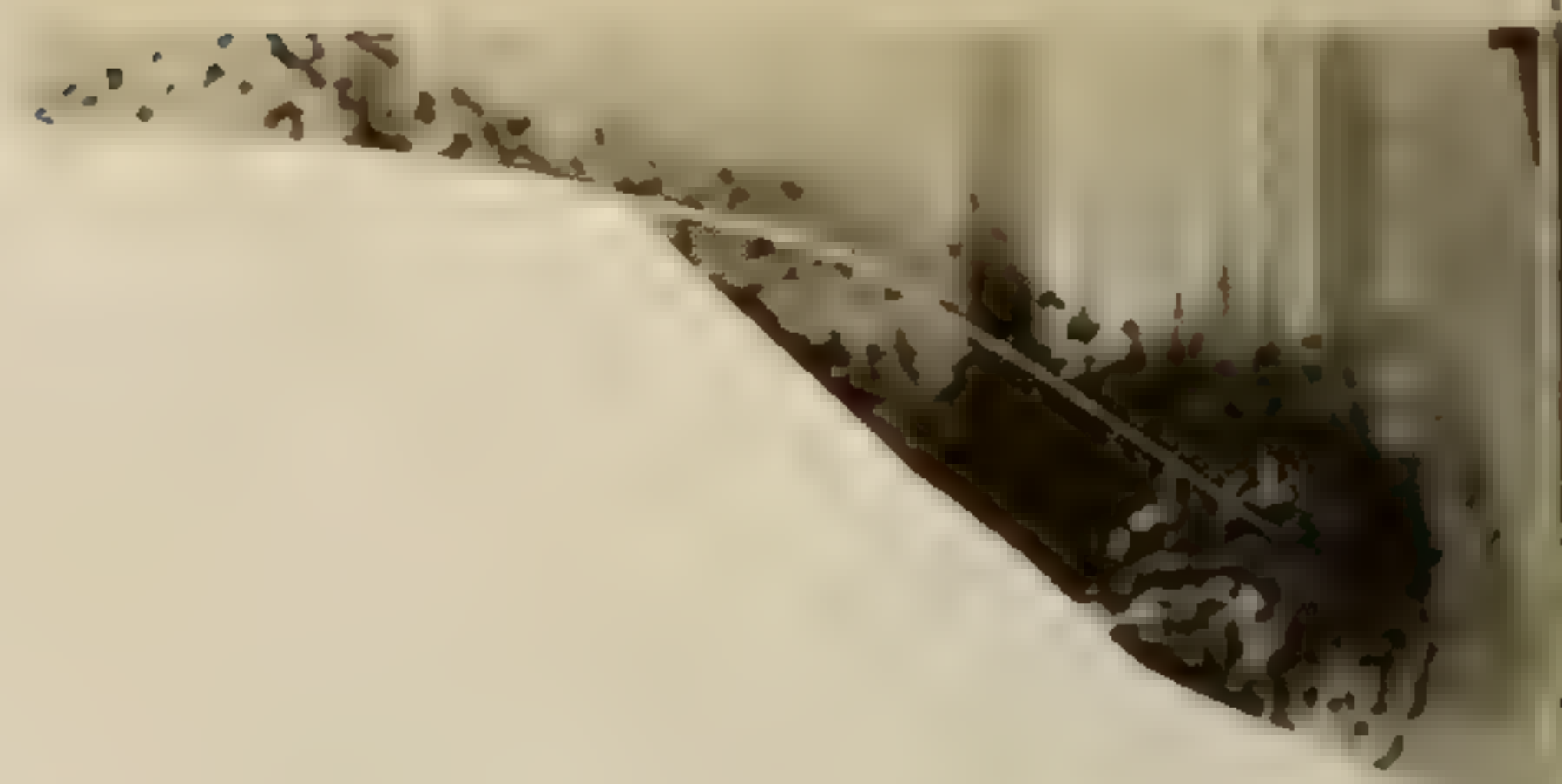


This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it.

ONS

Black

ie Barnes, whose recent screen appear-
was in the 20th Century-Fox produc-
"Frontier Marshal," chooses a collar-
knee-length classic coat of blue fox to
her dressy street and evening clothes.
wears it here over a heavy black
frock, the blouse of which is smartly
d with black and white (below).
ion roses fashion the crown of Bin-
lack, white and grey metallic plaid
at is shadowed by a dotted veil.
ide bracelet is of rubies and
ds. Binnie selected her blue fox
om Willard George, Los Angeles



FASHION LETTER

BY
GWENN WALTERS

SELDOM does any Hollywood designer get the golden opportunity Paramount's Edith Head has in dressing "one of the most beautiful women on the screen," Madeleine Carroll, for her role of *Gail Allen* in Paramount's "My Love for Yours,"—a story which offers a detailed fashion show of a career woman wearing career clothes.

The character, *Gail Allen*, shows Madeleine at home, at parties, at work and on vacation, and her clothes for these varied occasions run a wardrobe gamut of spring, summer, fall and winter models.

Edith Head's most fervent fashion message for the fall of 1939 is, "Study yourself and adopt a definite clothes formula or prescription for each phase of your own immediate life!" She demonstrates this modern fashion theory in an all-season group of daytime, work-time, lunchtime and unexpected, casual "date-time" dressmaker suits for Miss Carroll. She advises girls and women in every walk of life to choose their most becoming, most comfortable and most suitable type of dress for daytime and bury the lines of this one model in a variety of fabrics and colors for each season in the year. Naturally small changes may be made from time to time, but the essential silhouette remains the same.

Exhibit A is Madeleine Carroll's navy Lyons velvet two-piece suit for work-time in "My Love for Yours." This is the perfect type for Miss Carroll and has a flared, sectional skirt topped by a dressmaker jacket with fitted lines just above the hips. Navy silk braid enlivens the yoke and cuffs of the jacket, and under it Miss Carroll wears a tailored white satin shirt. Although this suit is 1939 Fall—it reflects the working suit of the midsummer season which stressed the same lines with embroidered white linen substituted for the navy velvet.

Two other versions of this suit show how the same model seems like an entirely different design. For warmer days, black tie-silk is used for the skirt with a black and white plaid tie-silk top. Shorter sleeves, a thinner underblouse, pleats instead of flared sections—but throughout the same basic suit. One suit in linen has a black skirt and a white jacket hand-blocked in black stripes. Still another is navy faille with white loops high lighting the neckline. Whatever season prevails, Madeleine Carroll as the fashion-conscious career woman wears her two-piece suit for business hours.

INTERESTING, too, is the fact that the star agrees with Miss Head's "basic dress" system to the extent of wearing a "basic hairdress"—and for all purposes, too! She thinks, in line with the designer's belief, that for every woman there's one most becoming dress style and one hair style which does the most for that one woman. "Play with fads and be amused by them," suggest Miss Carroll and Miss Head, "but to thine own type—be true, smart and most attractive."

Getting back to this ideal wardrobe, there are two topcoats designed for fall wear over all the two-piece suits, but not too heavy to utilize all year round. One is a navy twill fitted redingote; the other an infallible tweed topper for "rougher weather." An important note is the absence of fur in both of these. Designer Head boldly explains that Miss Carroll has a full-length mink coat to wear when she "dresses up."

(Continued on page 93)

A fashion-fest you can't afford to miss. Here are the exciting details of Madeleine Carroll's wardrobe for her role in Paramount's "My Love for Yours"



CALLING ALL CLANS TO THE BALL GAME

BY FRANCES HUGHES,
NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING
GWENN WALTERS,
FASHION EDITOR

Football fans who know their fashions will start the season in PLAIDS. Ida Lupino, appearing in Paramount's "The Light That Failed," sets the pace—and a merry one, too—in "The Laplander"—a natural sheepskin-hooded "chunkie," with a pleated kiltie-skirt to match.

Hitch your wagon to a star and choose the "Farquaharson" plaid as she did—the tartan of Her Majesty, the Queen of England, once a bonny Scottish lassie from the moors. "Chunkie" and detachable hood are lined in matching plaid, and they'll lead a scholastic or a sporting life with equal ease all winter long.

FOR CONVERSATION

... lapel gadgets—the more, the merrier! Enameled masks (top) among them a tribal chieftain fierce with corkscrew curls, and a tribal beauty bedecked with col-

ored baubles. Or a modish mouse with silver body and golden head and tail.

FOR PLAID PERFECTION

- ... an over-the-shoulder plaid wool pouch with zipper-top and inner fittings (center).
- ... a plaid wool scarf, worn ascot-style in the neck of sweaters, coats or jackets, or squared and tied like a peasant's shawl over the head.

FOR CASUAL CHIC

- ... alligator oxfords with muck-shooing mudguards and built-up leather heels (right).
- ... corduroy ball-game booties cosily lined with fleece.
- ... "Lammies"—snug little lambskin mittens with warm and wooly curls inside.

All Football Fashions from Best & Company, N. Y.

So black cats are unlucky? Look who's being petted by Jeanette MacDonald, Dolores Del Rio and Norma Shearer, as Ernst Lubitsch watches (NOT directing, but acting—as host)



Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Gracie and George—At It Again

GRACIE ALLEN has the town in stitches with the best story of the month, and one Gracie swears is true. It seems Gracie was instrumental in securing, with a friend, a position for a young Chinese servant and, out of sheer gratitude, the Oriental decided to study up on the best English phrases used in social etiquette.

Imagine Gracie's amazement then, when, calling one day on the friend, she praised the servant's tea and he came back with, "Oh, thank you lady or gentleman, as the case may be."

Then Georgie comes forth with the story of his struggle to chastise his young son for some misdemeanor.

"What," demanded George, his face stern and cold, "am I going to do with you, young man?"

The boy thought a minute and then came back:

"Well, I guess you'll just have to kill me, Daddy."

Niven Goes for a Ride

THE preview of "They Shall Have Music" was over and the stars emerged from the theater to be met by hundreds of eager fans. David Niven and Olivia de Havilland, for instance, were sc

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY HYMAN FINK



Melvyn Douglas has his fortune told by a veiled lady of mystery, as his missus (Helen Gahagan) kibitzes. Party was given by Ernst Lubitsch and his wife just before the latter left for Europe

Teatime (in the bar-room) at the Lubitsch home—Mrs. Mervyn Le Roy, Mrs. L. herself, and Margaret Sullivan



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilcox (Florence Rice), adding that Scarlett touch to the Riskin "Gone with the Wind" party



Hedy Lamarr, aboard the "Melinda," tunes in on her favorite program



At Norma Shearer's theater party, Arthur Hornblow is proof that Myrna Loy keeps her real-life husband just as happy as her screen ones



Hollywood Bowl-ers Franklin Pangborn and Edna May Oliver relax during a concert intermission

swamped they were too late to reach the car of their host, Sam Goldwyn, who, in his excitement at the picture's success, calmly drove off without them.

David and Olivia stood there on the sidewalk and watched the car go. Two fans, a young man and woman, close at hand, took in the situation at a glance. "Mr. Niven," they suggested, "we'll be glad to give you a lift."

"Thanks very much," Niven said, "I'll be grateful to you."

With that the young man shot away and in two minutes was back with his not-so-classy little car that clanked and rattled along while David and Olivia, in the back seat, enjoyed the experience immensely, waving to friends in passing limousines who almost fell out of their cars in open-mouthed astonishment.

"You got us out of a bad spot, you two," David smiled at the young couple before Goldwyn's door. "I do appreciate it."

"Gee," the young couple sighed. "You appreciate it. Why, say, we'll *never* get over it."

And they were still grinning happily as they drove away.

We Present—A New Star

LAST month Hollywood hadn't heard the name Helen Gilbert. This month it's arousing more discussion than any ten names together, for Miss Gilbert, you remember, was the beautiful young lady who *almost* walked off with "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever."

Her rise was quick, meteoric, and unexpected even to herself. She had been a cellist (and a good one) in the studio orchestra for two years, recording music for such stars as Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald and Ilona Massey. Her prettiness and unusually fine speaking voice won her a test. Director Woody Van Dyke saw the test, which was really made for the starring



Gala occasion was the opening of "Ladies and Gentlemen," new Charles MacArthur-Ben Hecht play starring Helen Hayes (Mrs. MacArthur) and Herbert Marshall—and Norma Shearer responded in gala fashion with a truly regal theater-and-supper party

Cross-section of Norma's guests at the Biltmore Theater reveals many topflight first-nighters—Leland Hayward, Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Adrian (now Mr. and Mrs.), and the hostess herself (extreme right)

role in "Florian," and grabbed her for the *Hardy* story. Miss Gilbert is as surprised as anybody. But is cooler than two cucumbers, definitely in love with music and won't sacrifice it for movies (she hopes to combine the two). She's a petite miss of five feet three who is married to Bakaleinikoff and has a stepdaughter slightly older than herself.

She's the young lady of the hour in Hollywood, only she doesn't seem to know it herself, maintains a calm approach to life and rests secure in the knowledge that she's one of the best women cellists in the country. And that "best in something" is her buckler and her shield. She's pretty, too.

Home Boy

HIS name is John Howard. He's a sincere, honest, hard-working young man in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, but as foreign to Hollywood life as a yucca tree is to the Yukon. He's really the boy who lives across the street in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, or could be the lad home from college for summer vacation in any small town you can name. He lives quietly on a side street with his family, eats dinners at the family dinner table and is incapable of even thinking a good place for mother and dad would be the usual small cottage below Wilshire or out in the Valley, while he lived in swanky bachelorhood.

He cuts the grass when it needs it and drives his mother to market when he isn't working.

That's why, when Paramount cast him for the lead in "Victory," Hollywood said, "John Howard? Why choose him? We hardly know him."

And that's why, also, few know of the grief locked in his honest heart, for John's mother is now threatened with blindness after an illness, and John and his family are keeping their sorrow to themselves.

He's a family boy in Hollywood. And here's hoping he gets right there to the top.

Feud for Thought

THERE is nothing that interests Hollywood quite so much as a good, old-fashioned feud between a couple of its glamour girls. Nor, it so happens, has Hollywood been without such a tidbit for gossip for any length of time.

Back in the old silent days, it was Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper who feuded. Then Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow entered the ring against each other—outwardly polite as pie, perhaps; pretty obviously "allergic" to each other, just the same.

And now, we present our latest contenders—Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison! Maybe a lot of people don't know it yet, but these two beauties like each other about as well as Tabby likes Rover—and that's not much. They do say that Dorothy, who was here first, has been the one to throw down the gauntlet, but we wouldn't know for sure about that. We do know, though, that at the big banquet Paramount flung for its exhibitors some moons ago,

Dorothy got mad and went home early because William LeBaron, the studio's managing director and her dinner partner, devoted considerable time to beautiful La Morison.

When you stop to think about it, it seems kind of natural that the peppery Dottie might resent the newcomer. They're the same type, only Pat is considered better looking by a lot of people. Both of the girls can sing, but in contrast to Dorothy's blues voice, Pat can warble grand opera—and how. They both have beautiful long hair, but Pat's is a couple of inches longer than Dottie's. They both can act, of course, but Pat has back of her the prestige of a New York stage hit. And last, but not least, everybody thought Dottie would be scheduled to star with Ray Milland in Paramount's new epic, "Untamed," which was apparently right up her alley, then subsequently Pat was given the role.

You can't blame Hollywood for watching the little drama.

Just Another "Phony"

A FRIEND, recently returned from a trip through northern California, tells us this choice story.

The friend, it seems, had stopped at a small, out-of-the-way, one-man gas station on the road and glanced at a car near by in which sat a woman, obviously waiting for someone. As the lone station attendant drew near our friend, he leaned over and whispered confidentially

(Continued on page 72)



IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio

If you're the pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard we think you are, this will be worth every long minute you sit watching it—it is just such good acting. Unfortunately, fine writer Richard Sherman had a pretty sickly basic story to work with. This triangle is a simple one, and the wife, Kay Francis, won't give Cary Grant a divorce, and Cary's in love with Carole Lombard who waits for him. Then Cary gets pneumonia and everything seems to be up to Carole. Charles Coburn, Helen Vinson have routine roles, Katharine Alexander does fine work, and Miss Francis plays with distinction. You'd feel more sympathy for the hero if you didn't know he could straighten everything out in the first reel, but Grant is magnificent throughout.



★ **THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—M-G-M**

YOUTH scintillates against a college background in this really fun-making picture, which doesn't deviate from Jane Hall's magazine story by so much as an adverb. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debutantes. It's our not-so-private opinion, though, that a well-brought-up deb should have better manners and more poise than Anita and Ann give to their roles. Lew Ayres makes a dilly of a college boy—you know he's a senior without being told. A slight crack shows in his sophisticated coating, however, when Lana Turner, honkey-tonk hostess, shows up at his school's veddy exclusive house party on the strength of a drunken invitation. Marsha Hunt plays the college widow and does a fine job.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ **THE OLD MAID—Warners**

THE critics protested when Zoe Akins' "The Old Maid" got the Pulitzer Prize; maybe this picture version of it will win Academy Awards as well, but if it does we're going to protest, too. Of course, it's a fine movie. It's good drama, well-played, expensively produced, and the directing is excellent. But it's so long, so dreary. Bette Davis plays the young cousin who loves George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Bette gives birth to his daughter. Miriam, who has married a rich man in the meantime, finds out about Bette's indiscretion, and fixes things so the poor girl can't marry again. Bette allows her cousin to adopt the little girl and turns herself into a sour old maid so the child will never suspect. Years pass and the baby grows up to be Jane Bryan, who hates Bette because of her constant interference. The whole theme is built on the neurosis of a woman whose life has been a tragedy of her own making. Miss Davis gives her usual superb portrayal. Miriam Hopkins, however, almost succeeds in matching the star's work with her finely etched delineation of the less erotic, more sensible elder cousin. Brent does not have a chance to do much except be charming in a sequence or two, since he's killed off so early, and Donald Crisp, as the family doctor, is seen only occasionally. He's very believable at these times, anyway. The rest of the cast, which includes such names as Cissie Loftus, Louise Fazenda, Jerome Cowan and James Stephenson, is quite capable.



★ **STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—
20th Century-Fox**

THE most difficult of human experiences to portray has been captured in this inspiring, dignified and somewhat adventurous film. For here is the portrait of an intelligent, hard-boiled man converted to the truest Christianity through the quiet example of a genuinely good one. Pace the picture lacks, but that is more than offset by the spiritual message it carries. When Henry M. Stanley, New York's best reporter of the Eighties, is assigned to find Dr. Livingstone, famous British missionary-explorer in darkest Africa, it is merely another assignment to him. Arriving in Zanzibar, he encounters a girl whose love gives him the courage to force on through swamps, fever, false starts, battling natives, and slave traders, until nearly eighteen months later the historic moment comes when he can say, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Then he discovers that Dr. Livingstone does not wish to be rescued. The missionary has deliberately exiled himself to go on not alone converting the heathen, but showing them through his kindness that white men are not all cruel, and thereby in turn showing the whites that dark men can peacefully open up a new continent to them. His saintliness so wins Stanley that when Livingstone dies Stanley turns his back on New York and its rich awards to carry on the noble work. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Livingstone, are sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as a pair of rather anemic lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy.



★ **BEAU GESTE—Paramount**

IT'S an old, old story, this—old enough to be dragged out of moth balls and made an epic of, as is Hollywood's custom these days. Gary Cooper plays the role of *Beau Geste*, done so well in the silent version by Ronald Colman, and he has Ray Milland and Robert Preston as his loyal brothers, who follow him into the Foreign Legion. You really must remember that story: all about the giant sapphire that was stolen, and the three brothers being accused, and all of them rushing off to the Sahara or wherever. The main idea was originally built around a true Legion tale, wherein a regiment was sent to rescue a besieged fort and found it quite silent, with every occupant at his post, dead. It takes half the picture to kill off a whole garrison of soldiers and after a bit, what with all those bodies, there is an uncanny resemblance to Madame Tussaud's waxworks about the whole thing. It is a man's film, since romance is strictly limited to one or two restrained but yearning glances between Milland and Susan Hayward; and since blood and thunder, shock-scenes and very sudden death comprise the remainder of the offering. Performances are good, particularly that of Brian Donlevy, who plays the villainous sergeant. Heather Thatcher is the aunt. As a sop to old ladies who might survive the battle scenes, Paramount has inserted a good deal of whimsy-pooch, first when Cooper is persuaded to change his mind about slaughtering a trick mouse, and second when Preston braves the works to blow taps at his brother's funeral.



OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

PARAMOUNT is still trying to fill Will Rogers' place in the cinema world with an obvious substitute, Bob Burns. But the studio just doesn't supply the right stories or direction. Bob tries hard, particularly in this. It's certainly not fare for the intellectual audience, offering as it does the first-reader grade of emotional stimuli. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. The audience reaction may well be: why pay money for this when you can get in the American Legion rally free? Susan Hayward is quite pretty as she goes about supplying the romantic interest, and Elizabeth Patterson is in it with her middle-Western accent. Kathleen Lockhart, Charles Bickford and others supply background.



★ **HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE—20th Century-Fox**

IT'S a story of disillusionment, about little people who work very hard and aren't very shrewd. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years in a store basement to buy a Western ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property, and collects troubles on the way. First is Nicholas Conte, hobo; second is Jean Rogers, Spanish refugee illegally in America; next is sartorially elegant tramp, Raymond Walburn. Jean and Glenn have to marry to outwit a sheriff; she runs away and he finds his ranch is just a dismal waste with a shanty on it. Wouldn't you think he would have had sense enough to check on it first? Anyway, there's a lot of movement to the piece. Walburn bears the brunt of the comedy. Miss Rogers is quite charming and Ford has appeal.



RANGE WAR—Paramount

IT'S still a mystery to this department why the *Hopalong Cassidy* series has such a following. Still, for the benefit of those who read Photoplay, we must explain that Paramount has kindly refused to vary the formula materially in this new one, so you may relax. There's one exciting change—*Hopalong* rides a new range now. He has to find out why mysterious forces are holding up the construction of a railway fork. The ranchers need that fork because a rival owner makes them pay a toll for taking cattle across his land. Bill Boyd as *Cassidy* buckety-buckets across the prairies, his six shooter smoking. Russell Hayden is *Lucky*, Britt Wood offers an occasional innocent laugh and Pedro De Cordoba plays a priest.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Beau Geste

Each Dawn I Die

Stanley and Livingstone

The Old Maid

These Glamour Girls

Heaven on a Barbed Wire Fence

The Real Glory

Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever

Lady of the Tropics

Frontier Marshal

I Stole a Million



★ **EACH DAWN I DIE—Warners**

THE impact of this should knock you out of your seats, if you're not off prison pictures for life. Naturally Jimmy Cagney has the lead, but this time he's an innocent victim worried only about getting the heck out of the filthy prison and into the fresh air again. He gives a magnificent performance. There is about the entire film a quiet brutality, a believable horror, which will creep inside you and make you behave like a yokel, wanting to go up and tear the screen apart. Cagney is a newspaper reporter, born on the East Side, who has attempted reform of the crooked administration via typewriter and newsprint. He is framed and sent up on a long rap. His friends on the paper, particularly Jane Bryan, his sweetheart, take up the fight. Inside the pen Jimmy thinks he might get out through the offices of George Raft, another convict, and helps him to escape. This is a spectacular sequence, with Raft jumping out of a courtroom window into a truck. There's murder and a jail-break riot, and all the usual hokum done in a superlative manner; but the punch comes with Cagney's portrait of a clean-cut reporter's transformation into a desperate con. His scenes at the pardon board meeting, and with Miss Bryan after his release from solitary confinement, are heartbreaking. Raft is surprising; he has never done a better job. His performance makes you understand what all the shouting has been about. George Bancroft is the warden, Maxie Rosenbloom mumbles punch-drunkenly throughout, and John Wray portrays superbly a bestial guard.



★ **THE REAL GLORY—Goldwyn-U. A.**

HENRY HATHAWAY once more comes out with topnotch direction in another blood-and-thunder epic, and for variety this one is sent to the Philippines and backed up to the year 1906, when the United States sent troops to take over the job of business-managing the islands. Gary Cooper does an excellent job with the he-man character, combining doctor, soldier, organizer of wild native villagers, and last but not least, lover. Lovely Andrea Leeds, as the daughter of the commandant of the Post, may begin a new rush of young men to army life. The wild-haired Moros, resenting the intrusion of the new government, craftily use the dreaded cholera, by cutting off the water supply, as their most lethal weapon. Despite the fact that Cooper is pretty busy doctoring cholera victims, organizing the less savage villagers to help him in his fight against the disease and dodging poisoned spears, he has time for some tender scenes with Miss Leeds.

There's plenty of excitement in this picture, with native traps lined with sharp spikes, pitched battles between the savages and the army, and those ever-present little cholera bugs providing the hidden menace. Although Cooper comes through with flying colors, his two pals, David Niven and Broderick Crawford, after fine performances, have to die. But then with so much blood-and-thunder, someone has to die, even on the winning side, and although Niven is his most likeable self, if it comes to a showdown, we'd rather save Mr. Cooper for the final scene.

(Continued on page 89)

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

James Cagney in "Each Dawn I Die"

George Raft in "Each Dawn I Die"

Brian Donlevy in "Beau Geste"

Spencer Tracy in "Stanley and Livingstone"

Charles Coburn in "Stanley and Livingstone"

Bette Davis in "The Old Maid"

Miriam Hopkins in "The Old Maid"

Cary Grant in "In Name Only"

Carole Lombard in "In Name Only"

Gary Cooper in "The Real Glory"

David Niven in "The Real Glory"

George Raft in "I Stole a Million"

Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"

David Niven's faith in his magic power is slight, despite scenes like this in "Eternally Yours," with Loretta Young



WE COVER THE STUDIOS

Take 12,000 gallons of gasoline in flames, three Marx Brothers, one hypnotized rabbit—and you'll have some idea of the pictures to come!

BY JACK WADE

THERE'S no doubt about it—day in and day out the greatest show on earth hums on the Hollywood studio sets.

But right now even the Great Barnum would sit up and stare.

Never before has Hollywood staged such a mammoth parade of music, marvels, melodrama and thrills—of homespun hokum, history, horror and what have you. This month every entertainment idea in the movie-makers' big bag of tricks is spread across the stages from Culver City to Burbank and from Hollywood to Beverly Hills.

There's a reason, of course. And that reason is—you.

The great Hollywood game of "guess what the public wants" was never hotter. There's

a suspicion abroad in Hollywood that there's been too much of the same old thing. Frantically, the studios are digging for new faces, new ideas, new fads and fashions (and coming up with a few old-faithfuls, too!).

We're prepared for anything—even a little sawing in half—when we make our trip to Walter Wanger's presto-chango picture, "Eternally Yours," with David Niven and Loretta Young. Everything vanishes in this one—even the title. Walter is generally conceded one of Hollywood's brighter boys, but look: He bought a novel by the great French actor, Sacha Guitry, just for the title—"The Illusionist." He had Gene Towne and Graham Baker, Hollywood's highest priced scripters, write a new story around that intriguing title. Then he changed the title!

Walter looks mentally okay, however, as we invade the set. He's standing with his arm around Loretta Young, and there's nothing simple about that. We break it up to learn that the hokus-pokus of the plot is, briefly, a merry story of a prestidigitator, "The Great Arturo," (that's David) whose wife (that's Loretta) gets sick of white rabbits, spooks and pigeons fluttering in and out of her hair. So she leaves

him, marries normal but dumb Broderick Crawford, only to have jealous David bear down on the abracadabra, break up the marriage with magic, and lure her back to him!

David, in cape and tails, is about to pull a hand-is-quicker-than-the-camera-lens scene. Loretta and Wanger stand on the side lines and cheer. Paul Le Paul, a real legerdemainist, gives David last minute tips on how to snatch a pigeon out of the air, make a flower grow out of a pot and drink a glass of water at the same time, or something. After all, Hollywood stars can't be expected to know everything, including parlor tricks. That is, magician's parlor tricks.

WANGER looks on intently. "Eternally Yours" is an important picture to him. He's spending money on it—a big cast—Hugh Herbert, ZaSu Pitts, Billie Burke, Virginia Field—and an old-timer, Ralph Graves (remember?), making a comeback here.

Monsieur Paul Le Paul is through with elementary things like flower pots and pigeons. "Now," he tells the bewildered David, "I teach you how to put rabbits to sleep! So—" He hands Niven a bunny, rolls him over on his back and strokes



Welcome back to D. W. Griffith, visiting Adolphe Menjou, Joan Bennett and Hal Roach (whose staff he's joined) on "The Housekeeper's Daughter" set

Magnet on the Warner lot, while filming "On Your Toes," is shapely Zorina (top, with Erik Rhodes of the cast and George Balanchine, her choreographer—and husband). The toast of M-G-M is an import, too—Illona Massey, whose growling bulldog is a constant threat during her love scenes with Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika"

No one but another Marx Brother (such as Groucho and Chico, for instance) would dare to be a party to Harpo's demoralizing antics, either in or out of their circus picture

his tummy (the bunny, not David!). Pretty soon the rabbit starts snoring peacefully away.

"Let's take it," says the director, Tay Garnett. They focus the cameras and yell for quiet. But before they turn over David bows low to M. Paul Le Paul.

"And now," he says, with a flourish, "I will show you how to put an audience to sleep!" Such a modest guy!

THE day we pick for a personal check-up at Hal Roach's, they're taking care of "The Housekeeper's Daughter," with Walter Wanger's best girl friend, Joan Bennett, and the Good Lord's gift to haberdashers, Adolphe (Clothes Horse) Menjou. Roach himself sits in the canvas director's chair.

The first person we spy, enroute to the set, is a grayish, but young-faced man with a pleasant smile, beneath a beaked nose. It's David Wark Griffith, the man who started movies on the road to greatness. Twenty-five years ago his "Birth of a Nation" wowed the world. It's still playing and Hal Roach has brought Griffith back to the Hollywood he made great as a general advisory associate. He'll make a picture, too—his first in years—a prehistoric epic to be called "One Million B. C."

"The Housekeeper's Daughter" is an old stand-by screen setting, Park Avenue, dressed with new plot twists that mix up reporters, gangsters, a society scion and a housekeeper's daughter in a Manhattan (Continued on page 91)



Hollywood can never be the same—not since the gay, debonair Niven set foot in it. Presenting the headaches and high lights of a career that's funnier than the funniest comic strip

BY SARA HAMILTON

It was Christmas in New York. A young Scotchman named Niven sat beside a young lady named Barbara Hutton in a car that swung lightly through Central Park to Fifth Avenue. A row of green traffic lights, as far as the eye could see, flashed from red to green and back to red.

"I think it's wonderful," the Scot said to his companion, "the way you Americans go in for Christmas. Imagine having the street lights changed to green and red for the occasion!"

David had met Barbara in London where his regiment had been transferred after two and a half years in Malta. The natives, I'm told, wept

with relief as David and his friend, Lieutenant Trubshawe, sailed away, and not without reason. At any rate, the heiress extended David a very kind and cordial invitation to visit her in New York and Davey immediately asked for a six weeks leave to call on Barbara and America. Barbara got over it. America never did. We doubt if it ever will.

He had himself a grand time in New York. The charming, gay young Scot made friends on the instant, for people have a way of warming to Niven, of catching the spirit of high adventure that carries him on, and of going along with it. Barbara gave a party for him at the Central Park Casino, and when she moved on to Palm Beach it seemed an awfully good idea to David to move on to Palm Beach, too. So he cabled his colonel, a true Briton and one whose heart warmed to Niven despite his deviltry: "Wonderful offer tiger shooting and whale hunting in Florida. May I have two more weeks?"

The Colonel cabled back:

"No tigers or whales within 2,000 miles of Florida. Take three weeks."

Which pretty well sums up, if anything can sum up, the Niven life.

From his earliest school days he got himself into—and talked his way out of—more scrapes than he can remember. A few of them, however—those which required the most talking-out-of—he does recall vividly. There was the time when an elaborate electric magnet he devised for extracting wartime bullets from the derriere of a professor tripped up the intended beneficiary of his little plan and left Davey himself with a tingling rear; the time when his too enthusiastic manipulation of the bellows that provided organ music for chapel practically blew the congregation out of the windows—and did blow Davey right out of the school. And the time when he was taking examinations to enter the British Navy. One question had to do with a mathematical problem involved in gunnery and with the usual Niven ingenuity Davey's computation resulted, in the words of one of the examiners, in pointing the guns on his own men in every crisis. So Davey abandoned his Navy ambitions and entered the Army. Which by mysterious maneuverings of fate landed him in Malta where he made friends with one Trubshawe, and enemies of a goat and the entire Maltese population.

It was a terribly flat and busted Mr. Niven

Rover Boy

WITH SEX APPEAL



Not a case of looking a gift horse in the mouth—just another one of Davey's dilemmas that might well be titled, "Anything for a laugh"

who finally arrived back home in London. More in the jolly old hole than ever. So right then and there he decided something had to be done about the alarming crescendo of unpaid bills. The way they grew had nothing, absolutely nothing, on the Five Little Peppers. Officers and gentlemen (Davey was both) need only sign for purchases in London and the signing was so easy.

David tells of his last trip to London when, after a measure of Hollywood success, he stopped in the shop of a famous hatter to settle an old bill for top hats.

"Er—would you care to take up Mr. 'Willie' Niven's bill, too?" the manager asked with a slight cough.

"How much?" asked David.

"Twenty-one pounds for top hats," the manager answered. Davey paid. "Willie" Niven was his grandfather.

At any rate, Davey knew for a fact he'd never get very far as things stood. Officers advanced very slowly in peacetime. He could look ahead across the years and see himself a retired officer sitting by a window of the Army and Navy Club, gr-unphing and talking over old days. Wisdom and an underlying seriousness that only lends enchantment to his perpetual predicaments, are all a part of his being. Starving may be in the cards for the moment, but David will do it his way, going from hunger into something infinitely worse to take his mind off the gnawing. It's a grand scheme and so
(Continued on page 88)

One of America's most famous heiresses is responsible for a turning point in the life of this young Scotsman



THE PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS LIFE OF DAVID NIVEN



So far Davey has eluded matrimony, but rumor links him romantically with Britain's Jacqueline Dyer (above). Reggie Gardiner (left) smiles approval



An ex-officer in the British army, Davey enters a new phase of militarism in "The Real Glory"

Rahs for ROZ!



Study in contrasts—the beturbaned glamour girl of the screen is a far cry from the gay, laughing Roz whose sense of humor gets her out of scrapes

Rosalind Russell proves that time cannot alter, nor Hollywood custom stale a girl with a will—and a way

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

EVER since I left Rosalind Russell I have been poring over the fancy flourishes beneath the Declaration of Independence—through John Hancock, the Adams boys and Button Gwinnett.

So far I haven't uncovered a Russell. But I'm sure there must be a mistake somewhere. One of those inky scrawls must mask a Revolutionary Russell's true moniker. Furthermore, I don't believe I understood her correctly when she said she was born on the fourth of June. I think she must have said July.

Only a very unusual inspiration, I'm sure, could drive me to such extensive historical research and abstract speculation. But then Miss Rosalind Russell is indeed unusual.

She is a Declaration of Independence walking.

Now that's something—even in Hollywood, where you see dreams and all sorts of things ambling along. It's more than something, too, when you consider that she trotted right into the current spotlight in which she basks today on that particular D. of I.

If you saw Rosalind Russell as far back as "Rendezvous" getting rather repeatedly into Bill Powell's crinkly and graying hair, where Myrna Loy was formerly wont to roost, you might have reasoned then and there with a slight shudder that she was an audacious and forthright lady of dangerous possibilities.

If you saw her more recently standing up to Robert Donat's dour Scots *Doctor Manson* in "The Citadel," or helping Robert Montgomery track down murderers in "Fast and Loose," or in the lusty free-for-all, no-holds-barred battle with Paulette Goddard in "The Women," you might have concluded that time has not altered, nor Hollywood custom staled a girl who has both a will and a way.

You don't know half.

Rosalind greeted me with a quick and faintly disapproving side glance.

"Goodness," she goodnessed, "who makes your clothes?"

I did the best I could with the collar.

"It's no use," comforted Rosalind Russell, "it just doesn't fit."

I groped nervously for the teapot.

"No—I'll pour," she declared, and I felt much the way I used to feel when my hand was slapped reaching across the table for the sugar bowl.

ROSALIND RUSSELL is tall and pretty. She is definitely prettier than her screen image and younger looking. She has a small mouth which works into a surprisingly wide smile. She talks quickly and easily, with an air of finality. She is fast on the uptake. When she answers, which is right away, she darts her large dark eyes sidewise under elevated eyebrows.

She shakes her finger at you when she talks. She says, "You see." (Continued on page 78)

ALL WOMEN
WANT LOVE,
DON'T THEY?

"Of course they do, Miss Lupino"

THEN WHY
DO SO MANY
OF THEM RISK
COSMETIC SKIN?

"Gosh

I never thought of that"

IDA LUPINO

YOU CAN USE
COSMETICS ALL
YOU WISH. I'LL
TELL YOU WHAT
TO DO

LUX TOILET SOAP
HAS ACTIVE LATHER
THAT DOES A
THOROUGH JOB.
I ALWAYS USE IT

"And you have such
gorgeous skin"

YES, LUX TOILET
SOAP DOES HELP
KEEP SKIN SMOOTH
AND SOFT—

"And you think men fall for nice, smooth skin?"

NICE SKIN MAKES
A GIRL **VERY**
ATTRACTIVE. IT
WINS ROMANCE
—AND **HOLDS IT**

CLEVER GIRLS everywhere follow the screen stars' advice—use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It's foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that spoil good looks. This soap with ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Lovely skin's important to you. Be sure you use gentle Lux Toilet Soap regularly—before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

**9 out of 10 Hollywood
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



STAR OF
TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S
"Adventures of
Sherlock Holmes"

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 63)

with a nod indoors. "See that guy phoning in there? Another phony. Pretends he's a big shot calling some Hollywood studios. Know what he's up to? He's building up to hook me. Going to ask me to cash a phony check. You just watch. Well, we're too smart for guys like that up here. We're not so dumb."

Just then "the big-shot phony," his cap pulled down well over his face, emerged from inside the station, and, smiling at the young woman in the car, said, "Well, honey, that's over for the day. I've reported to the studio as promised." Climbing into the car they drove away.

The attendant gazed after them. "Humph!" he snorted. "Knew I was too smart for him. Didn't have the nerve to try any monkey business."

No, our friend didn't tell him it was only Clark Gable and Carole Lombard on a vacation trip. "Why disillusion him? He'd have probably had me arrested as an accomplice," our friend chuckled.

Lost-and-Found

IT'S nothing new for a star to sit on the side of the set busily engaged in some sort of handwork. Most of them bring knitting or embroidery or something similar to occupy their time between scenes. So, when Paulette Goddard sat at her make-up table between scenes busily engaged in what appeared to be some sort of fancywork, no one paid much attention to her, although everyone noticed that she was very careful to put everything neatly back into what looked like a small make-up box when she was called for a scene. When Paulette missed the box when lunch was called, the various members of the cast obligingly helped look for it thinking she was upset more than was really necessary over the loss. However, when the box was discovered in the make-up department, where it had been carried by mistake by one of the girls on the set—it was a startled girl who viewed the contents of the kit. For, as Paulette opened it, there glittered before her some \$3500 worth of lovely gems. Paulette's hobby is jewelry making. She's studied under Billy Seymour for the past year and has become very clever at the trade. However, after this she'll leave her hobby at home and substitute embroidery or something less exciting.

Bob Rates "A" for Observation

IN case you've read conflicting stories about the color of Hedy Lamarr's eyes—why think nothing of it and don't charge it up against the poor interviewer for being unobservant. The truth of the matter is that Hedy has chameleon eyes that change in color and shade according to the tones in whatever gown she happens to be wearing. And credit Robert Taylor who plays opposite her in "Lady of the Tropics" at M-G-M with the discovery. The change was so noticeable and interested Bob so, he just had to mention it.

—But Not Forgotten!

NOT until Franchot Tone returned to Hollywood did his friends learn how serious was his illness. For days the three doctors in constant attendance were more worried than they cared to admit. Several times each week Joan

Crawford called Franchot on the long-distance phone. When Franchot walked into the apartment rented by his Hollywood agent, there waiting was a huge basket of red and white roses and a sweet note from Joan. Franchot arrived on a Saturday. Sunday afternoon he drove out to Brentwood and called on his ex-wife. Joan showed Franchot all the improvements she has made since he left. She showed him her new music room, the new drawing room and her new pale yellow dressing room. Franchot's bedroom alone remains as he last left it. Even his recordings and all his favorite books are still in their original places. It definitely doesn't look as if Joan's heart belongs to Charlie!

All in Good Form

THE Twentieth Century-Fox fan mail department was recently puzzled over a strange collection of fan letters that had been coming in with increasing regularity to Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Dick Greene, Sidney Toler (*Charlie Chan*) and others. The letters were in varieties of handwriting. They all bore foreign postmarks and came from points scattered from Calcutta to Buenos Aires. And yet each letter said exactly the same thing! Only the names of the stars whom they addressed and the signatures were different. The fan mail department didn't know what to think of this strange coincidence.

Ultimately, however, the mystery was solved. A correspondent from a London paper, who had recently arrived in Hollywood after spending several years in the Orient, provided the key to the solution.

It seems there is a new concern, headquartered in Bombay, but with branches rapidly springing up throughout the world, which gets out sets of form fan letters in English and sells them to foreign movie fans, especially those of the Orient. All a purchaser has to do is copy one verbatim, sign his name, and address it to his favorite movie star. He can be certain the letter will say the correct, complimentary thing and will ask for a photograph.

Ingenious idea, isn't it? Sort of out-Hollywoods Hollywood!

Fame Travels Fast

FRED ASTAIRE'S mother divides her time between her famous son and her daughter, who is Lady Cavendish, in Ireland. Recently, Mrs. Astaire was in Hollywood. One night she returned home after attending a health lecture at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. Seeing his mother get out of a strange car instead of the usual taxi, Fred was curious to say the least. "Who brought you home, Mother?" he asked, pleasantly. "Garbo," answered Mrs. Astaire as calmly as if it was something that happens every day in the week. Fred naturally thought his mother was joking. When he saw that she was really serious, he got the story. Garbo always attends the health lectures and just happened to sit next to Mrs. Astaire. Because Fred's mother is such a gentle, unassuming person and completely unaware of Hollywood's curiosity about Garbo, the silent Swede was attracted to her. The two women talked and talked. Garbo brought her new friend home several times. Topper to the story is this: Fred would give his best close-up to even see Garbo once in person. When he asked his mother if she had mentioned his name, Mrs. Astaire replied, "Yes, I did. I told Miss Garbo that you were my son. She wanted to know if you weren't the boy who dances!"

The "Late" Miss Parker

POOR Jean Parker is having her troubles. Ever since her husband, George MacDonald, took a job in Chicago, Jean has been denying divorce rumors. When Billie Burke gave a huge dinner party in honor of her newly married daughter, Jean was invited. Just as she was leaving her house, Jean heard a key turn in the lock. In walked her husband, who had flown in from Chicago to be with his wife for a few hours. Jean didn't want to call up at the last minute and break her date. She knew she couldn't bring George along on such short notice. So she decided to be late. She was sure she wouldn't be missed anyway and Billie Burke would understand. At ten o'clock Jean walked in

and was greeted with an icy blast of cordiality. Her place was at the special guest's table, right next to the hostess. They were all waiting for her and everyone was starved. Jean was too embarrassed to do anything but sit and blush.

Unsung Heroine

IT has been almost three years since Hollywood and the world were shocked by the suicide of Ross Alexander. Just the year before that, his wife, Alita, had died by her own hand. That broke Ross' heart, they said. They even shook their heads when he married gay, beautiful, young Anne Nagel eight months later. "It won't last," they predicted. And when Ross died, they said, "We told you so. He was still grieving for Alita."

We, who knew Ross well, know that wasn't true. We know he loved Anne. We know there were forces within his own unruly heart and mind which drove him to his destruction. But when this tragedy struck Anne, it dealt a double blow, for again Hollywood said, "He never loved her at all. This proves it."

Those were bitter days for Anne Nagel. She was just beginning in pictures, but the catastrophe that broke her heart seemed also to break her luck. Ross had left her strapped in debt. She worked here and there, but less and less, after her contract with Warner Brothers ended.

But, through it all, she clung to one idea. She wasn't going to let the brand of debts unpaid darken Ross' name and memory. She began to pay them off, one by one.

Well, she's been at it a long time, but it's all done, now. And with the last check in the mail, a great, terrible weight seemed to roll off her shoulders. Universal put her in a picture—"Unexpected Father." No, she wasn't the star. Baby Sandy, Shirley Ross, Mischa Auer, several others were billed above her. But what she did with her modest role won her a contract. Now, they say, she's going places.

We had a talk with Anne not long ago. She had just had her first date since Ross' death. She had had a good time. She was going out dancing again soon. And why not? She is only twenty-three years old. She is pretty. She is naturally sweet and gay. We hope she'll go a good many times, forgetting the past, if she can.

But she is still in love with Ross Alexander. She told us so herself. "There will never be anyone like him for me," she said.

Chit Chat of the Young Folk

JUDY GARLAND, all grown-up and dressed to kill in a tailored suit, dancing with Mickey Rooney at the Grove; Mickey, incidentally, coming up to Judy's round chin. . . .

Mickey at the preview of "Winter Carnival," fairly beaming when an older woman from the side lines remarked, "Aw, the poor little fellow. He looks bad. I'll bet he works too hard."

Nothing could have pleased Mickey more. For Mickey thinks so too. . . .

Those plays Billy Halop is directing at the Laurel Avenue Workshop Theater are creating quite a bit of attention in the movie colony.

Mark Billy down as a future director and a good one. . . .

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul observing, secondhand, the daily miracle



Too bad Jimmy Cagney and Spencer Tracy have never made a picture together—except such grand candid shots as this!

Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of additional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.



Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt gracefully poses in the doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

*But they both praise the
NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care*
a famous cream maker
gives today*

QUESTION:

Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:

"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION:

How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:

"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION:

Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:

"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION:

What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:

"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION:

Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:

"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

QUESTION:

Does your work make you conscious of make-up effects off stage as well as on?

ANSWER:

"It certainly does. Everyday make-up should be glamorous, too. That's why, after cleansing and softening my skin with Pond's Cold Cream, I always smooth it for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then my make-up looks flattering all the time I'm out."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.

For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.



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Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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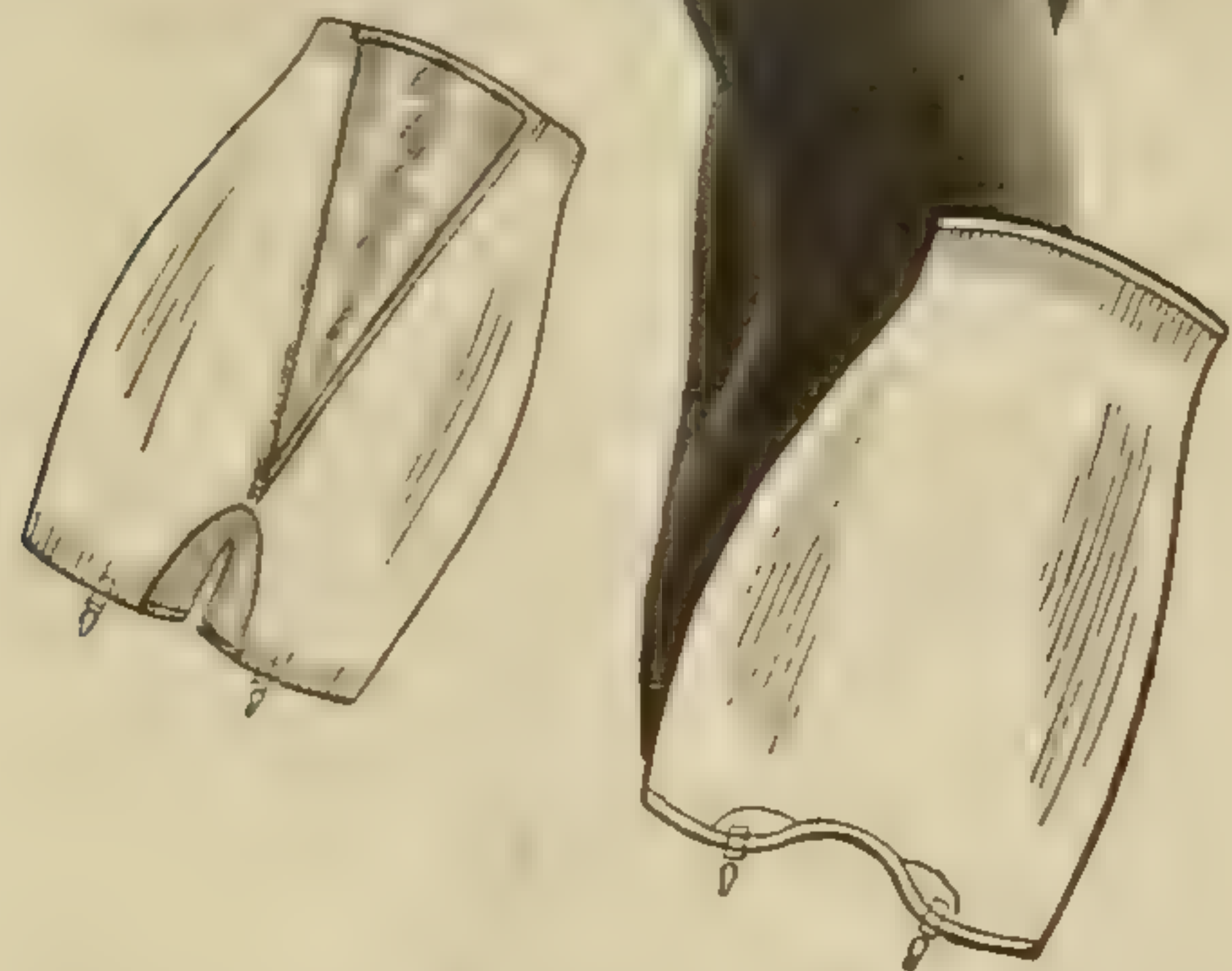
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G110 BROCADE PANEL GIRDLE. High in front for diaphragm control. No-roll top. Front and back brocade panels. Inch sizes 25-31. Peach. \$2.50.



P211 TRIANGLE PANTIE. Suede-soft fabric. Vertical stretch panels back and front. Detachable garters. Inch sizes 25-31. Nude. \$4.00.

G82R MOULDETTE GIRDLE. Weltd top for nipped-in waist. Also shorter length G82S. Even sizes 24-30. Peach, white. \$2.50.

Carter's gently but firmly guide young figures along good lines . . . and keep them there! The fine resilient Carter fabrics and clever styling hold the secret of smooth curving and flatter tummies, diaphragms, derrieres. Of "Lastex" and other fine yarns . . . Carter's All-in-ones, Girdles and Panties are comfortable, tub like your lingerie. At better stores everywhere . . . from \$2 to \$12.50.

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of happiness through marriage. Deanna is living with her older married sister while Pa and Ma are in Europe, and the kids are loving it . . .

Jackie Cooper has the Young Fry's vote as the handsomest teener in a Tux. Jackie surely is becoming the "boy around town" . . .

Close Call

EVERYONE who works with George Raft is always on the lookout for practical jokes, but Director Frank Tuttle was totally unprepared for the gag George framed him with on the set of "I Stole a Million" at Universal—and the members of the cast and crew are still laughing about the jest. In one scene George is supposed to phone to his leading lady, Claire Trevor, and, of course, the phone on the set was supposed to be one of those one-way affairs, not hooked up with any mechanism. Raft went into the scene, but just couldn't seem to get the hang of the action, and finally Tuttle rallied to the rescue to show George just how it should be done, which was just what the wily Raft was angling for. Now the lines in the script read, "Hello, dear, will you meet me in the old orchard tonight?" and Tuttle gave them with expression and feeling, while those in the know, which was just about everyone else on the set, stood by for results. They came practically immediately, for to Tuttle's amazement a feminine voice answered back from overhead, "I should say not! I'm a married woman, and my heart belongs to Daddy." Whereupon a good laugh was had by all, and the electrician who had connived with Raft to set up a hidden mike for the gag quietly vanished from the scene.

Street Scenes—Hollywood

THE young actress, hoping for success, in a bright cherry red car with uniformed chauffeur beside her tearing into the studio gates like a conspicuous



Jean Parker caught unawares—but not half so flustered as she was at a certain dinner party Cal tells about!

(Continued from page 72)

streak of red paint. Hoping to attract attention. Showing off. Let's skip her name. . . .

A blonde at the wheel of her own car, of inconspicuous make and color, pausing to speak to a friend.

"She hasn't even a chauffeur," the friend explaining to others. "Drives herself, mind you."

Her name? Just Carole Lombard. . .

Nelson Goes on Record

NELSON EDDY flatly and for all time denies the rumors and printed statements that have the handsome singer nearing the verge of blindness. With increasing volume, the reports have filtered into Hollywood for the past three years and even found space in the column of a noted gossip writer who stated Nelson was headed for Montreal where he had consulted doctors concerning an operation on the optic nerve.

"To begin with," Nelson states, "I have never been in Montreal nor have I ever had any trouble with my sight except a slight astigmatism for which I wear glasses like thousands of other people. I wish to go on record now as saying these reports are absolutely untrue and have no basis of fact whatsoever."

So that, we feel, should end that bit of unfounded nonsense once and forever.

Housekeeper De Luxe

PERHAPS it's the influence of her current picture for Hal Roach, "The Housekeeper's Daughter," and then again maybe this Walter Wanger-Joan Bennett combination should be watched more carefully from a romantic angle. In any case, when producer Wanger's last birthday came rolling around, it was Joan who exercised this and that bit of strategy to keep him away from his office long enough to have it completely remodeled as a surprise gift. And after she'd had the walls done in cool greens, flowered draperies hung at the windows, the early American maple furniture arranged—including a smart, though small dining set, since Wanger likes to have his lunch served in his office when he's on the job—and a final polish given to the smart pewter accessories, such as lamps and ashtrays she'd had specially monogrammed to match his desk set, Joan begged time off from her own lot and invited Wanger to a birthday luncheon surprise party to present her gift. Incidentally, since she's let her hair grow out a natural warm rich chestnut brown, Joan's acquired a new and extremely interesting personality with a new note of depth and poise that adds greatly to her already abundant supply of charm.

Yoo-Hoo, Vic!

THERE isn't an actor in Hollywood who hasn't suffered the unpleasant experience of having a scene stolen from him. Usually an audience doesn't know anything about it—except that its attention is focused on one certain player, even though there are others in the same scene.

Jack Oakie regales us with a particularly enlightening and humorous illustration, wherein Vic McLaglan was the "thief" and he the loser.

"By rights, it was my scene," Jack said. "I was doing all the talking. We were supposed to be in a theatrical dressing room. There had been a murder. We were both a couple of cops, but, as I say, I was supposed to be the

big shot. We rehearsed the thing with me standing, as per the script, with my back to Vic. Everything went through fine, though I wondered why Vic didn't try to get himself more in the lime-light. Then the director said we'd make a take and the cameras started rolling. When we'd finished, I noticed several bystanders were laughing.

"Still," he went on, "I didn't suspect the truth until the night of the preview. Then I wanted to punch the big palooka in the nose. That is, I wanted to try. You see, when I was talking, there, with my back to him, building up what was by right my scene, he, sitting at the dressing table facing the mirror, had picked up a powder puff and experimentally powdered his nose. . . .

"Yes, the audience, sent into stitches at the sight, didn't even know I was in the picture!"



Richard Carlson with his new bride—a possible reason why he and co-star Ann Sheridan aren't speaking these days?

Contented Tenant

THEY tell it on Greer Garson, the unforgettable Mrs. Chips who is about to make her initial American picture at M-G-M studios.

Miss Garson, who had moved several times during her year in Hollywood, was summoned to the studio to inspect her very first Hollywood dressing room. Her eyes grew wider and wider as she traveled from living room to dressing room into the bath and kitchenette.

"Oh, it's wonderful," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "and I'll take it. But tell me, do the gas and electricity go in with the rent?"

Bowling 'Em Over

FEELING in the mood for bowling the other evening, Don Ameche borrowed the uniform of one of the members of Tyrone Power's bowling team and hid himself forth to the "Bowling Center" in Hollywood for a game or two.

As he came in through the lobby wearing the shirt with Tyrone Power lettered loudly across the back, he was stopped by a starry-eyed girl who asked him breathlessly—"Oh, Mr. Power, may I have your autograph?" To which the genial Don answered, "Why surely," and then proceeded to write in the young lady's book—"Best Wishes to you Always—Don Ameche, Tyrone Power's stand-in"—and then, bowing politely, he left a very flustered and confused girl looking wide-eyed after him.



This New Lipstick will never dry your lips

HERE'S the most exciting news for you from the world of motion pictures...a new lip make-up discovery by *Max Factor Hollywood*. It is called TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...and it's positively the answer to your every wish for a perfect lipstick. Just note these four amazing features...

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
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There's really a thrill awaiting you the very first time you try this sensational new lipstick...you, too, will agree it's perfect. Remember the name, Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick...and there's a color harmony shade just for your type...\$1.00.



HEDY LAMARR

The Screen's New Glamour Girl

Starring with ROBERT TAYLOR
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Satin-Smooth POWDER...

Choose your color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder...then note how flattering the color is to your skin. It's satin-smooth and clinging, too...hours later your make-up will still look lovely...\$1.00.



Lifelike ROUGE...

Harmonize your rouge with your powder and lipstick...this is the secret of *Max Factor Hollywood* color harmony make-up. There's a shade for your type to enhance your beauty...50¢.



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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".....FREE. 1-10-55

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COMPLEXIONS		EYES	HAIR
Very Light	☐	Blue	☐ BLONDE
Fair	☐	Gray	☐ Light ☐ Dark
Creamy	☐	Green	☐ BROWNETTE
Medium	☐	Hazel	☐ Light ☐ Dark
Ruddy	☐	Brown	☐ BRUNETTE
Sallow	☐	Black	☐ Light ☐ Dark
Freckled	☐	LASHES (Color)	☐ REDHEAD
Olive	☐	Light	☐ Light ☐ Dark
	☐	Dark	☐ If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
SKIN	Dry ☐	AGE	
	Only ☐ Normal ☐		

And It All Came True

(Continued from page 27)



Only 60 seconds TO PROTECT YOUR DRESS!



Think of it! In one minute flat you can insure lasting protection for your clothes, and your reputation for good grooming!

Four tiny "safeties" pin quickly, securely into the seams of any lovely dress you want to *keep* lovely!

Kleinert "Pin-ins" are specially shaped to lie smoothly inside snug-fitting frocks. They're highly absorbent, made of a fine quality nainsook and actually **BOILABLE!** 35¢ a pair; 3 pairs for a dollar.



Equally convenient for quick costume changes are Kleinert's *Bra-forms, dainty bras with shields attached. In your favorite easily-washed lingerie materials priced from a dollar up.

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TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON

I stepped into Sound Stage No. 8 directly from the dry hot sunshine of California into the damp, wilting heat of India. It felt exactly like Bombay or Calcutta at the height of shooting. It was an accident. The heat and the moisture came from an enormous tank filled with lukewarm water in which George Brent and Myrna Loy and Brenda Joyce were playing a scene while thousands of gallons of water descended on them in the form of tropical rain. There the three of them stood, drenched and gallant, going through what could only be described as an ordeal. There they were—*Lady Esketh*, Tom Ransome and Fern Simon—unmistakably real, *Lady Esketh* still in her Paris gown and diamonds, Ransome in his mud-bespattered dinner clothes, and Fern dressed in the shirt and shorts Ransome had loaned her a little while before. And they were standing on what was unmistakably the balcony of a house shattered by an earthquake and hidden as high as the second floor by the waters of the flood. And unmistakably it was the house of Mr. Bannerjee. I knew because the house of Mr. Bannerjee in the book was an exact description of a house which exists in India.

If ever you see "The Rains," you will know what India looks like; you will even know how it feels.

THEN there was the matter of casting—one of the greatest difficulties in any story in which there are five or six leading roles of equal importance and a dozen roles of only slightly smaller dimensions. Before the cast was announced, the amateur casting of the various fat roles had become a kind of game among people interested in the story. For *Lady Esketh*, the names of Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Constance Bennett, Tallulah Bankhead, Ina Claire and a number of other actresses came up. The studio received thousands of letters urging this one or that one. And when the time came, Mr. Zanuck announced as his choice for the role an actress whom no one had mentioned. Myrna Loy seemed a strange choice. She had for a long time been playing role after role as far removed in character as possible from that of the wicked *Lady Esketh*. It seemed casting "against the part" with a vengeance. I was in Europe when I heard the news and admit that at first I was flabbergasted by the choice. It did not seem possible that the wife of the *Thin Man* could also be *Lady Esketh*.

I still had doubts when I walked on the set the first day. But after watching a half dozen "takes," the doubts vanished. Not only could Myrna Loy play *Lady Esketh*; she *was* *Lady Esketh*—the way she walked, the way she spoke, the air she had of being thwarted and desperate. But more than that—the personality of Miss Loy herself became revealed as of great importance. In the scenes where *Lady Esketh* was her most spiteful and hateful, a simplicity, a gentleness, came through the performance. One felt that in spite of everything, *Lady Esketh* wasn't so bad. Underneath everything, she was simply a nice, decent woman who at some time had been terribly hurt, and that element was of great importance to the latter half of the film. Then she falls in love and her character and actions change. I think that as *Lady Esketh*, Myrna Loy gives the best performance of her career.

Tyrone Power had so many chances

to go "ham" in big emotional scenes—those scenes in which the line between a performance which is superb and one which is burlesque is no thicker than a hair. The role of *Major Safti* is an actor's delight. The actor called upon to play this has to do nearly everything. That is why it is a dangerous role. Tyrone never tripped, he never even stumbled—not even at the death of *Lady Esketh* (incidentally, owing to the business invented by Clarence Brown, one of the most beautiful scenes ever recorded), the scene where *Major Safti*, weary, frightened and in despair, collapses into hysteria.

GEORGE BRENT was a "natural." As Ransome he is charming, sadly gay, disillusioned and courageous. He has achieved what is an immensely difficult thing for an actor to do. He has conveyed brilliantly the despair of the spirit which lies beneath any actor, by speech of Ransome. I should think he would stir the hearts of countless ladies from New York to Los Angeles, from New Orleans to Chicago, as they have never been stirred before.

About Brenda Joyce, who plays Fern, nobody knew anything. She came out of college to appear for the first time before the camera in one of the five big roles. It was at all order, playing in scenes with veterans like Myrna Loy and George Brent and Tyrone Power and Madama Maria Ouspenskaya and Mary Nash. But here again things went miraculously right. Miss Joyce is very beautiful, but being beautiful wasn't enough to play a role like that of Fern. She was not only beautiful, she had intelligence and talent, and she had a face. When you see her on the screen, you will think at once: That is what Fern looked like. A girl determined to get what she wanted would look like that. There were, of course, things to be learned—tricks of technique and camera—but these she learned quickly. She was asked to go through the most terrible of ordeals for a young actress—jump into the midst of a cast of famous artists and hold her own.

And Ouspenskaya—one could write a whole book on this great actress. For a long time she had been studying plays and pictures in roles in which she appeared for only a few minutes. In "The Rains" she was presented with a great, fat part in which she was called upon to do almost everything an actress can do. And she went to town. A tiny woman, she was called upon to play most of her scenes with men over six feet—H. B. Warner, Tyrone Power, George Brent, Nigel Bruce—but in none of them do you have a feeling that she is a tiny woman barely five feet tall.

One face I think will haunt you long after you have left the theater, and that is the face of Mary Nash playing the saintly, tortured *Miss MacDaid*. It is not a big part but the performance is heartbreaking.

I could not be more grateful to a cast for their intelligence and understanding. Nigel Bruce's brutal *Lord Esketh*, Laura Hope Crews' incredibly funny *Mrs. Haggett-Egbury*, Joseph Schildkraut's *Mr. Barrigor*, Marjorie Rambeau's tormented and shallow *Mrs. Simon*, Abner Biberman's "*John the Baptist*"—they all come to life as the author saw them. And no author can experience a greater satisfaction.

I think all this perfection—of script, of cast, of direction, of background and atmosphere—came about because one of those miracles occurred which seldom

happens in Hollywood. The miracle was that everyone connected with the picture felt the same way about it. There were no confusions of cross-purposes. They all liked the job—despite even the rain and mud and other discomforts—and they all wanted to make a good job of it. There was a complete unity of aim and effort.

In this case Mr. Zanuck conceived a certain cast and production for the story and he went ahead with determination and energy to achieve it. His conception was right and it clicked. To click it needed the co-operation of a couple of hundred people and the quiet efficiency and good humor of Harry Joe Brown. Somehow the miracle came through—at least for one person, the author, it happened.

It was a production which, despite the immense technical difficulties and the difficulties of a large and distinguished cast, moved easily, and with no trouble or complications to its end. For that I think Clarence Brown, a director loved by actors, should take a deep bow.

And, as for the whole cast, they were saints. For weeks they worked in pouring rain or actually in the water. For days they worked in mud literally three feet deep, uncomplainingly, out of love for a story and characters they were playing. Laura Hope Crews and Marjorie Rambeau refused doubles and for two days played scenes which took place in the mucky residue of the flood.

To Arthur Miller, the man on the camera, and his assistants, who had to photograph thousands of feet of film in pouring monsoon rain and get the difficult effect of the burning Indian sun, there should go a whole bunch of orchids. It was no easy job. To Mr. Mehra who did the Indian music, so difficult to translate into Western idiom, there should go a medal, and to my old friend, Al Newman, who did the scoring, a reward for the beauty and faithfulness to mood which he achieved in the musical accompaniment.

IT was a happy production—amazingly so, considering that the entire cast was made up of temperamental stars, leading women and character actors. They were drenched with rain, spattered with mud and shaken up by the most realistic earthquake ever seen on the screen.

And there was plenty of comedy too—like the occasion when the author was mistaken by the casting director for one of the "extras" upon whom in the book itself he had lavished satire and derision. And the day the monkeys all got loose with Dorothy Thompson visiting the set and the technical men, their patience worn thin, turned on the author for writing a story filled with earthquakes, floods, plagues, rain and monkeys.

The monkeys took refuge in the top of the sound stage and couldn't be gotten down for a week. And the moment when in the midst of a tragic and passionate scene between Myrna Loy and Ty Power, they both discovered at the same second that the lines they were speaking had a very funny double meaning.

Well, this is the story of a miracle in itself—the story of a satisfied and grateful author—grateful to everyone concerned with the production of "The Rains Came." It is a miracle which the writer does not expect to have happen twice in his lifetime. For the public, whatever else is true, it will, I think, see real and living India on the screen for the first time.

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Gresham



Irene

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Sparton... Newly added! Sporty Heel Latch Arch shoes for active days afoot. In two-tone calf.

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"PEGGY'S ON THE GO ALL DAY LONG...YET ALWAYS SEEMS SO RESTED. HOW DOES SHE DO IT?"



HERE'S HOW she does it. She's learned the secret many busy people know—this famous Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum. Carry a package around with you. You'll always find it refreshing and restful.



One of America's
Beech-Nut
GOOD habits

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?

We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

Rahs for Roz!

(Continued from page 70)

She would make a swell maiden aunt—or a swell schoolmarm.

She was almost a schoolmarm, in fact, and she may be a maiden aunt, for all I know. There were nine in her family. Seven children; stepping stones—boy, girl, boy, girl—on down the line. Rosalind rates somewhere along in the middle.

For a long while she worried because she was the only child blessed with a fancy theatrical name. The rest were normally tagged—Mary, Jane, James, and such. She wondered if her mother had been reading too much Shakespeare or something and asked her.

"Heavens, no!" cried her mother, wincing at the word "theatrical." "You were named," she informed her, "after a boat."

On the *S. S. Rosalind*, it seems, the Russells, pere and mere, had enjoyed an idyllic cruise a short time before the little stranger came, so they named her Rosalind.

When you are one of a large family, you learn to look out for yourself. If you don't, you are soon lost in the shuffle. Rosalind figured this out early in life because, as I said, she is quick on the uptake.

The first urge for independence seized her while she was still tarrying at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson and assorted fashionable institutes, learning to back in and out of a drawing room without tripping over the tiger rug.

She was fourteen and she could dance rather well. A chance popped up to join a professional dancing troupe. She asked her mother about it.

"Go on the stage?" cried that good woman. "Sit around in dressing rooms full of cigarette smoke and gin bottles and swearing women? Heavens, no!"

You can't stall off a Declaration of Independence forever, though, and Rosalind meant sure 'nuff about making her own way, although it's hard to stir up any dire necessity in her past. Her father was prosperous in law in the old home town of Waterbury, Connecticut. The family's social position was well set.

Rosalind got by with teaching horsemanship at a riding academy for her first pay check, then she persuaded the family to send her to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Not to act—heaven forbid!—but to teach drama after graduation. It sounded respectable enough; but after she got out, Rosalind eyed a schoolmarm's weekly insult with dismay.

"I can't live on forty dollars a week," she complained (chorus of small voices, "We can, Rosalind!"). "I'll just have to act to be independent."

Broadway producers thought that was an admirable resolve, but they didn't see what they could do about it. So Rosalind hooked up with a traveling tent stock show for twenty-six weeks. It rained for about twenty-five, and Rosalind emoted loud enough above the metronomic patter for Broadway finally to hear her.

A STRING of respectable hits and Rosalind moved on to where all good actresses end up—Hollywood—lugging her independence along with her.

She took it out for a ride, one day, not long after she had arrived. San Diego was the objective, and, although she had never motored there, Rosalind was a bit too self-reliant to ask the way. It was marked very plainly on the map—right below Hollywood. She set out south-southeast, disdaining the advice

of gas stations and such. She ended up somewhere northeast-by-north, out of gas, dismayed to find that she had forgotten her purse.

The service station attendant to whom she hiked was a skeptic. He demanded cash on the barrelhead. Finally she wheedled him into accepting her fur coat for five gallons.

She had a little trouble like that when she was in Europe, too. First of all, Rosalind discovered that in London, where she'd gone to make "The Citadel," you are practically nobody unless you know your stuff in politics and international affairs. In spite of the magnificent estate with swimming pool, tennis courts and hot and cold running Japs which she rented on the outskirts of London, Rosalind's social rating was C-minus, because she wasn't informed.

So she started hiking over to Parliament between scenes and soon caught up on all the debate about everything from death taxes to British policy in Upper Burma. The J. P. Kennedys, America's Number One ambassadorial family, were awfully nice to her, too. Pretty soon she knew more about affairs of state than anybody around, so she got a little cocky about it. She decided personally to investigate the *Mittel Europe* situation during the last summer war scare. She went to Budapest, Hungary, all alone. The fireworks started popping in earnest then, and Rosalind, not so cocky, had to bribe her way out on a troop train!

ROSALIND does better by her independence when she stays at home. For a long time, she held forth high in the Hollywood hills in a small house, so tiny, in fact, that her maid, Hazel, had to dig in across the street.

Rosalind Russell lives alone now in a Beverly Hills house except for a maternal wire-haired terrier christened Cracker and her litter of offspring, Miss Russell christened "The Crumbs."

Cracker has absorbed the "this house is my castle" idea thoroughly. She vents throaty growls whenever a gentleman friend so much as comes near. Rosalind thinks that is just fine, because it

helps her keep independent of romantic rumors!

There is an off-and-on one involving Jimmy Stewart that keeps popping up, but Rosalind swears she is still very much foot-loose and fancy-free. Which is a shame, if true. Rosalind is much too nice to go to waste.

Not long ago, a mysterious man called her up for several nights straight along about four o'clock in the morning. He always apologized for waking her and then hung up. After a week or so of this, Rosalind, duly frightened, called the cops.

They rolled up in their radio car and listened to her story with skeptical leers. "How you doin' with the boy friend?" they wanted to know.

Even the publicity department of her own studio, ever on the alert for intriguing copy, refuses to relent in their search for a romance. An actress without a romance is well—like hors d'oeuvres without cocktails. They forget that Miss Russell is independent.

She had a letter recently from an old friend of hers in New York. He complimented her on her grand success in Hollywood and said how about a picture with a nice little autograph.

Rosalind dug up one, scribbled thereon something like "with gratitude for your interest in my work," dropped it in the mailbox and forgot about it.

In a day or so her phone jingled. The studio publicity man was on the wire.

"So you're not in love?" he began. "Absolutely not," declared Rosalind. "What brings this up again?"

"A telegram," said the press agent, "that just came here from,"—he named the man—"it says, 'INTEREST HELL STOP THIS IS LOVE.'"

I HOPE I haven't made Rosalind Russell out as too independent to be interesting. Actually, she's far from a dull and driving career girl. What Mr. Winchell terms a "sensayuma" sparkles all over her—in her wise, excited eyes, in her ready grin.

The fact that she has made every part she has ever played stand out against big-league competition proves she's well in the mood for laughs, if not for love.

Personally, too, she can take a wicked delight in dishing out amusing shocks, especially to her family, who still look upon her career as a sort of personal and terrifying experience. They're very nice people, you know.

There is only one thing, so far discovered, that really burns Rosalind to a deep pink. It is to be called "Toots." She has never reconciled herself to the fact that "honey" and "darling" are practically the same as "miss" and "madame" in the show business. When people she scarcely knows endear her thus she stifles an impulse to slay.

Perhaps her Declaration of Independence doesn't exactly hew to the acting norm—but at least it's honest. She started acting, frankly, to make money for independence, and that's exactly why she's acting today. There's no soul-cry for expression, no divine prodding Muse, no phony frills to her formula—just serious attention to the business at hand.

Perhaps that's why the formula works.

I forgot to say a while back that the *S.S. Rosalind*, after thirty-one years is still afloat and going places.

And so, after thirty-one years, is Rosalind Russell.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

1. Andrea Leeds
2. Bobs Watson
3. English
4. Clark Gable
5. Hedy Lamarr
6. Marlene Dietrich
7. Alice Faye
8. Lewis Stone
9. Myrna Loy
10. Olivia de Havilland
11. Wallace Beery
12. Joe E. Brown
13. Allan Jones
14. William Powell
15. The Higgins Family
16. Arleen Whelan
17. Ann Sheridan
18. Greta Garbo
19. Lionel Barrymore
20. Ann Rutherford



Priscilla Lane
Star of "Dust Be My Destiny,"
A Warner Bros. Picture.

Warner Bros. have selected Vanity Fair Kneelast Stockings to be worn exclusively by all their stars and players.



Vanity Fair Stockings come in a wide variety of beautiful fashion-right shades, three personal-sized lengths, and thread-weights for every purpose. Their superlative fit and extraordinary wearing qualities have made them favorites with smart women everywhere.

*Walk in Beauty
like the Stars...*

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Vanity Fair

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*W*alk in the *protected* beauty of Kneelast Crepe Chiffons. The Strain Absorber of "Lastex" yarn stretches to relieve garter pull, eliminating garter runs. Stoop, bend, dance to your heart's content, this patented Kneelast feature flexes with every move you make. Three proportioned lengths assure sleeker fit, greater comfort. Glowing Fall shades glamourize your smartest costumes. Available at better stores. \$1.00 to \$1.35.

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Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does *double duty*. It gives your lips warm, ardent, exciting color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or \$1.00.

For an "Air-Spun" Make-up... use Coty Lipstick with "Air-Spun" Rouge and "Air-Spun" Face Powder. Textures blend magically. The colors of your skin, cheeks and lips harmonize, as Nature intended!

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 29)

10. Don't even look at gewgaws, ruffles, shirrings, gathers, different colored skirts and blouses, and belts that are even a little obtrusive. (Banton)

And it goes without saying: You won't wear knitted clothes of any kind, color or description. You won't wear transparent materials like chiffon or organdy, or thick materials like cotton velvet or tweed. You'll carry bags and wear accessories in proportion to your size. You'll favor flat furs. You'll be careful not to have coats of a length to cut you off. You'll wear nothing double-breasted. And you'll select shoes that look capable of supporting your weight. Your shoes won't be so short-vamped that they make you look as if, any minute, you were going to topple forward. And they won't have straps that cut into your instep.

HIPS... HIPS... AWAY!

1. Nine-tenths of the life of a gown is spent behind a dinner table, luncheon table, bridge table, or desk. So keep your hips obscure by having the interesting, focal point of your gown higher up, likely enough at the neckline. (Greer)

2. Broad shoulders counteract big hips—so build out the old shoulder line a little. (Greer)

3. Put your hips in dull black, or another dull, dark color for disguise. White, any light color, and any lustrous fabric will catch the light and throw the planes of your hips into relief, thus emphasizing them. Which is the very thing you don't want to do. (Royer)

4. Three-quarter or full-length coats with a slight swagger back are good. So are skirts cut with a slight flair, for ease. (Stevenson)

5. Modern women are inclined to have shoulders that are narrow and hips that are too broad. This dictates lighter color above the waist, dark color below it. (Head)

6. Wear pleats, stitched-down pleats especially, rather than gathers. And even the tiniest ruffle on or about large hips isn't to be trusted for one minute. (Head)

7. Have your skirts flare a little where the hips start, to give the illusion that it is the skirt and not the hips that extend. (West)

8. Don't, whatever else you do, have your skirts too short. For the less area there is to your skirt the more important every detail it covers will be. (West)

And it goes without saying: You won't wear thick, bunched materials over your hips. You won't have jackets that are exactly hip-length. You won't have pockets or any trimming whatever on or even near your hips to act as eye-catchers. And you'll shun fitted jackets and tight skirts as if they were a plague.

THE MIDDLE WAY*

*In other words—your waistline.

1. If your middle way is more than it should be, define it faintly but don't emphasize it. Have no belts or sashes of a bright or a contrasting color of material. Avoid buckles, especially fancy buckles. And have no nipped-in effect at your waist. (Greer)

2. Don't be influenced for one second by your natural waistline. Experiment! Try out effects by raising or lowering your waistline. (Banton)

3. Have no traffic with wide belts. (Head)

4. Suggest as much width above the waistline, via extended shoulders, as possible. This helps the illusion that the waistline is small. (West)

5. If your waistline is large—and likely enough your hips, too—but you are pleased with your line above the waist, keep the upper part of your costume light or bright and wear dark flowing skirts. And when the upper part of your costume is dark, too, pin a brilliant clip or pin high above your waist—as a decoy, to raise eyes. (Plunkett)

COLOR

LOVE IT WISELY, NOT TOO WELL

1. See to it, first of all, that you do not entertain a psychological dislike for any color. You may detest green, without realizing it, because you had a hateful green dress when you were a little girl. Or because there was a green gown in your life in which you had the most awful time. For a psychological prejudice for any color can cheat you of the effects you otherwise might achieve in it. (Banton)

2. There is a shade of beige and a shade of grey which you can wear—with profit. Find it! Remember grey, especially, clears the skin and is flattering to all ages. (Banton)

3. Any color that has grey in it will be softer and more becoming. Dusty pink, for instance, is infinitely better—on anyone—than a blatant pink. (Orry-Kelly)

4. Consider the color you wear in relationship to the color of your skin and your hair. The minute, for instance, that white appears in brown hair forsake brown—until your hair is wholly white. (Greer)

5. Beige with a pale pink tone in it—that beige which is almost naked in color—will tone beautifully with your skin and your face, and your hair will rise above it looking like something beautiful. (Irene)

6. Think twice about the dress that is startling in color—unless you are willing to be effective in a posterish fashion only. Your effectiveness will be more enduring if the color you wear has a unity with you. It can blend with your skin, the way that naked beige shade does. Or it can match your hair. Ash blondes, for instance, can wear an ash-blond gown with every confidence in the world that they will be subtly lovely. It costs approximately one dollar a yard to have material dyed to match a sample of your hair. (Irene)

HATS... HATS... HATS...

1. Hats that do not do something distinctive for your face aren't the hats for you, irrespective of how smart they are in themselves. (West)

2. A hat should be an attractive part of your costume, not something which commands the entire attention of the onlooker. (Stevenson)

3. If you're not pretty, go to town on unusual hats. Women with irregular features can wear wild, crazy hats with chic profit, and turn their unattractiveness into smart attraction. (Stevenson)

4. When hats go screwy, don't forget they should have beauty together with their eccentricity. (Banton)

5. Never buy a hat until you have worn it while you walked up and down, up and down, before a full-length mirror. For it's just as important for it to suit your figure as it is for it to suit your face. (Head)

And it goes without saying: If you have a short neck or a plump neck, you'll wear hats with tiny brims, hats with no brims at all, or hats with brims that turn up. If you have a long neck, chapeaux that dip a little in the back will be most becoming. On the plump side, you must see to it that your hats do not make you look mature, and, always, your preference should be for hats that have lines which sweep upward. Big hips, of course, shriek to the heavens for hats that are fairly large. Those who are tall should wear large hats but never, never tall hats. And those who are small will be most charming in small hats, especially small hats that have up-rolling brims.

BUDGETEERS—STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

1. Women who have to dress economically—and who accomplish this with care—have an excellent chance of being the best-dressed women in the world. In the budgeteers' wardrobe everything must have its right place. Women with money, on the other hand, buy impulsively. And, too often, they do not have the right costume for the occasion. Also, they often indulge in a hat or a coat or a gown because they think it "amusing." And they are amusing in it. (Banton)

2. Beware of inexpensive dresses that are just a little too tight, that look as if they would be okay if just another half-yard of material had gone into them. The skimpy seams of these dresses won't hold. Get a larger size and have alterations. In both wear and appearance it will pay in the end. (Banton)

3. Inexpensive clothes try to hide their defects by ornaments. Be sure, always, that all the claptrap that comes on any such dress can be removed. (Greer)

4. If you're on a budget, stay away from high-styled clothes. Buy background clothes. It takes a woman with an unusual instinct to distinguish between a true fashion and a fad. (Adrian)

5. Run, run, run from anything that even promises to be a fad. For, the darling of October, done to death, won't remain a darling long. If you're a budgeteer, however, you'll have to keep right on wearing it. (Head)

6. Novelty fabrics and luxury fabrics like velvet and chiffon and lamé are for the rich. Forget such things exist and concentrate on flat surface fabrics that will not catch or mat. (Head)

7. Buy no dress until you have considered the different effects you can achieve with it... such as changing the neckline with neckwear, wearing it under a tweed jacket for sport, and adapting it to evening wear with pearls. (Head)

8. Before you shop, take careful inventory of everything you have left over that you can use, even to accessories. And supplement your leftovers by the new things you buy. (Royer)

9. Look over your clothes after you've worn them. Turn them inside out. Make sure there is no place in the seam that needs a few stitches. When a spot appears, remove it. This not only will save dry-cleaning bills, it also will save your clothes from the inroads cleanings make upon them. (Royer)

10. Have one good black coat, without so much as a fur button on it. Then, later on, if your budget allows, buy one

(Continued on page 82)



Dear Jolene:
You've put all the
style and glamour of
Hollywood into your
beautiful shoes.

Claire Trevor
appearing in
"I STOLE A MILLION"
A Universal Production



JOLÉNE

Shoes
STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

TOBER-SAIFER SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS

All of the season's most fashionable materials, luxuriously crafted into authentic Movieland styles by Jolene of Hollywood, famous fashion authority . . . Never before has such exclusive footwear been so modestly priced. That's why Jolene shoes are the coast-to-coast favorites of America's most fashionable women. Select your favorite Jolene style today! . . .

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Write for your copy and name of
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"Put down one...
and carry three!"



Guaranteed
as advertised in
Good Housekeeping
•
BERKSHIRE
STOCKINGS



"Three of them—count them! Joey and Sue and Don... not to mention the lord and master himself, who is as much trouble as all three put together. That's a family to keep a lady stepping!"



"Up in the morning, to deposit Dick at the station, and carry the three off to school. A change of costume, at the end of a hectic day, against Dick's habit of bringing home unexpected guests. No wonder my stockings have to be as strong as they are pretty!"



"Luckily, I solved that problem when I discovered Berkshires! These stockings are sheer and flattering as they can be; their colors are grand...and they last! Berkshire Stockings are my stockings... for keeps!"

for evening wear,
with
dancing slippers

for afternoon,
with
pumps or sandals

for street and
business, with
daytime shoes

Look for one of these seals on each pair of Berkshire Stockings, identifying them as 2, 3, or 4-thread.

BERKSHIRE STOCKINGS

Ask for BERKTWIST, Berkshire's sheerer crepes

(Continued from page 80)

or more good fur skin. In this way you will gain variety. Also, since you can wear your coat with or without fur, it will serve for a longer season. And on warmer days the furs will serve with your basic dress. (Orry-Kelly)

11. Have your clothes expertly fitted and altered even though the cost this entails means you have to limit your purchases. It's far better to have two costumes smartly fitted than to have three costumes which do curiously unbecoming things at the most unexpected places. (Stevenson)

12. Buy nothing simply because it catches your fancy. Every purchase you make should fit in advantageously with the clothes you already possess. Observe this rule especially when you

are shopping for accessories. The right accessories are not cheap, but they're worth every penny they cost, if they're chosen to lend attractive variety to one or more costumes. (Irene)

To give your best performance as an individual you must feel fit. Hangovers, eye-strain, backaches, headaches... these are some of the things that are not allowed. You'll have them now and then, of course, unless you're a goddess. But you'll get rid of them unless you're a goof.

Next month the Hollywood health experts tell how they get the stars in shape—on only a few minutes' notice too. And you'll agree that miracle men is the name for them! PHOTOPLAY—NOVEMBER.

Photoplay's Cavalcade of Hollywood

(Continued from page 48)

"bathtub" era with his silken sirens and divorce dramas in such pictures as "Forbidden Fruit," "Male and Female" and "Why Change Your Wife?" Gorgeously gowned stars and palatial sets made Hollywood the fashion—and fad—center of the world. Bobbed hair, introduced by Irene Castle during the war, swept the country when Nazimova, Viola Dana and the Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance, followed suit during 1919.

As Hollywood and its doings were given more space in press and magazines, certain groups began to protest against the "immorality" of both films and film stars. It all began when Mary Pickford, "America's Sweetheart," divorced Owen Moore and married Doug Fairbanks, because it was noised around that she had married again before her divorce was legal.

Then came a series of unfortunate events which gave Hollywood the reputation of being the "modern Babylon." The suicide of Olive Thomas, the Fatty Arbuckle scandal, the William Desmond Taylor murder and the death of Wallace Reid occurred in quick succession in the early Twenties. The resultant headlines had women's clubs, ministers and morality groups up in arms.

Fearful that the industry would collapse under this combined onslaught, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America was organized in 1922, with former Postmaster-General Will Hays appointed as arbiter of movie morals. A moral code was adopted, Central Casting was established to control the hiring of movie extras and investigate their character.

Thus began that system of self-criticism which was to give the whole industry higher artistic standards and pave the way to a more realistic interpretation of life. Thus, too, was public confidence restored in its stars, so that they became the best-known and best-loved personalities in the world. With "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik," Rudolph Valentino emerged as the screen's topmost matinee hero. In 1920, Jackie Coogan won the country's heart as the first child idol in "The Kid," and Lon Chaney became the king of make-up with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Social life of these early Twenties centered around the Cocoanut Grove (where cups were awarded by the stars for dancing and an unknown actress—Lucille LeSueur, now famous as Joan Crawford—won a Charleston contest), Montmartre Café, Victor Hugo's, and the American Legion Fights. The An-

tonio Morenos were the social leaders, the Basil Rathbones of their day, with their lavish parties in their baronial mansion overlooking Hollywood. Then, in 1925, Gloria Swanson married the Marquis de la Falaise (now the husband of Constance Bennett) and brought her titled husband to Hollywood, and the film colony felt it had really "arrived." When Rod LaRocque and Vilma Banky were married in extravagant style, all Hollywood felt it had no social heights left to climb.

Nor was the artistic side neglected. The "boy wonder," Irving Thalberg, had already begun to raise the standards of pictures, demanding a greater attention to the artistic and factual details of screen stories and bringing the indefinable, long-missing quality of "taste" to the screen. Garbo's unheralded arrival in Hollywood in 1925 proved to be the signal for the creation of a new and quieter type of film glamour. Technical standards were rising, too, as witnessed by the establishing of the first Academy Awards for the season of 1927-28 (the acting awards were given to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings)—a simple act that laid the groundwork for future perfection—and interminable controversy!

An entire era faded with the release of "The Jazz Singer" in 1927. The tremendous ovations which greeted Al Jolson's songs (which are again a part of the current "Hollywood Cavalcade") foreshadowed the doom of silent pictures. Effects were far-reaching. Companies failed, without sufficient resources to install entirely new equipment. Stars faded, unable to project their personalities and untrained voices through the new medium. A new group came into power, and by 1930 not only the death knell of a decade had been sounded but that of a fabulous period.

But nothing could kill the industry itself. Its history runs on through time. Occasional events seem to echo early happenings—censorship drives spring up and bring about new codes, Hollywood headlines still make the juiciest scandal in the world on rare occasions. Yet the outward Hollywood has changed completely. Today, movie-making is one of the biggest businesses in the world and the stars, in their new-found respectability, mirror many a tinier community all over America.

Underneath all, old and new, is the pulse of Hollywood—a great artery whose flow can never be staunched, whose stirring beat can never be stilled—as long as Hollywood itself, with its laughter and its tears, its sublimity and folly, echoes the heartbeats of the world.

(Continued from page 19)

was the baby girl's fairy godmother at birth, for surely the old women, smiling at each other and at Grandma Moffitt when she came with the good news, had no reason to dream that this baby would one day be a movie star.

Not but what successful men had grown up on New York's West Side, but they were the exceptions.

Alice, had they called the new one? Of course—after her Mama. Well, Charlie Leppert would be that pleased, it being a girl. He'd wanted a girl, being they already had the two boys, Billy and Charlie. Charlie Leppert was a good man and a square cop, too.

But they saw the child's future like their own. Going to school, some, and then maybe a job for a while in a factory or an office, if she turned out to be a smart one, and then getting married to one of the boys and having children and living in the same small, crowded rooms. Doing the cooking and the washing and making a dollar go so far it was sometimes a miracle all of itself.

They didn't know that baby Alice's good fairy, Broadway, had given her as her gift that birth night dancing feet and a sweet, heartbreaking voice to sing songs, and a warm, rich beauty and a funny instinct that could take in and store up all the emotions of the world.

"Alice, to me," Don Ameche, who has made so many pictures with her, was to say of her twenty-four years later, "is like a rare Stradivarius. The lightest touch brings music. She responds to every emotion in some mysterious way that maybe she herself doesn't understand."

HER mother and her mother's mother were Irish. Plain enough always, that touch of the Irish, who cry when they should laugh and laugh when they should cry, and are somehow born behind the eight ball with a guilty conscience.

But her father's people came from that war-torn, heart-torn land of Alsace-Lorraine, where the French and German mingled in a sort of No Man's Land. There was much of both races in big, openhanded, openhearted Charlie Leppert, who walked a beat in uniform and brought his ridiculously inadequate salary home for his wife and three children, to the crowded three rooms, with the lace curtains and the dark hallway, and the golden oak furniture.

Perhaps it was from Grandmother Moffitt, her adored Grandma, that Alice Faye inherited the dancing feet and the voice to sing songs and the Stradivarius chords in her heart.

For the little old Irishwoman was a teller of tales and an actress, though she played her scenes in the drab living room and with only the golden-haired grandchild as an audience. Tales of Ireland—tales of the old days and the old people, fairy tales and legend and history—flowed from that honeyed tongue. Only if you had an Irish grandmother, can you know the tears and the laughter and the suspense and the horror of those tales told in the kitchen in a stirring voice that has just lost its brogue, told over endless cups of blacker and blacker tea.

From one to another she rambled and sometimes she talked of her husband, who lay buried in a soldier's grave in Tennessee, and of his father, and the twice-told tales of the Revolution and the early settlers, and the Civil War itself—stories which had been handed down in the family.

And it was Grandma who lighted the

spark, fanned the flame, of Alice's hidden ambitions, ambitions that she thought were only dreams, so fantastic, so impossible that she never even whispered them, and as a little girl could hardly have put name to them. Only that she wanted to dance, and to sing, and to go out into the big, beautiful world and find the lovely things—colors and lights and music and excitement.

Sometimes when she came home from New York Public School No. 128, where she was just one of the hundreds of West Side children who had to be educated by harassed, overworked teachers, she would find Grandma alone in the kitchen and sometimes she'd tell her about the dreams.

"Sure, and you can make them come true," Grandma Moffitt said. "Why not? You've the finest blood in you, and never let yourself be discouraged for anything. Poverty's a thing may come to any of us and it's better for you it's come early than late, and, if you want to dance and sing, it's dance and sing you shall, my lambkin."

Then the old lady would peer down into the narrow street and see her Alice, the golden hair tumbling down her back, dancing on the sidewalks of New York, to the music of a hurdy-gurdy, to an audience of ragged kids who had stopped their play to watch her.

There were cousins, too, in Woodlawn and the Bronx, and it was great fun to go out there and to have room to run, and to go out in the big garages—remade from old-fashioned barns—and put on plays, and act them out, and Alice was always the leading lady.

When there were programs at school, Alice loved them, she worked hard for them, and once she even thought that the height of her ambition would be to become a schoolteacher. That was because the teacher that year was young and pretty and gave lots of entertainments and told little Alice Leppert that she "danced exactly like a fairy."

"And so you do," said Grandma Moffitt stoutly.

Young Mrs. Leppert knew how to make the most of everything for her children, and as Alice grew up there was a bicycle and a precious pair of skates, to sling over her shoulder and go off to the lake at Central Park.

"Skating, Grandma," she said, "is next to dancing."

And the year she won the kids' championship on her skates was a banner year.

LIFE, for girls like Alice Faye, always starts young—it seems that Fate forces the issue, drives them on, as though afraid that the years won't be long enough for them, won't give them scope enough.

Somehow, dancing lessons had been managed on a scholarship in Billy Newsome's tap dancing class. Then at thirteen, small Alice took herself downtown into the busy, wonderful heart of New York, and registered for chorus work. She wanted to be in the chorus. It seemed to her, then, a vast and almost incredible ambition. To be a chorus girl. To get paid for dancing. To be in the theater—the theater that was to her the temple of all art and beauty.

Of all the stories of her youth, perhaps the best-known one is about those same theaters. Often on their way home from shopping, she and her mother would pass the dark stage doors—those magic portals into the world of beauty.

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THE YOUNGER women are the great partisans of my 4-Purpose Face Cream. I started that trend. But youthful-looking women everywhere quickly followed. And soon a powerful rebellion was "on" against all heavy, "waxy," or old-fashioned creams...

Young women in a blind test gave their vote to Lady Esther Face Cream 2 to 1.

But, I still ask myself, why didn't the older women vote even more overwhelmingly for Lady Esther Cream? Any woman approaching thirty or perhaps forty has even better reasons to stop using heavy creams.

For these are the ages when a woman sees in her mirror ominous little signs that foretell trouble—a drawn look, perhaps skin that is sagging and flabby. Why should such a woman cling to a cream that demands *more pulling* at her delicate facial muscles? Why, the very consistency of a heavy cream defeats its purpose! It leaves a woman's face looking shiny, feeling "waxy"... not softly glamorous as it *should* be.

But my cream is different. And whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why deny yourself a lovely, youthful-looking skin? Why shouldn't the older woman, too, have her share of compliments—of thrilling, delightful moments? For now, if ever, she, too, needs a cream with a lighter touch... my cream that puts the accent on her *youth*.

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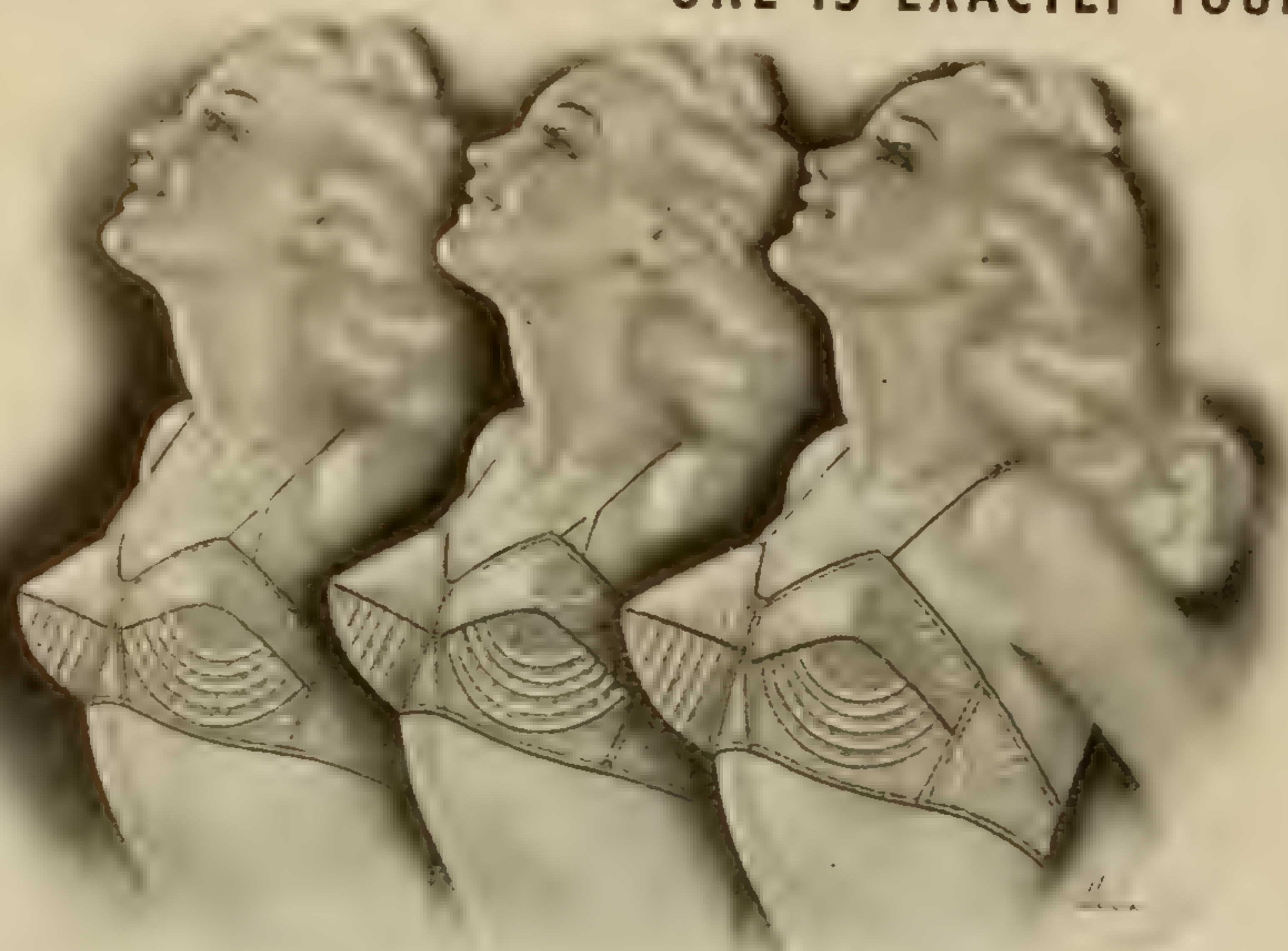
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Alice would maneuver so that they did pass them. They would stand on Broadway, or on Forty-fifth Street and stare up at the names in big letters and Alice would hold her mother's hand and then drag her along, past the stage doors.

"Now you wait, Mama," she would say.

And holding her short skirt in her hand, she would slip into the shadows, the dark, smelly but glorious shadows of the Stage Door—and a moment later come out, her head high, pretending she was the star and was just leaving after a tremendous triumph. The applause was in her ears, the footlights in her eyes, the smell of grease paint in her nose—so that for a moment she believed it all. She actually believed it all. Yet she had never heard applause nor seen footlights nor smelled grease paint then.

Would she ever, ever get a chance? A vast, hungry impatience drove her. She didn't want to wait.

BUT she had to, as it happened. For when she was called for her first tryout with a producer, he took one look at her, dancing there, and said, "Look, child, you run home and grow up a little bit. Maybe you better stay there. The theater's a tough racket. Not many girls get anywhere. Go on home and don't come back unless you have to."

So a thirteen-year-old Alice went home and cried her heart out on Grandma Moffitt's shoulder.

Only the shoulder wasn't to be there for long for Alice to cry on. The little Grandmother slipped away from them and real sorrow walked in and found a lasting place in Alice's heart.

But there had been those last words to treasure. "Be a good girl, Alice," she said, "and make folks happy with your dancing and your singing of songs."

"I don't think I ever will," Alice said. "There's too much against me. I haven't anyone to help me. What have I got, anyway? I guess I'm crazy, even thinking about it."

"You're not," said Grandma. "When those thoughts get in your head, they come from somewhere. You keep on—and when you can't keep on any more, you just keep on, anyhow. But don't forget to find you a good man, too. No woman's complete without she knows marriage—and children."

It hurt, then, to think of Grandma—and so when she first got her job, dancing in the Chester Hale unit of dancers, there was already that little sadness in her eyes and on her too-sensitive young mouth. It would always be there—sorrow would always mingle with her joy. Perhaps that had been the gift of the Evil Fairy at her cradle—or perhaps not.

For one summer she danced and when it was over there came the first great battle in the Leppert family.

"I'm not going back to school," Alice said. "What's the use? I want to dance—and sing—and be in the theater. The only way I can learn, is to be there. I've got schooling enough. What's the use of algebra and Latin and stuff to a dancer?"

If, later on, she regretted that early choice often, was conscious over and over of her lack of education and foundation and background, she had no premonition of it then. Her mind and heart operated on a single track—dancing and the theater.

She had never seen her father angry before. It wasn't that he didn't want her to go on the stage. But she was too young. Much too young. He was afraid for his little girl, in that strange and unknown world of the theater—terribly afraid for her, with her tender heart so easily hurt as it had been always, and her sturdy loyalty, and her little, little knowledge of life and of all the temptations.

What would she do in the big world,

dazzled by the many things she'd never had, never even dreamed she might have, the admiration and the luxury and the applause if she succeeded, the desperation and bitterness and dissatisfaction if she failed?

Her mother stood with Alice. Perhaps she, being a woman, understood best. All those things must come to Alice—she saw that. Or at least she must try for them and survive the heart-break if she couldn't get them. There would be no holding her and always she would wear the armor of her own tender spirit. Hurt and heartbroken she might be—as indeed she was to be—but never dragged down herself.

"But it'll break up our family," Charlie Leppert said unhappily. "You'll be going with her, Mama, and me and the boys—why, it'll be all different."

"It's got to be," said Alice's mother. "When you have a child like Alice, it's got to be that way. There's nothing we wouldn't do for her, is there, father?"

He gave in then, of course. The veil for him, as for them, was over the coming years in which his death, sudden and alone, was to bring such two-edged pain to Alice Faye of Hollywood. The ugly misunderstanding around it was to shadow her for many days.

SO came the Capitol Theater—on Broadway. Theaters in the key movie palaces of the Atlantic Coast with the Chester Hale unit of dancers. Then, her first small triumph, a specialty number at the Hollywood Gardens on Pelham Parkway. Joy, excitement, wonder at being at last within the sacred portals, and the constant suspense of ducking the truant officers, who wanted one Alice Leppert, under sixteen, to go back to school and couldn't imagine what had become of her, never found her under the pretty chorus girl named Alice Faye.

The George White "Scandals"—that was for her, then, fame, success, the height of her ambition. She tried out for it and because of her long legs and fresh beauty and the way she could dance, she made it and lined up with the other girls in the show that starred Rudy Vallee. Nobody noticed her much, nobody picked her out from the other girls.

Yet two men had already come into her life who were to change its course and play Fate in the startling career of Alice Faye—a fate which was to lead her from the sidewalks of New York, the poverty and obscurity of Tenth Avenue, to Hollywood stardom in five brief, hectic years, forming a Cinderella story seldom equalled, a real "rags-to-riches" saga of American girlhood.

Rudy Vallee. Why didn't Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee marry? What was the true story back of the scandal which might so easily have destroyed Alice and her beauty and talents? What happened to Rudy and Alice?

No story has been more written about, more discussed, more questioned. It has remained one of the mysteries of show business.

The true story of the greatest radio star and the little blonde chorus girl can be told now and in its completeness for the first time.

But there was another man, too, a man who perhaps had more to do with Alice Faye's life than Rudy Vallee himself and of whom you have probably never heard—a strange man, too, as much a product of the streets of New York as Alice herself.

Who this other man was and how his love for Alice gave him the insight to pick her out of that chorus and to bring Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee together make a chapter in her story that has never been revealed before. Watch for it in November—PHOTOPLAY.

My Friend Coop!

(Continued from page 21)

home, a family, a career, many diverse interests. But, in the back of our minds, we know there is something that has clicked between us which won't change. It's a fine thing, to know that. It is for me, at least, and, knowing Coop, I am certain he wouldn't bother if he didn't feel the same way. He is no hypocrite. He couldn't pretend a regard he didn't feel, to save his life.

Another thing about Coop . . . He takes in stride whatever comes along, good, bad, or indifferent. In a profession wherein competition is bitter and every man is on his own, he won't fight for himself. He never has. If he gets a bad role, he doesn't raise hell about it. He rises above it. I have seen this happen. He simply goes ahead and does the best he can and when the picture is released, you'll find that maybe it gets panned, but not Coop. I've watched the same thing happen on a set. Maybe the actress he is working with is temperamental, or maybe difficult to photograph and keeps demanding this and that change in script, action or what-have-you. Coop never says a word. He takes what he is given and does what he is supposed to do. And—well, perhaps I am prejudiced, but I think he beats 'em all at their own game. They may seem to have the whip hand, but he emerges from any situation like that with a gun in his hand. And all the while he hasn't raised a finger to do it. He has merely been himself.

Now, Coop doesn't comprehend a thing like professional jealousy. He can't even be bothered when something wholly false is said about him—this,

despite the fact that it may put him in a bad light personally or professionally. For instance, a few months ago a certain Los Angeles newspaper came out with the following headline: "GOLDWYN TRYING TO TRADE COOPER PLUS SCRIPT FOR TYRONE POWER!" Certainly, this headline and the story that supported it didn't sound very complimentary. Moreover, the thing wasn't true.

I was sore when I read it and I looked for Coop to show him the story. "Why don't you do something about this?" I yelled.

He had already read it but it was like him to take the paper and quietly read it again. Then he looked up and grinned a little. "Wonder why they printed that?" he remarked, conversationally.

"Aren't you going to do anything about it?" I demanded.

He shook his head. "No. Why should I?"

That was that. The story wasn't so, so why should he get hot and bothered? According to his lights, no reason at all.

COOP is thoughtful. No "portrait" of him would be complete without putting in that. He is kind without to-do. There was the matter of the Screen Actors' Guild. Personally, I hadn't been particularly interested in it. I am not much of a "joiner." But one night Coop called me up.

"Listen," he said, "I wish you'd join the Guild."

"Why?" I asked him. "I'd rather be on my own. If I get along, I want to do it myself. If I don't, it should be my own fault."

"Well, I've been figuring," he told me in that slow way of his, "and I think we should belong. Maybe we don't need a Guild, but a lot of those who haven't been so lucky as us, do. We should help them out."

No, it wasn't a very eloquent argument, but I got what he meant. He thought it was the right thing to do and suddenly I did, too. So I joined. And I liked him all the more for taking the stand he did.

Another side of Coop is his truly remarkable ability to concentrate—or perhaps it is a genius for ignoring petty annoyances and distractions. I shall never forget one night when he and Rocky (his wife) and Frances and myself were attending a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. You wouldn't suspect it, perhaps, but Coop loves music, classical music as well as those cowboy songs of his.

Anyway, in the middle of a splendid symphony, an autograph seeker popped up in the box back of us and concentrated on Gary.

"Mister Cooper," he hissed. "Mister Cooper."

Well, I don't see how Coop could have failed to hear, but if he did, he gave no sign; just sat there listening to the music. A moment later, the fellow tried again. "Mister Cooper," he insisted, practically out loud, now. "MISTER COOPER! Can I have your autograph?"

But still, Coop just sat there, unheeding. No, I couldn't stand it! I turned around and motioned the guy to be quiet. But Coop never budged. And

after the concert was over, he rose and rubbed his hands together that way he has when he is pleased.

"Fine program, wasn't it?" he said. Sure, he meant it. As far as he was concerned, nothing had happened to mar his evening. Not a thing. I had to laugh, though, when as we were making our way out of the Bowl, I heard the autograph hunter's companion say, pityingly, "Why, Gary Cooper must be deaf!"

No, my friends. I assure you he isn't deaf. He just doesn't hear what he doesn't want to.

A "PORTRAIT" of Coop must include, too, his sense of humor. It isn't a very boisterous one, nor is he given to playing practical jokes on people, or making wisecracks that scintillate in print. The Cooper humor is far more likely to be the kind that prompts him to tie pieces of meat on each end of a string when he is out deep-sea fishing, for instance, throw them overboard and chuckle quietly to himself as he watches the squabbling of a couple of outraged sea gulls who have gobbled them up and are, therefore, "tied" together. No, it wouldn't be a very strong piece of string because that might involve serious consequences for the gulls. He is careful about that.

Coop has a temper on occasion. Lack of consideration or tact on the part of someone else makes him furious. He and Rocky invited Frances and me to some sort of studio banquet one night, and while we were there a certain producer came around and tried to talk

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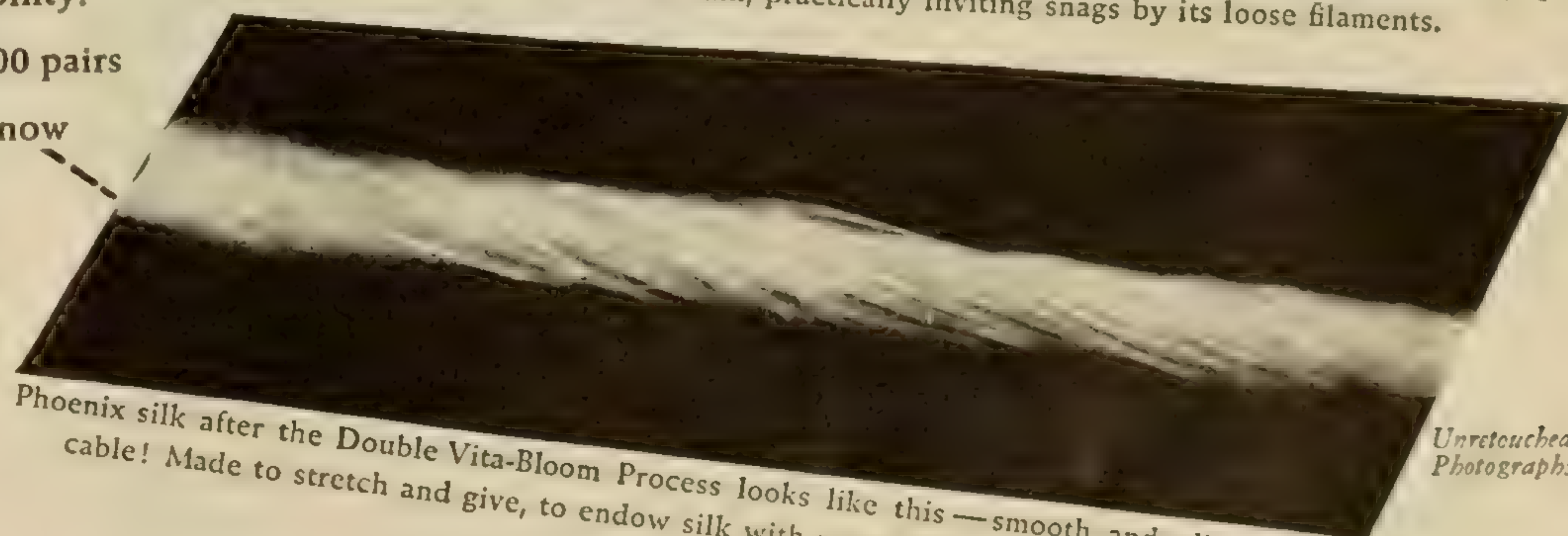
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him into signing a contract. Coop resented it. No, he didn't sputter or protest, but we saw his eyes get bluer and bluer, as they always do when he's mad, and the slow crimson spread over his face. Finally, he got out of his chair—in that usual, deliberate Cooper manner in which he hunches himself forward like a jackknife, and then straightens up until his lean, lanky height seems even greater than it is.

"Will you please excuse me?" he remarked to the man and left him flat.

I followed him out. "That so-and-so," he muttered, darkly. "What did he mean trying to cram business into an evening's pleasure that way!" And he apologized all over the place to me, and later, to Frances, for the fact that it had happened. Yes, I know. It was a little thing, after all, but he just didn't like it.

He has an unfailing habit of going to sleep whenever and wherever he can. To me, it is funny to see him sitting around between scenes, on a set, or lying down, if he can find a place, and sleeping peacefully amidst the bedlam all about him... Or, maybe, when you're sitting on the set with him, to suddenly find him asleep in his chair.

IN his fifteen years in Hollywood, Coop may sometimes have gotten himself involved in uncomfortable situations, wherein a little more firmness and a little more readiness to disappoint others would have saved him a lot of trouble. But he never kicks. He never mentions, even to me, any sort of problem or difficulty he may have encountered. He never discusses anything personal with anybody. You know he loves his wife. You know it because he wouldn't have gotten married if he hadn't. You know he loves his baby daughter. His face lights up when you speak of them and you see a sort of quiet pride and happiness there that needs no ballyhooing.

For all his reticence, however, Coop is a great one for enthusiasms, though I have to laugh at them, sometimes, because they often burn themselves out by their very intensity. That happened on the occasion of a certain hunting trip he planned. As soon as he finished the picture he was making, his manager, Jack Moss, told me he was going to set forth. Meanwhile, he spent every spare minute getting ready. He bought special guns. He bought special camp-

ing equipment. He bought everything. He spent hours selecting fishing tackle and a grub stake and a cooking kit. The expedition was all he could talk about.

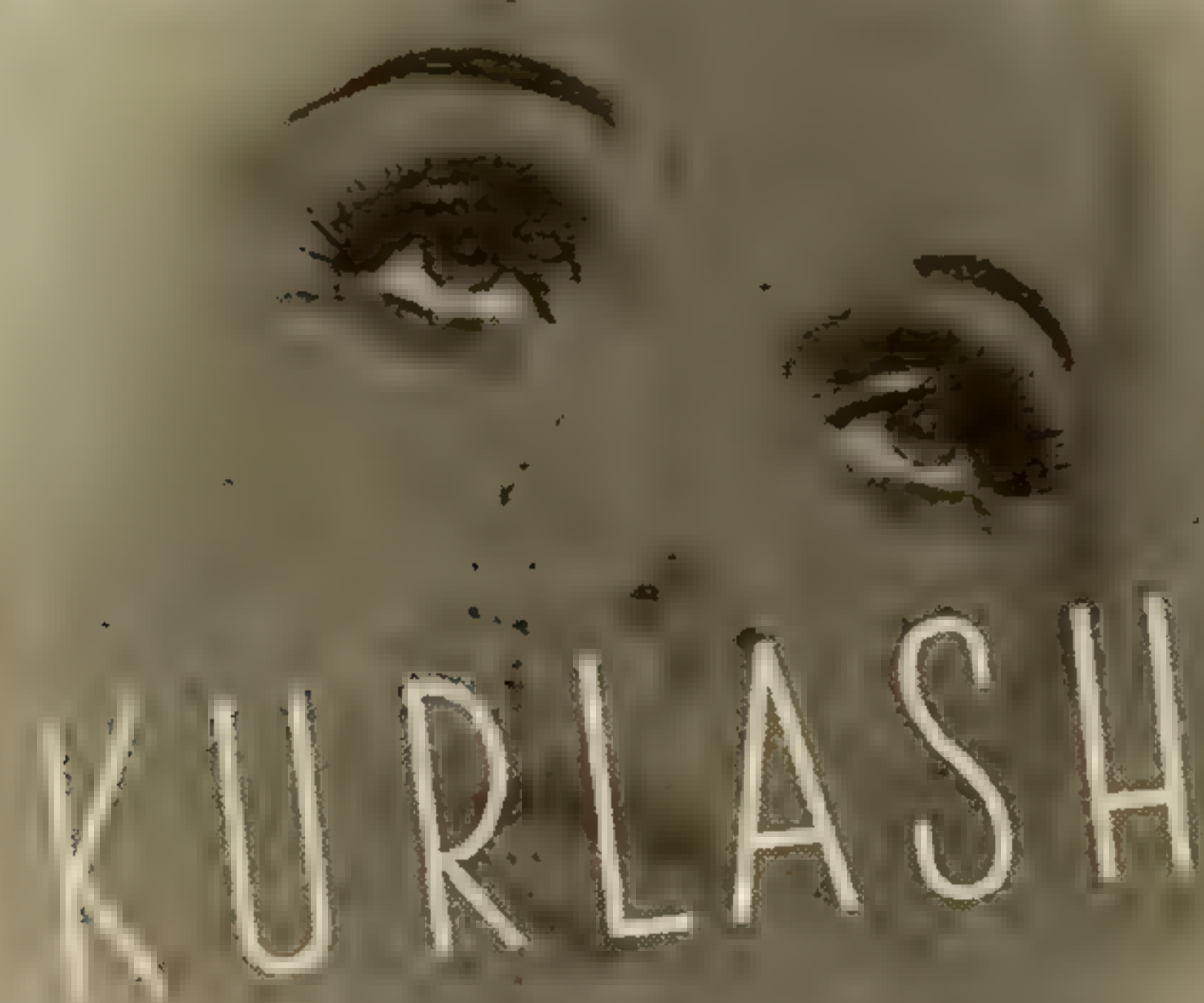
But when the picture was finished—well, I went away about that time and didn't find out what happened until several months later. Then I said to Coop, "Did you have a good time on your camping trip?" Whereupon he grinned a little sheepishly, and told me, "Well, as a matter of fact—well, we didn't go." No, there hadn't been any special reason, and of course I kidded him plenty. But I understood how it was, just the same. As Jack Moss said, he'd had such a good time getting ready, he didn't have to go.

I COULD go on and on about Coop. There is a lot to him as perhaps you've guessed by now. I could tell how, back in the days when he wasn't married, the girls used to run after him, even fight over him, and he never even knew it. I could tell how he likes fine clothes and wears the best that tailors can make. I could tell how he loves swimming in the ocean, and will stand up in the waves and rub the salt water between his hands, and say, "Swell, eh?" I could tell how he never forgets anything and how, two years after he'd heard me say I'd like to own a certain kind of hunting knife, he brought me one from New York; how, afraid of being thanked (he is always afraid of thanks), he hurried to explain that "you can whittle with a knife like this." I could describe the unexpectedness of him, the canniness of him. I could tell how he never pays any attention to the weather, never complains that it's too hot or too cold; I could tell about his hobbies—drawing, carving, designing saddles, boats, special guns; how he always wears gloves; how he hates nagging and show-offs; how reasonable he is in an argument; what a fine host he is. I could say that I consider him one of the best actors on the screen, because he is *himself*, when any actor knows it is far easier to imitate; that I think he should have had the Academy Award for "Mr. Deeds," hands down. But with all this, if I should neglect to add one thing more, then I shouldn't have described the real Gary Cooper. For that one thing stands out above everything else... He is a *man*.



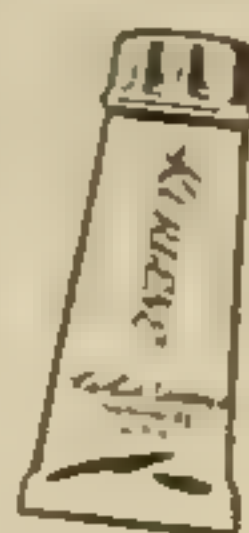
Coop at home, as seen only by such old friends as Joel (McFee) McCrea—and as photographed for the first time in the workshop of the Cooper home in Brentwood Heights. This is where Gary houses his great collection of firearms, where he keeps his guns in topnotch condition—and where he whips up his odd little mechanical gadgets

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Irene—As Seen by Charles Boyer

(Continued from page 24)

chrysanthemums and wild roses on a fall day, and a potpourri of spices.

In literature, she is a biography half-finished; she is the lyrics of "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You," some pages from "Aphrodite" by Louys, Khayyám's "Rubáiyát," "Invitation to the Dance," and Margery Sharp's "The Nutmeg Tree." If the Great American Novel could be written by an author like Thomas Mann or Somerset Maugham, she would be that novel. And I think "Bitter Sweet," by Noel Coward, some lines of Dorothy Parker dialogue, and an essay on charm by a fine writer.

She is a red rose on a long stem; not a bud, not full-blown, but at the height of its beauty hidden under the leaves there would be an occasional, surprising thorn. She is never a dull woman; she can be surprising, and she has the temperament that comes with intelligence.

As a car, she would be a conservative, sleek model with a twelve-cylinder motor under a long bonnet, white sidewall tires, and a platinum figure of Speed for a radiator ornament. A chauffeur in formal livery would drive. A radio would play softly. Upholstery and interior fittings would be gunmetal and platinum, in perfect taste, but luxurious. The chauffeur would be instructed to obey the traffic laws, but on the road he would be allowed to drive one-hundred-and-twenty miles an hour, which the car would do easily.

She is a Schiaparelli dinner dress, a play suit by Hawes, an evening dress by Chanel. She is a costume that is perfect for morning; in the afternoon something zippers off and the costume is once more correct; then, on the beach, more fabric zippers off and nothing is left but a gay, brief bathing suit; finally, out of a bag, something else is taken and zipped on, and the wearer is once again the smartest woman at any function. There probably is no such costume. Irene is unique, of course.

Such music as Viennese waltzes, any truly American music that is really good—I don't mean folk songs, or Stephen Foster, or routine popular melodies—and clear, delicate music by Chopin and

Schubert become her. Superb orchestras would play, and great singers would carry the airs; but the musical mood would change often, from classic to modern.

IRENE is the Rue de la Paix, Broadway, and a tree-shaded street in Pasadena, like Orange Grove Avenue, lined with magnificent houses. Sometimes, too, she is like a quiet lane down which one strolls lazily, to come at last upon a cottage simple and homelike.

It is difficult to describe her personality in terms of sports, since she is not the type. A moonlight swim in the reflecting pool of the Taj Mahal, a fox hunt, a climbing expedition in evening gowns and tails, with the purpose of scaling the Leaning Tower of Pisa . . . Something like that, a sport with imagination, and one for which the players must dress. But sometimes she would be a baseball game with the neighbors' children, in an unused field.

She is a Gainsborough painting of a lovely woman, or a sunny Derain, or perhaps even one corner, neatly scissored away, of a Gauguin.

Enfin, it is not so easy, after all, this method of character analysis. How does one say, in symbols, that Irene Dunne is a kind person? How does one suggest her third-dimensional sense of humor, productive of an appreciative chuckle rather than what American columnists call the "belly laugh?"

She is sensitive and possessed of rare poise, and mentally as well as physically she is trained down to a fine degree.

Perhaps I should say she is like a greyhound with a Cartier collar in emeralds, and a penchant for looking at the funnies. If she were a city, she would be Paris removed to America, because her Continental qualities are tempered by her recognizable Americanism.

If she were a color, she would be a collection of pastels—silver and grey and pale blue and dusty rose, with an occasional clang-tint, as the Chinese say, of orange—for excitement.

There is the word. Irene Dunne is an exciting woman, above everything else.

Charles—As Seen by Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 25)

a while; then by part of the New World Symphony; then by one of those melodies you like to hear when it's twilight and you're feeling vague, a tune like "Smoke Rings" or "Stardust."

SCENT?

You'd have to compose one of those Scent-Symphonies out of The Brave New World, ranging from musk to pine, to crêpes Suzette sauce, to Aphrodisia, to Carnation, to Manhattan-street-at-dawn, to cedar, to iodine, to new leather, to Danger. Oh, yes, and good Turkish tobacco.

DRINK?

Coffee Royal, laced with cognac. Cointreau, brandy and rum, in equal parts—the smoothest of cocktails, with a belated kick in the teeth, so they tell me. Vintage champagne.

COSTUME?

That's hard because I always see him the way he was dressed when I first met him, in a black shirt and a conservative dark suit. But his personality

would be a monk's robe in midnight-blue velvet, with a cigarette case in the pocket and a big silver key ring attached to the belt. Those keys would open all sorts of doors: cellar doors, the hidden postern gates of great estates, cupboards in castles, very private doors; and there'd be passkeys to penthouses, theaters, the Trocadero, and heaven knows what all. I don't mean a real monk would ever wear this costume, nor would Charles.

Appendum: You see, I judge Charles Boyer as a man of charm and intelligence and temperament, with a worldly viewpoint: definitely foreign, subtle, sometimes explosive, very secretive. His personality has faces like the counterpoint in Bach. He has strength, vitality, a dark attraction. He has, amazingly, on occasion, the eagerness of a little boy. He's nervous, with control, courteous always, amusing when he chooses to be, introspective. A fascinating person, really. . . I wonder if anyone will ever really know him completely?

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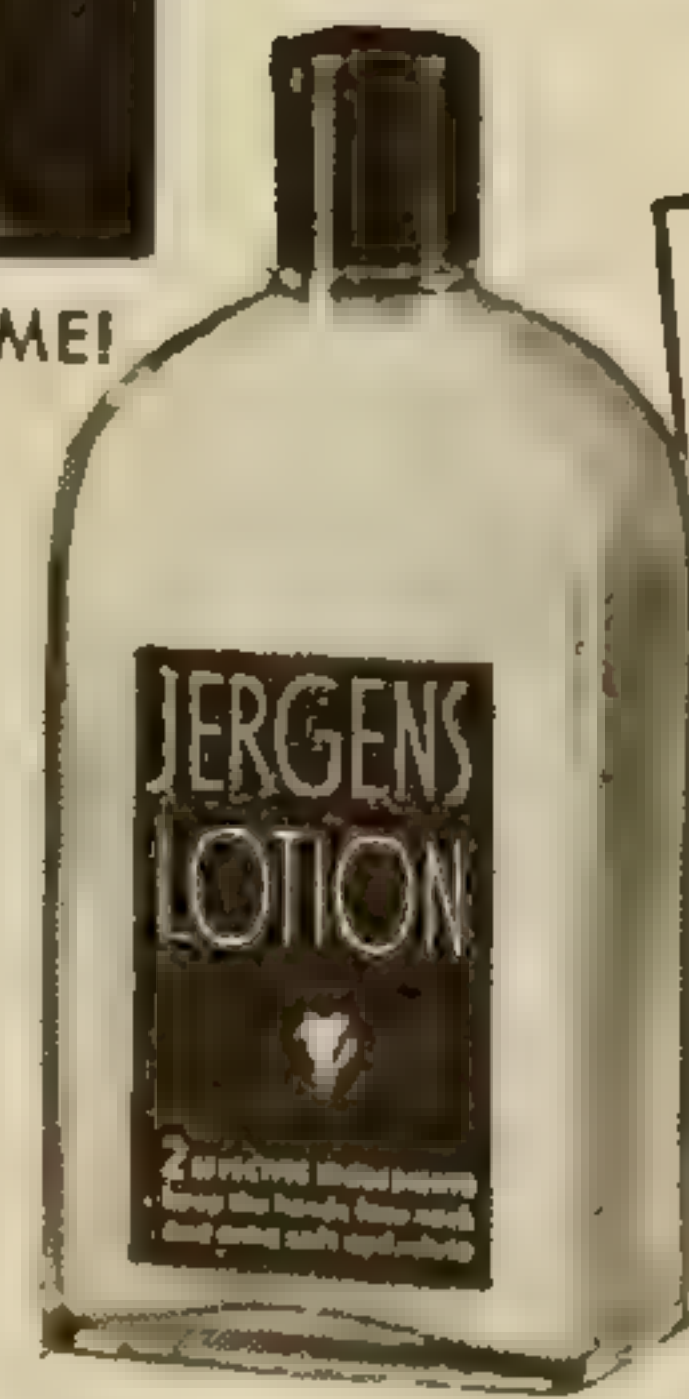
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Rover Boy with Sex Appeal

(Continued from page 69)

typically Nivenish. So, much as he loved the army he decided to leave it and after talking it over with Captain Astley (Madeleine Carroll's husband, and also an ex-army officer), he sat down and wrote out his resignation from the Highland Light Infantry and his application for two months' leave pending action.

The next morning he sailed for Canada. America—make room.

JUDGING from the outside, most anyone would say Dave Niven is a pretty doggoned handsome lad. A six-footer with blue eyes, a catching giggle and hair (a rich mouse color, as Davey calls it) that positively goes hysterical in its desire to curl when it rains.

But if one could steal a few stray peeks inside Mr. Niven, around about the Adam's apple section, say, they'd discover the amazingly unbeautiful results of David's sojourn in Canada, for in the midst of the only work he could get (road building, at exactly sixteen cents an hour), he knew he'd have to have his tonsils out. He knew it the minute he began swallowing up instead of down. But he couldn't even afford a manicure on sixteen cents an hour. So there he was, in a fine mess for an officer and a gentleman of the British army. Then, one day, he learned about the veterinarian in a neighboring town, who would obligingly yank tonsils for ten dollars when sober, and nothing when tight. Davey raised five, and wasted it trying to get the Vet swanked. His next five did the trick. The tonsils were out and Davey was in the hospital sicker than two poisoned pups. It was six weeks before he arose from his hospital bed in Canada and managed by hook or crook (mostly crook) to get to New York, where he registered at the swankiest hotel in town—one he couldn't afford to move out of after two days had passed.

The pretzel bowls on fancy bars knew him intimately. His gay and wealthy friends liked him, and invited him about, little dreaming he was stonier than the heart of a frustrated dowager. The Oriental at the Chinese laundry got to know him—too well, alas.

"No monee—no shirtee," was his final ultimatum.

So, nothing daunted, David borrowed a friend's car and chauffeur, and proceeded to work out his laundry bill. Out from his cozy nest at the Waldorf would hop Davey of a morning to his borrowed car and the laundry. In fact, the sight of Davey flying up and down Park Avenue steps to deliver clean shirts at swanky apartment house doors is one of those things New Yorkers can't forget.

"M'lady," he'd say to the domestic who opened the door, "here's your laundry with best wishes of Lee Hung Chung and his brothers of the steaming tubs and flatiron trade." Can, or can you not picture the look on that domestic's face?

"I even pressed pants, too," Niven laughs, which should be cheering news to several Hollywood producers. Of course, when Davey pressed them with the creases running down both sides instead of in front, and prominent New Yorkers began appearing in public with legs wider than the entire breadth of Elsa Maxwell, he more or less lost his job, despite the debt, and had to think up a new one. He invented a darb. He would become a winetaster at Jack and Charlie's "21 Club." David had sold the boys on the idea that someone

should determine the date and vintage of various beverages, and he was that "someone." He got the job (whatever got into Jack and Charlie, do you suppose?) and reported one morning, bright and early, to work. But the tasting grew a little out of hand as time wore on and—well, it ended with the winetaster being removed head first, bearing more than a faint resemblance to a boiled owl and making noises like one, too.

ABOUT this time David met up with Lefty Flynn in New York, and the two concocted a scheme that would, so they figured, net them a cool million on the dot. The boys had decided what this world needed was some first-class indoor horse racing, and Atlantic City was chosen as the ideal place to introduce this bit of sport to the world. Some of their friends rallied round, contributing tired polo ponies for the venture. It was the prize frost of all time, for no one came to see the ponies in action—not even when David dressed several jockeys in doctors' white uniforms, and placed a ladies' hair dryer in the arena in an attempt to delude audiences into believing it was a restorative contraption for injured riders. People, in droves, just didn't care.

Discouraged with it all, David managed to get to Cuba and landed slam-bang in a revolution. He wasn't in the place two minutes before he was in the fracas up to his English accent. Then one day it occurred to David he'd agreed, upon his resignation from the British army, not to bear arms for any foreign power for five years; yet here he was, gun running like a fiend. It finally took the British Consul to get him out of Cuba—and on a Japanese freighter headed for Norway. The young man decided he'd had enough bumming and he'd better get back home to England and settle down. He landed in San Francisco instead, for David had taken the wrong boat out of Cuba (after a night's celebration with American sailors), and here he was—farther from home than ever and flatter than a sat-upon pancake.

"I believe a man has just so many opportunities offered him during a lifetime," David told us recently over a luncheon table in his elaborate Goldwyn studio suite, "and Hollywood offered me a great one."

DAVID doesn't tell of Hollywood's cold rebuffs when he tramped the streets in an effort to get work of any kind. His ability to laugh at himself, to make

light of his hurts and wounds and to emphasize the kind deeds of friends are the outstanding qualities of Niven. He can't say enough for Ronald Colman, who coached him for his first big role in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Concerning Loretta Young and her family, he'll talk for hours. It seems, at the lowest ebb of his young life, when all gates in Hollywood were closed, the Youngs had taken him in. He'd met Loretta's sister, Sally Blane, in London and now that he was in Hollywood he decided to phone her. They invited him to dinner and Mrs. Young and her daughters, suspecting the Englishman had no place else to go, placed David in their guest house and looked after him until Mr. Goldwyn had finally signed him.

"They are the most wonderful women in the world," David says with genuine awe. "I can never repay them."

His ability to tell stories has made him one of the most coveted of dinner guests.

His gay doings were once the object of considerable chuckling in Hollywood. But like other successful actors, the fast, demanding pace of movies has finally overtaken him. He's worked hard, long, and seriously. We caught a glimpse of his face recently when the smile had vanished.

"You look like your passport picture, today, David," we said. "Just that tired."

The smile was back in an instant, but we'd seen the fatigue that lay beneath.

"Hello, chum," he'll call to a fellow worker of a morning. "Good-by, chum," he'll wave at night, as he sets out for his home at the beach. And that home, undoubtedly, is more typical of Niven than anything I can think of. It began when David and two friends, Walter Davis and Robert Coote, decided to pool their possessions and take a home by the sea.

"Each bring his own belongings," David suggested, "and we won't have to bring any furniture." So Davis brought his golf clubs, Coote his skis, and Niven his dart game. It was really all they owned to their names. With these and David's Filipino boy who thinks he's Jeeves, they set up housekeeping. A new addition is a colored cook who occasionally whips up weird concoctions for her English gentlemen.

His friends are legion. When he isn't pitching darts into a dart board before a nine o'clock date with bed, he's off to the home of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, or sailing a dumfounded sea with Errol Flynn.

Modesty and gratitude and a kindly forbearance become him like a top hat. He's fearful lest the most humble of his acquaintances along the road back may be hurt by some anecdote he's revealing. His gratitude to America and its people is the most touching bit of sincerity to be found in all Hollywood. And his charm and gallantry make him the most sought after of escorts.

His name has been linked romantically with many a Hollywood beauty, but on his dressing-room wall there hangs just one photograph. It's the picture of Miss Jacqueline Dyer, the English girl whom David met some years ago in London.

He hesitates to say much about her. But something in his manner, when he glances at her picture there on the wall, something in the way he speaks of her, tells us David Niven, Our Rover Boy of Charm, has come home at last.

LAST-MINUTE REVIEWS

★ THE WIZARD OF OZ—M-G-M

TWO years to make—and worth every moment of it. This cast alone—Frank Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow, Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman, and Billie Burke as the good fairy, Glinda—might have been dreamed into being just for this superb fantasy of a little girl transported by cyclone to a magic wonderland where anything can (and does) happen. How she travels with her new-

found friends through tiny Munchkinland, braves the gigantic Flying Monkeys, and outwits the Wicked Witch (Margaret Hamilton) to gain aid from the droll Wizard and the beautiful Glinda, makes the plot, interspersed with catchy songs and spectacular production numbers. Put it all in the finest Technicolor, and what more could any fantasy-lover ask? A "must" for both children and adults.

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount

YOU'RE in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the archvillain of this free adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But the gang of ruffians, who wreck ships for their cargoes on the wild Cornish coast, know him only as the rich Sir Pengallian, and believe Leslie Banks of Jamaica Inn is their leader. Nor does pretty Maureen O'Hara recognize his true character when appealing to him for aid in escaping the cutthroats; nor does the investigator from Lloyds, Robert Newton, who seeks his help in tracking down the mysterious "brains"

of the band. This general lack of insight leads to all kinds of trouble. Alfred Hitchcock has used every device in the director's handbook to sustain the pace of the sinister tale—hairbreadth escapes, last minute rescues, the chase. The result will satisfy those who like action, storybook thrills, bloodshed, in nice, big chunks; but will disappoint the Hitchcock fans. Mr. Laughton, as usual, dominates every scene—simply gloating in his evil role, and Maureen O'Hara proves an appealing hapless heroine.

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

BUT tomorrow takes a long time coming in the new Dunne-Boyer starrer. Tragedy and trouble stalk poor Irene and Charles wherever they turn. None of it would ever have happened if Charles, as a world-famous pianist, hadn't dropped in for a blue-plate special at the chain restaurant where Irene is working. That night, he follows her to a union meeting where she's urging her fellow-waitresses to strike. Sailing on Long Island Sound next day (these

Frenchmen work fast), they take refuge in his home near by. Comes a hurricane and they discover they love each other. However, love is not for them, for Charles can't desert his irrational wife (Barbara O'Neil), who needs him. It's all very sad—and a shame, too, since the realistic touches in both acting and direction should have made a much greater picture. You'll probably like it, though, if you enjoy suffering in such charming company.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 65)

★ LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

IT'S still a moot point whether or not it makes any difference that the heady Lamarr can't act worth a tinker's expression of irritation. This follows the only possible formula: Lush atmosphere, good acting support, and fine photography, while she looks beautiful.

Robert Taylor plays a young American engineer, and fits perfectly into the mental picture we all have of he-men who brave the dangers of far places. Joseph Schildkraut is the smooth scoundrel who has been Hedy's heart interest, until she discovers that his interest in her is more in the line of business than sentiment. When she discovers this discouraging fact she kills Schildkraut. Oriental Saigon is romantic atmosphere and provides an excellent background for the unrestrained emotions of both Taylor and Lamarr. He gives a performance to be proud of and so does Joseph Schildkraut.

★ FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

IS there really anything we can tell you about this that you couldn't deduce from the title and the fact that Randolph Scott has the title role? Tombstone, famous for its Wild West history, is the locale, and silver is discovered there. The bad element comes in, and Scott, who is marshal, sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero tries hard to look like a T.B., but health sticks out all over him; Nancy Kelly is his nurse who loves him. You will adore smooth, poised, lovely, ultra-sophisticated Binnie Barnes as the honky-tonk queen. There's plenty of action, a good deal of tragedy, and some humor. Good cinema anyway, if somewhat in the cycle-rut "Stagecoach" started.

★ ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER—M-G-M

EASILY the best of the series so far, Andy's spring fever episode has the simplicity of structure, the clear-cut portrayal of nice American folk, and the Tarkingtonesque quality you've come to expect of these pictures. Mickey Rooney is a little older now, facing disillusionment that can have a really great effect on his later life. He falls desperately in love with his teacher, pretty (and capable), new Helen Gilbert. The youngster no longer mugs quite so much. There's a mild counterplot to keep the Judge, Lewis Stone, occupied. Your throat will ache with wanting to bawl over Mickey's heartbreak, the while you laugh at him.

HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

REMEMBER that swell hit, "Stage Door"? At times during the unreeling of this movie you will have the impression that someone was trying to repeat Greg La Cava's big-time stuff. You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a too-swank-for-the-rates hostelry, presided over by Elsa Maxwell, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Sothern is very good indeed, but the story is ground out between occasional amusing lines of dialogue. James Ellison is the romantic lead. Miss Maxwell has two or three scenes, and is unselfconscious.

PARENTS ON TRIAL—Columbia

YOU won't be able to work up much excitement over this sleepy bit of celluloid.

A couple of nice kids, Jean Parker and Johnny Downs, fall in love but her father opposes their marriage. He gets their sudden marriage annulled, and when Downs sneaks in the house, has the boy sent to reform school. Father plans to ship daughter to Europe, but boy escapes and runs away with girl again. By this time the audience has gone home anyway, so why go on?

UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

THAT insinuating title is kinda cute, but the film itself is another version of "Little Miss Broadway," with new star Sandy Henville playing Shirley's role. You remember, a chee-ild in danger of being put in an institution and a collection of cheap vaudeville folk rallying around to keep the kid for themselves. She may have to eat cold fried-egg sandwiches, but she's going to have Love, by golly. Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer stooge for the charming Sandy.

NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S Preston Foster being an editor, one of the ruthless cinematic kind to whom news is the most important thing in the world. He has a best friend who turns out to be somewhat of a criminal; also, there's an innocent man awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations on the paper. Thus the conflict. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister and, also, is Foster's romantic foil. There's pretty good pace throughout.

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

THEY had to hold up production on this feature because Betty Grable got appendicitis and her million-dollar legs dwindled to about sixty-five cents worth. They came back, though, as you will see. It's a college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the present generation, so don't expect to get any emotion or mental exercise from it. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty carry the slight burden of plot.

THE SPELLBINDER—RKO-Radio

NOT so hot, this. But Lee Tracy has a style all his own and it's adapted to the sort of thing he's assigned here. He's a fast-gab lawyer, verging on the shady side, ethically speaking; and he's got a tremendous case of father love for his daughter, Barbara Read. Plot, such as it is: Tracy defends murderer, freed rascal woos and weds Barbara, Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles, Allan Lane and others struggle hard.

MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

THE kids will love this since it's all about magicians, and also because it goes into detail about the way prestochango artists fool the public. Not for adult consumption, though. There's murder and Robert Young to solve it. He's pleasant, as he always is, and you get a little beam when he pairs off with pretty Florence Rice. Those of you who believe in ghosts are going to be pretty annoyed at the exposé.

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Columbia

DAGWOOD takes the rap while Blondie takes a vacation, and it's all just as amusing as the other films in this comic-strip hit series. The situations

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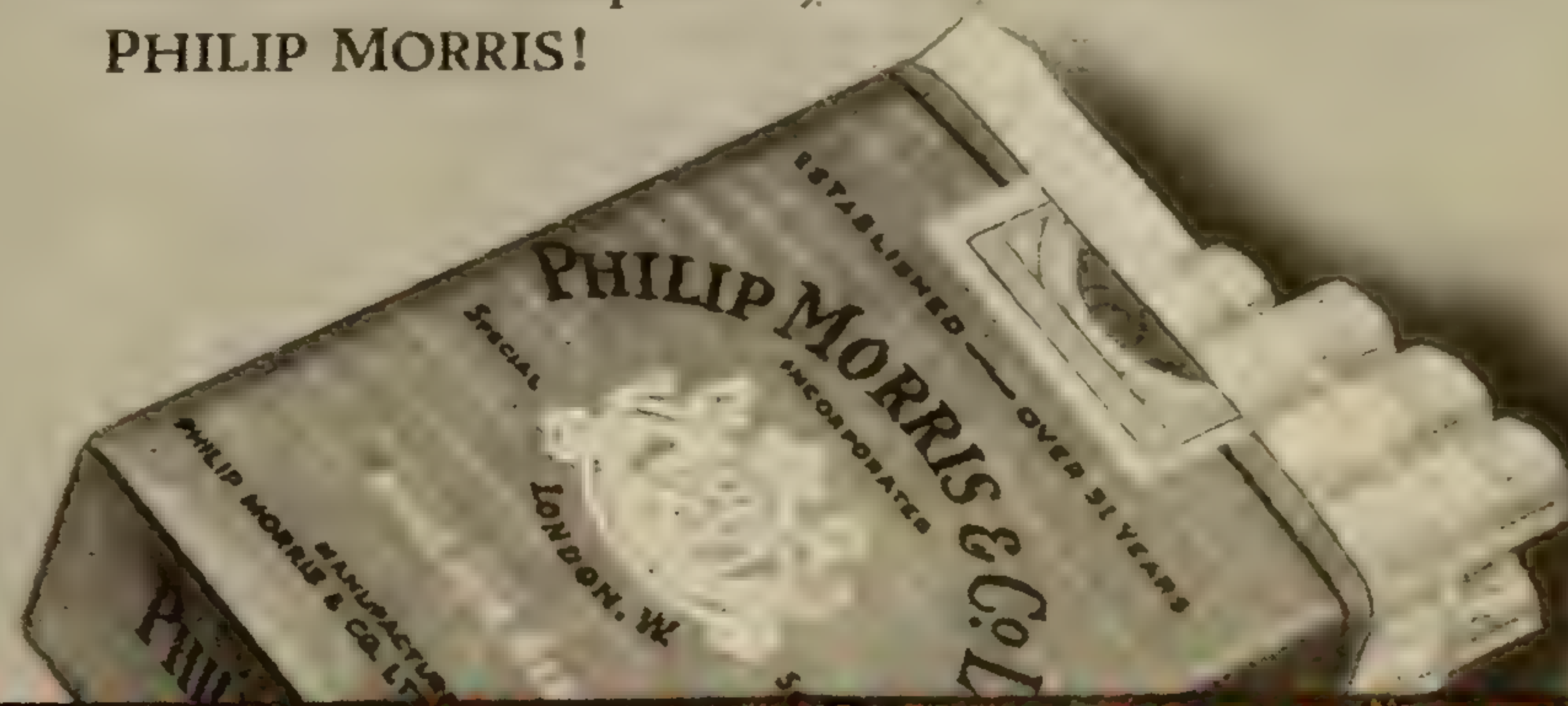


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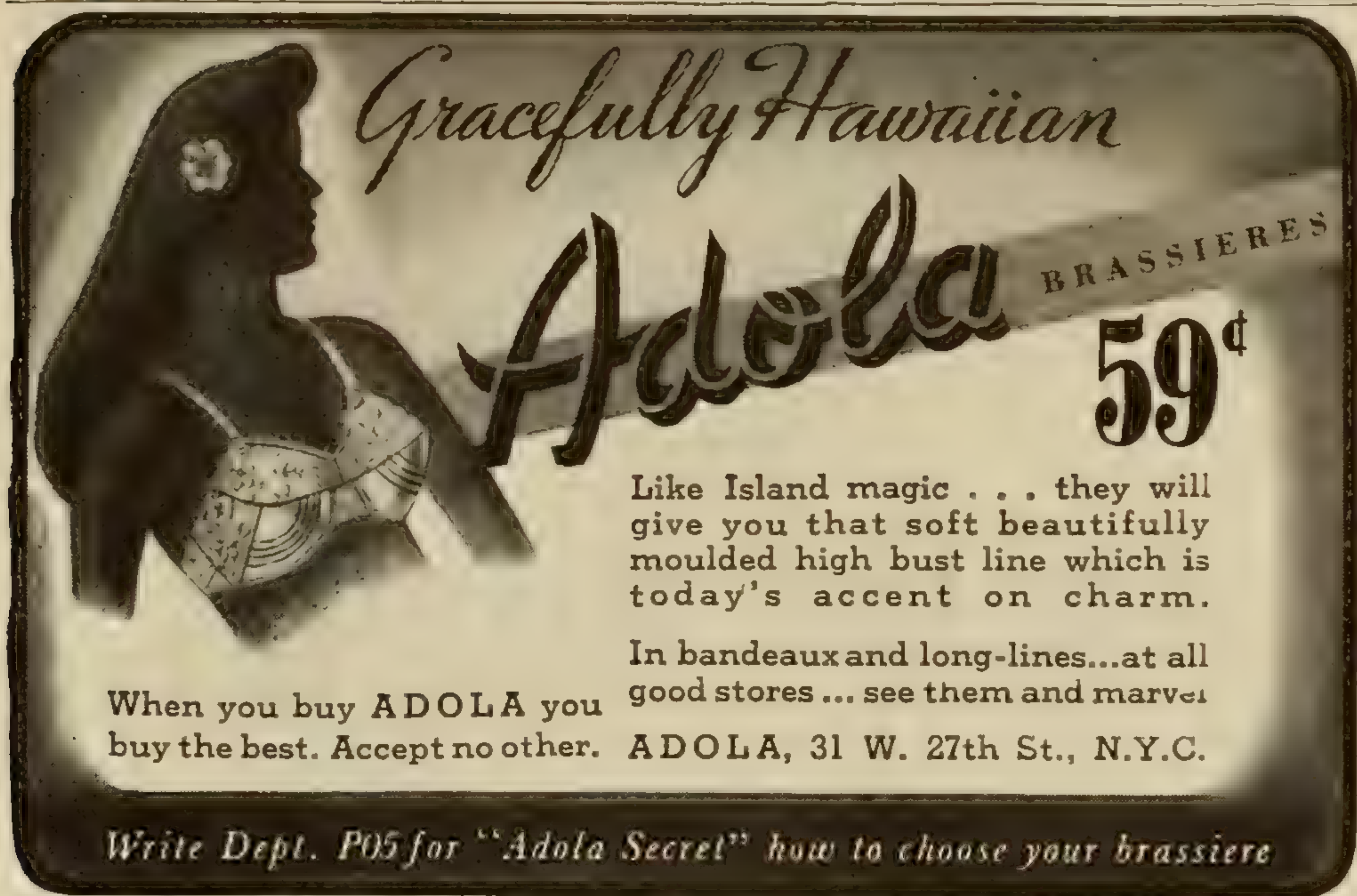
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worked up (skunks invading hotel resort, as an example) have that fine lack of intelligence and incredible bad taste that make the funnies America's favorite literature. Larry Simms, as *Baby Dumpling*, keeps disappearing but he's cute when he's on the screen. Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake rattle along as the married *Bumsteads*.

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram

BOO! Boris Karloff's gonna getcha, kiddies. . . He makes a nice menacing Chinaman as *Mr. Wong*, although his role is sympathetic. There's a fine murder right away. It takes place in Wong's house, and the victim is a Chinese princess who's in America to buy planes. Marjorie Reynolds is the newspaper woman who rushes around and helps out, and Monogram has inserted a romance angle between her and Grant Withers. In keeping with the new treatment of murder and mystery, there is lots of comedy to keep you chuckling.

★ I STOLE A MILLION—Universal

HARD stuff to take, this, after a long day's work when what you want is nice gay entertainment. But it's swell melodrama, with George Raft right in form and Claire Trevor abetting him capably. The story is that of a man who, through circumstances beyond his control, gets labeled a criminal and who works out his peeve against the world by going really bad. At the end, he faces the sacrifice he must make in order to save his wife and child from his own misdeeds. The picture has emotional power and integrity of viewpoint. Direction is very good. Dick Foran, Henry Armetta and Victor Jory contribute.

IN OLD MONTEREY—Republic

THOSE Gene Autry Westerns have been so successful, Republic decided this

time to toss in a bonus. As a result you get not only a picture up to the usual Autry standard, but a lot more entertainment, consisting of the Hoosier Hot Shots, the Ranch Boys, Smiley Burnette and Sarie and Sally. Gene's an army sergeant; the army wants some training grounds but can't get ranchers to move. They are all riled up by a mine owner who wants to get more money for his property than it's worth. Gene rides to the rescue, singing like mad.

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Principal-RKO-Radio

IT'S Bobby Breen again, in a film with better interest than its predecessors. Everything happens in Louisiana, with Ralph Morgan playing a plantation owner and Bobby's father. Ralph is killed and Edwin Maxwell is the attorney who tries to rob the boy of his inheritance. The Hall Johnson Choir aids young Breen musically.

BAD LANDS—RKO-Radio

WHEN you walk out of this you'll be pretty bewildered. It's just nine men sitting around waiting to die, and talking about it. A sheriff and a posse have gone out to search for a killer, and the killer traps the hunters. No females in the cast, either. Robert Barrat, Noah Beery, Jr. and others read the lines written for them.

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic

HERE'S the Higgins bunch again, played by James, Lucile and Russell Gleason. Marie Wilson is her usual stupid character. All the fuss is about Pa's job, because there's going to be a merger and Ma messes everything up by butting in. There are several front-parlor jokes, as opposed to the smoking-room type. Unless you're a series fan, though, the piece is pretty gooeey.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to the fact that we carry a number of unusual features in this issue, we have not printed "Casts of Current Pictures." If, however, any reader desires a particular cast of a picture reviewed this month and will drop us a card, we shall be happy to forward the cast in question.

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 67)

murder case. Roach is bidding for fast action and laughs, and from what we see, he can't miss.

It's a newspaper city-room set. Joan sits on the side and knits thoughtfully, as Adolphe, Bill Gargan, Donald Meek and Anthony Allan race through a fast-talking scene. It's speedier than a candid-camera shot, but it doesn't click quite as easily. In fact, glib as both Adolphe and Bill are, their tongues play them tricks. To make each blowup worse, Joan Bennett sings out the score, a *la* baseball umpire—

"Menjou—two strikes!" she calls, "Gargan—on!" They fluff it again.

"Three strikes for Menjou," chants Joan. "Yer-O-w-w-t!"

She's too late to duck the rush, as both Bill Gargan and Adolphe Menjou swoop up and give her, chair, knitting needles and all, the bum's rush.

"Now you're out!" they shout as the stage door bangs.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is a three-ring circus all by itself this month. Every time we look in we see something we never saw before. The Marxes are stretching "The Marx Brothers at the Circus" into what begins to look like a career, and still packing the big M-G-M commissary at lunch time with freaks and big-top oddities.

Then, of course, there's always Garbo, winding up "Ninotchka," and apparently having a swell time of her first real comedy.

There's excitement, too, in "Black-mail," the Edward G. Robinson oil-gusher drama, and "Balalaika," a tinkling Russian musical that pairs Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey.

The latter lady, by the way, is the talk of M-G-M. They fully expect Ilona to be their next big star sensation. She's blonde, delicate featured and sexy. Her voice is husky—a "smoky voice" is what Ilona calls it. Fourteen pounds have gone via the Hollywood diet since she first came to town. When we see her, she's guarded by a giant-jawed bulldog, named "Glamour Girl," who regards Nelson Eddy with an evil eye.

"Balalaika," which means one of those triangular Russian guitars, has a Czarist Russian setting, lapses into the war, the revolution and post-war Russian-refugee Paris, to trail the fortunes of Nelson, a Cossack prince, and Ilona, daughter of a Bolshevik. The story, however, is useful mainly to support the music—rich old Russian melodies, rewritten with modern lyrics.

There's nothing gay about the "Black-mail" set, where we arrive one day to view the big oil-well fire scene.

Edward G. Robinson plays a daredevil oil-well fire capper in this. We find him in his asbestos dickey the day we answer a hurry fire call from M-G-M. They're going to light 12,000 gallons of gasoline under pressure and blow it to the skies! The scarlet trucks of the Los Angeles and Culver City fire departments are lined up on Metro's back lot pumping water, just in case. And everybody who could sneak away from an M-G-M desk is on hand to watch the bonfire. It's a big event.

The plot of "Blackmail" is an ex-convict's exploited attempt to lead a straight life—nothing too new for a theme, but rich in good parts for Robinson, blackmailer Gene Lockhart, Ruth Hussey and Bobs Watson.

M-G-M has lugged a giant blackened oil derrick from a near-by oil field and set it up. Beneath the tower, pipes carry the gasoline from high-pressure tanks. They're going to turn it on and

light it for the smash scene—where Eddie and "Big Boy" Williams rescue Ruth Hussey.

Three hundred extras are milling around as a studio safety officer tries frantically to keep them all out of harm's way. Assistants bark orders and shove us around. A black and red pillar of flame rises two hundred feet in the air.

"Okay," shouts the director, "Action!"

There's plenty of it. The extra crowd rushes in, gesticulating. Ruth Hussey falls near the giant torch, motionless, as she's supposed to. Eddie and "Big Boy" run in, hoist her up and carry her out. There's much noise of sirens and things. Then the director signals a cut. The flame dies down to a fizzle.

"Once more!" he calls. It shoots up again.

But "Big Boy" Williams waves his hand. The girl in his arms won't wake up.

"She's fainted!" he cries. A doctor runs over. And about as soon as he gets there, "Big Boy" keels over too! As for Eddie Robinson, he just zips open his asbestos suit and draws out a cigarette.

"Anybody got a light?" asks Eddie.

ANOTHER studio in a state of nerves this month is RKO, where Charles Laughton, ducking in and out of offices in his grotesque make-up for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," is giving the whole lot the creeps.

"The Hunchback," which high lighted Lon Chaney's bizarre career, holds off past our deadline. We have to content ourselves by peeking at the perennial Joe Penner, gagging out with Betty Grable a broad race-track screen guffaw called "The Day the Bookies Wept"—and "Full Confession," which Victor McLaglen hopes will be another "Informant."

We wander in to catch a tense scene, where Joseph Calleia, a priest, is breaking down Victor, a thick-headed murderer, into confessing his sin. The process is psychological. Joe Calleia, in his priestly cloth, is having a hard time. He explains: "I've been sneering for so long in bad man parts I can't wipe it off and be benign!"

"That's easy," grins Director John Farrow, "just think of something beautiful, like a Farrow production." Everybody laughs at this and Johnny flames with blushes—because, while John means the picture, the others think of that other Farrow-O'Sullivan production—the beautiful baby who just arrived at their house!

Columbia, up the street, is upset by the news that their ace director, Frank Capra, is going to leave. With his writer teammate, Bob Riskin, Frank has decided to make his own pictures. The air of gloom is thick, but they're making a sunshine picture with Edith Fellows just the same, "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew"—and they hope it catches on to become a new series.

To balance things, a Boris Karloff chiller, "The Man They Could Not Hang," featuring an apparatus like the Lindbergh-Carrel artificial heart, is grinding out in the gloom of a dark set. We peek in to see Boris, with a broken neck, stretched out in a glass coffin—and that's enough for us!

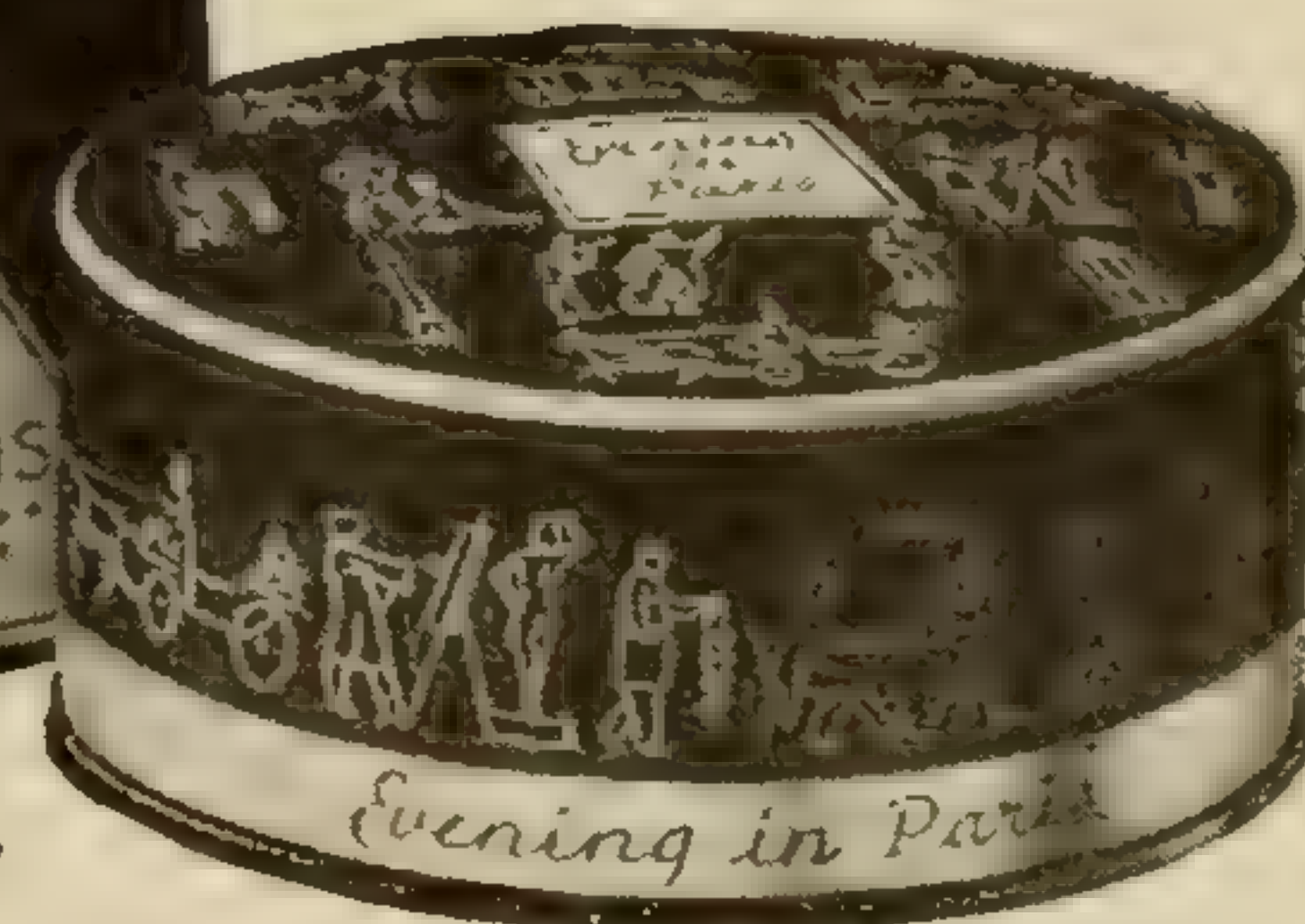
Universal, on the other hand, looks right into the starry eyes of love's young dream, full of hope that Deanna Durbin's first screen kiss in "First Love" will make her millions of fans swoon.

"First Love" is the great experiment. Does the public want Deanna with or without sex? Henry Koster, Deanna's

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miracle mentor, has the responsibility of finding out. Meanwhile, a tall and handsome unknown twenty-one year old Los Angeles boy, Robert Stack, gets the role every young man in the country would give his ears for—he's the lad Koster has cast to receive Deanna's very first screen kiss.

Bob is just hanging around watching like ourselves the day we trot across the Universal lot to watch Deanna graduate from finishing school. "First Love" makes her a little older, of course—pitting Deanna against her usual rival, Helen Parrish, for the affections of the lucky Bob Stack. The scene we see is a grandstand loaded with sweet young things in spring organdies.

It's fun for us to help sing the school song and join in the *ad lib* squeals and laughter for the long shot Koster wants. Believe it or not, he's having trouble getting the extras to run into the camera. So he makes a speech.

"Now, girls," says Koster, in his easy-going, whimsical manner, "just pretend I'm Tyrone Power—and you're going to come up and kiss me. Okay—action!"

Bedlam breaks loose then. Deanna, Helen, Marcia Mae Jones, and all the sweet young things swoop down on Koster wickedly, taking him at his word. He gets his scene all right, and he gets practically torn to pieces, too. But it's not a bad way to die.

WE'VE had enough of adolescence by the time we get around to Paramount, where Jackie Cooper and Betty Field are struggling through Booth Tarkington's hardy screen perennial, "Seventeen." "The Light That Failed" is something else. It's a remake, too, of course—Percy Marmont did it back in the silent days—but Ronald Colman, Walter Huston and Ida Lupino are enough to lure us around—any day.

We find them in a set huddle with Director William Wellman. Ronald has a saber cut across his forehead now (just make-up). Walter has a bushy mustache and long underwear, and Ida has the part "I've wanted to play for four long years," as she tells us. It's Bessie, the aggravatin' little London demimondaine, who drives the dimming artist wild in Rudyard Kipling's tragic tale.

The set is dreary Victorian England of the 1890's—full of gimcracks and heavy plush. It's Ronald's studio, and stacked to one side are a good dozen paintings (dashed off by the Paramount art department). Walter Huston has to kick his foot through them, to express his disgust at Ronald's commercial art—and, as there will probably be several takes, the set is prepared with plenty of paintings—all just alike. Ronald's masterpiece, "Melancholia," sits to one side, waiting to be slashed up by Ida. Art takes a beating here.

Throughout the scene, a sad little Scottie dog, Binky, tags faithfully at Ronald's heels with adoring eyes. Every now and then, we notice, Ronald bends to pet him. In a way, Binky will remain the greatest triumph Colman can claim from "The Light That Failed"—he tells us he's prouder of winning Binky's friendship than anything he has done. You see, Binky was hired to play Ronald's faithful pet. But for some reason he didn't like Ronald—not one bit. And that put it up to Mr. Colman to woo Binky.

Well, he issued an edict—no one on the set could talk to Binky, no one could feed him, pet him or even look his way—except Ronald Colman. Pretty soon Ronald was the only man in the world for Binky. Now Ronald would almost trade his profits from the picture for the dour little adoring pup. But his owner won't sell!

The next great Hollywood palship we uncover is even more surprising; to wit,

Jimmy Cagney and Warner Brothers.

Jimmy's new contract has something to do with it—and a few coveted parts, such as "John Paul Jones," coming up, and "The Roaring Twenties," just starting, have undoubtedly helped the olive branch along.

Humphrey Bogart, Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn are helping Jimmy out in "The Roaring Twenties," a post-war cavalcade of America up to Repeal. Jimmy's old screen pals—gangsters, hijackers, bootleggers and mouthpieces—make it all sufficiently sinister for his taste. Right next door, too, a remake of Warden Lawes' "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" hands Cagney's closest tough-guy rival, John Garfield, and Ann Sheridan a lot of misery on the stark drama side of the movie menu—if you like that sort of thing. Warners' evidently believe you do. As for us, we can get much more enthusiastic about more artistic things—like Zorina's legs.

Every time we've walked past the turnstile at Warners' this month, it seems, some kind of magnet has drawn us right to the set of "On Your Toes."

Not since "The Goldwyn Follies" has Hollywood had a look at the extremely curvaceous, china-eyed Zorina. She went to New York, hit big in "I Married an Angel," and only returned to put this Rodgers and Hart musical on film. Eddie Albert, the homespun, bashful boy who stole "Brother Rat" right away from Wayne Morris and company, gets our idea of a real break. He makes love to Zorina.

"On Your Toes" is a backstage musical with a ballet motif. The big dance number is a tender little thing called "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and Zorina's husband, George Balanchine, the choreographer, has the job telling his wife how to handle her toes. George looks very unhappy one afternoon when we call. He hasn't been married too long and he still takes a personal interest in his wife's kisses. Well—this day, Zorina is kissing Eddie Albert. Alan Hale, a top-hatted impresario, strides in, catches them necking, and makes a fuss. That's the scene.

We pace back and forth with Balanchine watching it, and we must say the sight of Zorina kissing another is no fun—and we aren't even her husband! Zorina's very convincing on Eddie's lap, but Eddie seems to have the jitters. Several takes are no good, Eddie looking like a farm hand kissing a fence post. Director Ray Enright breaks in.

"My God, Eddie," he cries, "where are your arms? When you kiss a woman, don't you put your arms around her?"

Eddie swallows hard and looks distressed. "I—I—can't help it, Ray," he finally croaks. "I'm so weak, I can't lift 'em!"

Yes, Zorina has something.

ZANUCK has something too—or so he believes—out at Twentieth Century-Fox where Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are headlining the screen version of Walter Edmonds' "Drums Along the Mohawk." It's Zanuck's bid to rival "Northwest Passage."

"Drums Along the Mohawk" invades the pre-Revolutionary War period which the movies have barely tapped so far. It's the saga of early Dutch settlers in the Mohawk Valley, and their troubles with Indian raids stirred up by the British.

Claudette, as *Lana*, is cute in a blue dress with white lace ruffles and lace sleeves. Her modern platform-soled shoes look a little funny with the outfit, but Claudette believes in comfort when her toes don't show in the scene. Henry Fonda's long hank of hair, tied in a short pigtail behind, is real. He grew it during "Lincoln." With his knickerbockers, stockings and buckled shoes,

he's a picture of what the well-dressed young Dutch settler should wear.

They sit down in an inn set, cheering looking, with its pewter and copper mugs and plates, and paneled walls. Spencer Charters, the innkeeper, smokes a pipe as long as his arm and serves the food. The fire glows. It certainly looks cozy, although you know both Claudette and Henry are sick of food, and as hot as it is outside, the fire is torture. John Ford compliments them on the scene, just the same.

"You look and act just like a Dutchman, Hank," he says.

"I ought to," Hank replies. "I had a few ancestors who were the real thing." We pump him further and find out that there's a Fonda, New York, named after Hank's progenitors. What's more, his great, great, great, great grandfather, Douw Fonda, was one of the first settlers of the Mohawk Valley. Imagine playing your own ancestors!

The combination of Jane Withers and the Ritz Brothers in "We're in the Army Now" has a fatal attraction which lands us, next, in a back-lot gully of Fox Hills, the same one, we note, where they dug the "Suez" Canal. There the psychopathic Brothers R., Lynn Bari and Jane are involved in a slapstick farce involving spies, French girls, hinkey-dinkey-parley-voo and all the old doughboy legends of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Jane is picturesque in her French peasant basque and full skirt with four petticoats.

A baby mule, one Margie, is led up to Jane. The scene calls for her to kiss Margie. But Margie doesn't want to be kissed by Jane Withers or anyone else. She whirls and plants her hind hooves right in Jane's middle!

It looks like tragedy for a minute. But the petticoats save Jane. And when Mrs. Withers rushes into the scene and picks her daughter up, Jane just smiles happily. "Isn't she cute?" Jane cries. "Mother, I want to take Margie home after the picture."

But Mrs. Withers shakes her head firmly. She must be thinking of the herds of rabbits, guinea pigs, squirrels, stray cats, puppy dogs, chickens and goats that swarm over her lawn. Jane has taken them all home at one time or another from a picture.

OUR visits to Sunset and Vine reveal that Hollywood on the air is even more up in the air than the studios this month trying to plot out a winter menu and still save a dollar here and there.

The first note we hear at Columbia and NBC's big Hollywood branches is economy. As one gagster puts it—"The B's are moving over to radio!" The ideal Hollywood star program this year, everyone agrees, is a good "script" show—like the Robinson-Trevor "Big Town."

Already Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake have scored a solid hit in "Blondie." "Sherlock Holmes" seems certain to get a steady airing. Johnny Mack Brown's music-and-drama "Under Western Stars," a summertime fill-in, is clicking. Edward Everett Horton has a comedy series ready to go.

Stars with modest money ideas—not over the \$750 a week class—are getting the steady air contracts, with more promised if they ring the buzzer.

The only new high-priced show with a chance, in fact, is the new Al Jolson-Lucky Strike musical, auditioned this month with Carl Hoff and Betty Jane Rhodes. Planned now for forty-five minutes, to feature music and Hollywood stars, it may cost around \$10,000.

Our select social note of the month: Two-ton John Scott Trotter is now bunking with Skinnay Ennis in Beverly Hills, which Bing Crosby says is playing both ends against the middle!

"What Pain Can Teach You"

(Continued from page 31)

finally. "You're right. One pain kills another." It has been a long time now since Bill has mentioned Jean Harlow by name—but the sorrow in his face, right then, was testimony enough.

"There was a gentleman named Shakespeare who said it," Bill went on. "He said, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' That is the thing I've found out. They are sweet. The pain your body gives you blanks out, for a little while, any mental pain you may have suffered. I'll be honest, too. I have found other things. I found that whole strange, new, terrifying and almost beautiful world of hospitals. How those wonderful people who inhabit them day after day, year after year, those tireless doctors and nurses, stand them, always seeing suffering, always associating with broken, demanding, fretful people, I will never know. But it gives you new faith in people to observe it, nevertheless.

"This is true, too. I found out about simplicity. As you know, I've been getting simpler, anyhow. I sold the big house and took a smaller one. Then I sold that and in this last year, when I haven't been any too certain how long I might be around, I've been living in a hotel. I don't like that. I'm a home man, really. What I want now is a home that has, if I can possibly find it, one living room, one dining room, one servant's room, one kitchen, one bedroom for the master. Add a swimming pool and put it somewhere where I'll have a view and that's all I ask. I've got Father and Mother a little house in the middle of Beverly. It's perfect for them, and they are near enough that we can get together a lot. My boy's not far away. I don't seem to be finding that house, so I may have to build it, but that's the setup I'm seeking.

"Maybe I'm applying that same simplicity to people, too. You know, how

dreary Melrose Avenue is down there along Vine Street? Before I went through all this, whenever I had to drive along there, among all those dreary little cleaning and dyeing shops, those cheap little drugstores and groceries, I'd try to avoid seeing the street. The day they finally let me out of the hospital, cured, that was the first street my car turned into. I suddenly looked at those shops and they looked wonderful to me. I looked at the people who kept them and I thought, 'Those remarkable people. Those happy little people. Those lucky little people having those nice shops to sit in, having that sunshine to walk in.' I looked at them and I suddenly knew the joy it was merely to be alive, the great gift it was merely to live."

Van Dyke's voice interrupted us. "Finished for the day, Bill," he called. Bill looked at his watch. "It's only ten of four," he called back.

"Hell, do you expect me to shoot all night?" Van thundered.

BILL stood up. Now his smile was genuine. He nodded toward the set, "This is the best tonic a man can have," he said. "Working again. That was all I needed to complete the cure. I'll be all right now."

"You'll always be all right," I said.

He will be, too. You'll never know that things still grey out a bit for Bill as he makes "Another Thin Man." What you will get when it's finished is laughter and entertainment because Bill intends you to get that. And just because he intends that is exactly why he will win. Because in order to give it to you he is rising supreme over his own sadness and his own weariness.

That fighting gallantry is what brings love to comfort a man, even from the outrageous fortunes of life itself.

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 59)

Don't think for a moment that Miss Head advocates every honest working girl trying to figure out how to have a full-length mink coat. Rather keep in mind that this is the type of complete and correct wardrobe from which more conservative wardrobes are inspired. There are many less expensive furs these days that are priced to suit a wardrobe of the girl with champagne taste and a pinched pocketbook!

For dinner dresses, the same formula idea persists. Madeleine has two types of basic dinner clothes. She prefers a slim black dinner dress with fullness either in front or in back. One she wears in the film is black silk jersey with draped front fullness and crushed, long sleeves. Another is an interesting black wool jersey printed with a blue-bell motif that boasts back fullness. These gowns are ideal for supper, dinner, the theater, and so on.

Considering Miss Carroll's more formal clothes, Miss Head shows us a "combination dress" which she considers important for the approaching winter season. This is the basic black crepe formal evening gown which is still indispensable in spite of being a fad. It is, in Edith Head's opinion, becoming to all and at all times correct. Madeleine likes this worn with an Empire jacket of white crepe embroidered in sheaves of golden wheat. An important note is Miss Head's addition of short gloves made of the material used in the dress.

We find Miss Carroll going ultra-for-

mal in the gown she wears for the opening of the opera (and to illustrate this Letter). It has a dramatic Victorian silhouette. The fabric is Bianchini's bright sapphire-blue faille and the dropped bodice has an extremely "off-shoulder" décolletage. A voluminous "whispering" skirt is joined to the bodice by a series of cartridge pleats. The wrap for this gown is a short dolman-cape, bordered in blue fox.

For a midwinter vacation, to Nassau in this instance, Edith Head has designed for Madeleine Carroll an ideal travel suit of grey worsted with a box coat which has high lapels faced in black velvet. Under the jacket which is fingertip length, she wears a black and white striped, pin-tucked, tailored shirt of taffeta. A smart black antelope hat has a grey quill "planted" at a smart angle, and other accessories are black antelope. When Miss Carroll alights from the steamer at Nassau, she is wearing a redingote of natural linen crash over a navy and white printed linen dress. Her hat is a white panama, but its line is copied from her smart black antelope "city" chapeau. Basic lines and definite formula—again!

The cruise vacation wardrobe is full of simple, colorful frocks for daytime, all of which can, if desired, be worn under that original linen crash coat.

The keynote of all Madeleine's clothes is simplicity of line with variations in fabric and trim details. Don't miss her career clothes in "My Love for Yours."

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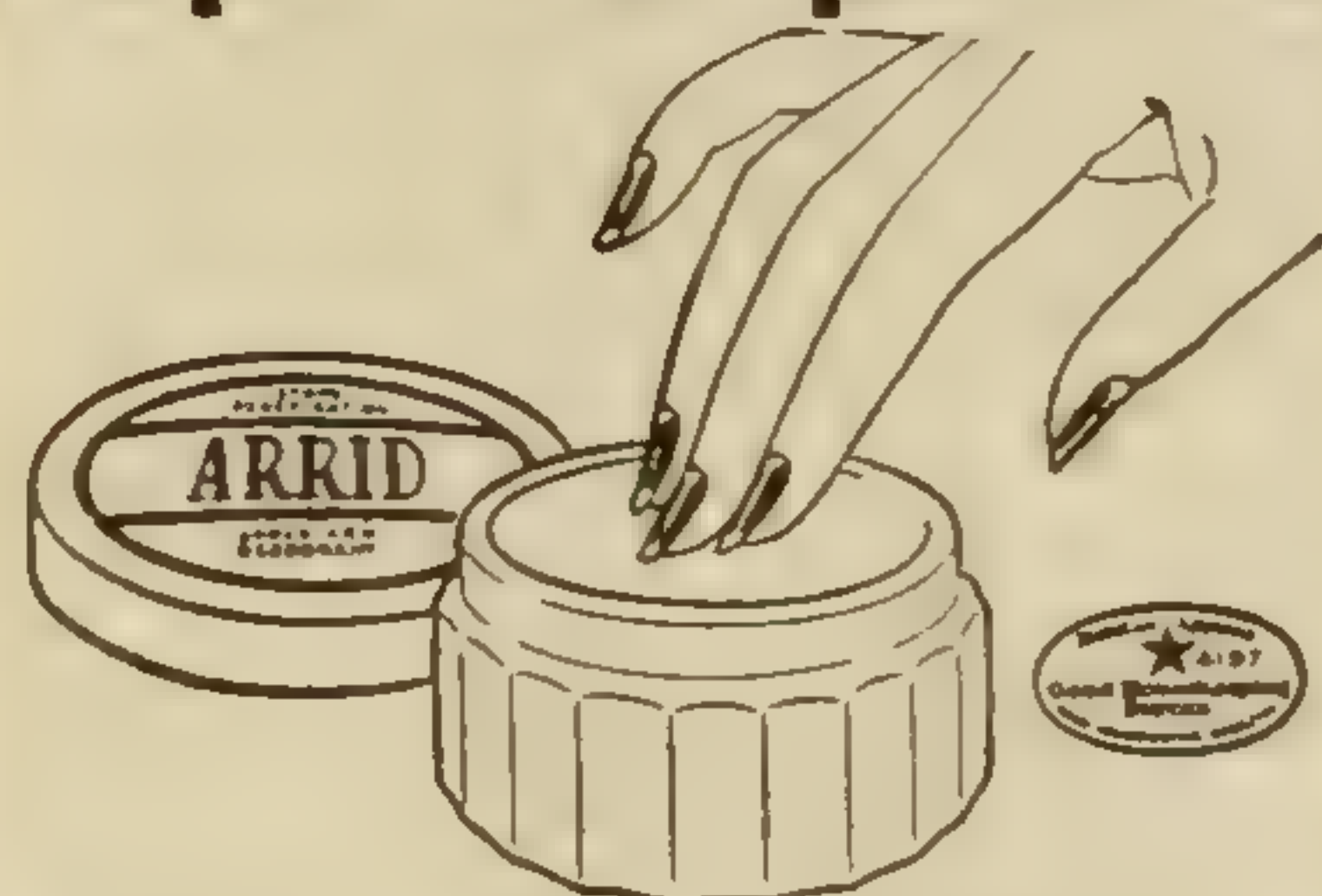
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I Married a Star

(Continued from page 23)

They joined the studio cameramen in popping away at Anne with flashlight bulbs.

Anne was stammering with happiness, and I'll admit I expanded with pride. That was the beginning of it.

Every day for a week they tested Anne for hairdress and make-up. Now that she was important, her personality must be emphasized and glorified. They must find out how she was most effective before the camera.

To fit a star's estate, there must be a suitable wardrobe—and a suitable wardrobe meant much time with studio designers, and much more time with the fitters.

Her full-breasted slenderness brought a squeal of joy from the girl who posed the limitless style photographs that were regularly released to fan magazines, newspapers and picture syndicates.

Besides all this, were her studio conferences, her "studies," and her culture tutoring—plus portrait sittings, interviews and her regular picture work.

Formerly, Anne dragged in about seven, dog-tired, but in time for dinner. Then we could at least have the evening together, in peace. But after that night at the Victor Hugo, if Anne arrived home by seven o'clock, we figured she was getting a half day off. Soon the only time she took a bite in the house was on her way to bed, or out the front door. Except, of course, when interviewers came to lunch or dinner. And that was something to look forward to. A quiet day at home with the interviewers was like nothing else in the world.

These "eyes and ears of the public" may be catnip to a career, but they're certainly sand in a husband's spinach.

WE seldom had an opportunity to do anything together, as our plans were almost invariably sidetracked by demands on Anne for unexpected retakes, unexpected rehearsals, unexpected costume fittings, unexpected tests.

Always it was unexpected, and each time we were assured it would not happen again. But we soon realized Anne was actually subject to call from six in the morning until twelve at night.

However, it was not the studio's unreasonable demands on her time that finally separated us. If anything, that supplied the common enemy that united us. We felt abused, and turned our annoyance and grievance against the department heads and executives who seemed to be conspiring to make us strangers to each other. Sometimes I suspected those studio watchdogs regarded a husband as an undesirable complication and a hazard—and wanted him out of the picture.

I have since learned that studio executives know Hollywood, and how a career functions, too well to worry about such things. They just sit back and let nature take its course. Which it did—on Anne.

During the first three months of stardom, Anne was in a state of perpetual exhaustion, except when under pressure from the studio. On those occasions she rallied, somehow, and carried on. But her work sapped every ounce of her strength, leaving her neither the energy nor the inclination to devote any time to her home or husband.

Her hours at home, when not devoted to voice culture, reading script, posing for pictures, studying lines, giving interviews or doing the physical exercises

prescribed for her, were spent in sun baths.

And sun baths never were vitamins for romance.

Stretched full-length on a mattress beside the pool, her hair piled high on top of her head, her skin covered with oil and her eyes hidden behind dark glasses, she generally fell asleep in the sun. Which was no picture to inspire a husband.

WITH each succeeding picture Anne gained confidence, until she was ready to enter the inevitable battle between star and the various departments that exact toll from her: i.e., publicity, hair-dressing, wardrobe, exploitation and production.

One by one she cut down the extra duties they had imposed upon her, and day by day she became a little more sure of herself, a little more determined and a little more irritable.

I couldn't fail to notice the steady change in her. A narrowing of her eyes drove from them their look of wonderment, a tightening of her lips wiped away their charming quiver, a squaring of her jaw erased its soft line, and a growing aggressiveness crowded the hesitancy from her manner.

All the while I knew I was helpless to prevent this calculating stranger from moving in on me, and trampling underfoot every silly, sentimental thought Anne and I had ever cherished.

It made me sick at heart—but I couldn't blame Anne. It was just the price of fame, the thing that a career does to a woman. She was in Hollywood's wringer of success, and it was squeezing the heart and soul out of her.

I knew exactly what to expect, but I didn't know how to prevent it. I recognized every symptom of her disease, as I had seen it gnawing on the bonds of other couples. I could almost chart its progress.

At first, Anne had been too exhausted to indulge in the bits of romance that keep the bloom on a marriage. Then, she became too irritable. Finally, she grew too busy. She simply had too many important things to do to play Juliet to my Romeo. Once she told me so, by suggesting that since I was supposed to be in business, I might use up some of my surplus energy at that, and give her a chance to get her work done.

Anne never could understand that, while other interests and activities can supplant all desire for romance in a woman, they cannot in a man. His work, no matter how hard or exacting it may be, cannot kill his normal instincts. But, concentration on work that uses up her energy can anesthetize a woman's natural feminine reactions. Any man married to a motion-picture star, or famous career-woman will swear to that.

Give a woman a career and a chance to spread her feathers, and a man is an ingredient not necessary to her cake of happiness—though she likes to use him as a sort of extra flavor or trimming. Tasty, but superfluous.

That's why the chances are better than ten to one that a woman movie star can't stay married.

Naturally, there are contributing factors, such as exaggerated ambition, intolerance, vanity, impatience and good old "temperament," or a plain mixture of selfishness and contrariness. But, usually a husband can take these in his stride. The thing that curdles him is coldness. That's a slap in the face to

any man.

By this time, Anne had become a hound for efficiency. She felt she had the whole world to conquer, and would like to do it during the next three years. So, when one of our recent importations from England gave her a chance to kill three birds with one stone—a certain misinformed Hollywood columnist said *four* birds—she really embraced the idea in a big way.

Gerald Brookes (that name will do for our purpose) was playing an important part in Anne's picture, and his very excellent English accent fascinated her. Wouldn't he, she asked, help her attain a trace of it?

Being a perfectly charming fellow, he would. In fact they could rehearse together, and kill two birds with one stone. Then he discovered that Anne was taking riding lessons.

A friend of his had offered him the use of his stable. It was a bit silly riding alone, but if Anne would let him offer his services she could rehearse her lines, add a bit of England to her charming accent, and brush up on her riding, all in one jolly swoop.

Of course, the gossip rags soon were smacking their lips over it. But I knew Anne too well to give any credence to their nasty hints. In fact, I still don't, and never will.

Anne had the bit of ambition in her teeth, and no time for romance. The only thing in the world that interested her was her career. She has proved that since our divorce.

But I was getting fed up on the eternal question of her young life.

I HAD thought it all out. My own Anne was lost to me forever. She had been cultured and calculated right out of existence, and I was beginning to harbor a yen to crack the shellac on the glittering lady she had become. Frankly, I didn't like the new Anne.

So it wasn't jealousy that made me ask her one morning, as she swept the breath of the stable in from her car:

"Been riding with Gerald again this morning?"

"Yes."

In that one flat syllable she managed to express all the feminine indifference of a thousand satisfied women.

"The scandal sheets and those lousy columnists are beginning to lick their chops over it."

"That means nothing to me."

"It does to me."

"So?"

The contempt and challenge in that tone was right out of a picture she had just finished. I objected to having rehearsed lines read at me. It burned me up.

"So it would be a good idea for you to put Gerald back with the other props, and do your riding with me. After all, I'm your husband."

"You sound like an assistant director. Now run away and don't bother me."

"That's a hell of a way—"

"Listen, Romeo—" Anne continued in a low, flat voice, her eyes cold as slate, "don't get messy. If you want to impress somebody, try it on some of those dumb cuties you're peddling. They think you're a big agent. Maybe they'll fall for your Casanova line."

One did. And that's the story behind the sufferings of a poor little star, and why she had to get a nasty old divorce.

Of course, Anne and I are old pals now. Divorced couples always are in Hollywood.

Languid Lady

(Continued from page 32)

her greatest role. Having suffered herself, worked under trying conditions, Ann developed an extremely sympathetic nature. On the sets everybody calls her "Doc" Sothern. She's always pursuing someone with a pill. She has a remedy for everything from fallen arches to floating kidneys. Her favorite drink is cucumber juice. Because it's good for her, she "just kn-n-ows" it's good for you.

Because there is no meanness in her nature it's impossible for her to carry a grudge. She couldn't stay mad even if she wanted to. Her nicest quality is finding an excuse for everyone. She won't listen to gossip and generally forgives all sinners without knowing the circumstances. She reasons, "The po-o-r darling was probably sick." Even if people cheat her she's convinced it's all a mistake. But when she's through she's through. It's impossible to win her back.

She has a terrific curiosity about people. Swears she knows the life story of every Pullman porter on the Union Pacific. She's a pushover for a sob story and, because she's a good listener, she frequently gets stuck with a tale of woe which is dull and uninteresting. When these sob stories get too long she's trained herself to look as though she's paying the closest attention. Mentally she's arranging the furniture in her living room.

To celebrate her new contract she went right out and bought a house in Beverly Hills. She wouldn't have a new house. Instead, she bought an old one to have the thrill of doing it completely over. She's so mad about it (to hear her talk), you'd think she was the first one to discover that people actually live in houses. She haunts the antique shops. Sounds like Tarzan calling to his mate every time she digs up a hunk of Wedgewood. When the new blue chairs arrived for her living room, she cried, "Couldn't you just e-e-eat them?" She always says this when something especially appeals to her. Unless you've tasted a blue chair, you probably wouldn't share her enthusiasm.

If she's especially pleased over something, she expresses it three times. In three different ways. When the Bill Haines shop sent over a new piecrust table she looked at it as if she were Hedy Lamarr looking at Robert Taylor. "I just lo-o-ve that piecrust table," she beams. "You know, I do-o-o lo-o-ve that piecrust table. I re-e-ally lo-o-ve that piecrust table." By this time you begin to catch on that she's crazy for piecrust tables.

The same little lack of conviction manifests itself when she seeks your advice. "Do you like my new hat?" she asks eagerly. You assure her that it's probably the most wonderful hat in the whole world. She sighs. Looks a bit relieved. Then, as if she were springing the news on you for the first time, she suddenly exclaims, "You know, I re-e-ally think that you do like my new hat!"

She has a flair for dramatizing life. She can make a thumbtack seem like something rare and beautiful. The fact that she's discovered something makes it news to her. Even if she's heard about it a dozen times before. Phyllis Laughton has been a successful dramatic coach for years. Ann went to her about "Maisie." She received so much help she couldn't wait to tell the world about Phyllis. Spent hours bending people's ears, telling them why they

needed Phyllis. Is the same way about her dentist, her masseuse, Pete the gardener and the woman who "does" her hair. A mere vegetable man becomes "great," once she's discovered his existence.

Her loyalty to her friends is a rarity in Hollywood. She was delighted when Matty Melneck became the musical sensation of Hollywood. When she struggled for recognition in musical comedy, Melneck played in Paul Whiteman's band. He was a friend in need. She's happy, too, that the new Trocadero is going over big. Felix Young, the owner, gave her the first big chance she had. It was "Let's Fall in Love," the Columbia picture that changed her name from Harriette Lake and brought her back to Hollywood.

She's so consistent in her inconsistency she even surprises herself. She has a wonderful musical education, plays the piano beautifully and was trained by her mother for concert singing. When she went out on her latest personal tour, she was "so-o-o" surprised when she wasn't hissed. She always looks so self-assured. The first day on every picture she shakes like a leaf. On "Maisie" she lost her lunch. She "just ha-a-tes" going to parties. Just "kn-n-ows" she won't have a good time. Is always the last one to leave!

Imported perfumes are her pet extravagance. Buys them by the quart. She went shopping for a hot-water bottle and swooned at the price. Was "po-o-ositve" the man was taking advantage of her femininity. Shopping always leaves her weary. She's always looking for bargains—looks for them in the smart Wilshire Boulevard shops. Thinks she's a canny customer. Can be sold almost anything—provided it's blue. Once she almost brought home a horse because it had beautiful blue eyes.

She loves dogs and right now owns "only four." Apologizes to them personally because she can't allow them to come in and spoil the new furniture. Loves fishing and is "so-o-o mis-s-er-able" every season if she doesn't catch a big one. When she does she looks at the poor fish and cracks. "There, there, Bella, stop acting like a bride." Can't stand the taste of fish. So she has a lamb chop. Can't stand the taste of caviar. Is crazy for raw meat. Is crazy for anything trimmed with ostrich plumes, too. Would wear them on a bathing suit if she wore a bathing suit. Owns earrings by the dozens. Feels "a-a-bolutely na-aked" without them.

She calls everyone "darling." Never remembers their names. She constantly complains about her memory, though has never been late on the set and has never forgotten her lines. She'll dial a phone number, look at you as if it was all your fault and exclaim, "Now tell me, who-o-o was I calling?" Hates guessing games. If someone sneaks up on her and quips, "Just bet you don't remember me," she gives it right back, "That's right. I don't."

HER motto, cleanliness or else! In her own home she's a clothes-hanger-upper, an ash-tray emptier, a bed smoother, a drawer fixer, a magazine folder and a picture straightener. She loved working with Jack Oakie because, "He looks like a baby that's just been spanked and scrubbed." She's also a bathtub knitter and a draft-seeker-outer from way back. When her own house is finished, she goes calling on "Mama" and her two sisters, who still call her Harriette. She always gets

them to try their furniture a new way. They change it back the minute she goes home.

She adores jokes at her own expense. Was pretty upset when a Hollywood columnist erroneously printed announcement of her pending divorce. For the first time since their wedding, she and Roger Pryor are able to have a home together. He's out of the band business and back on the screen. Things are working out beautifully. She thinks it's very odd that good-looking men never attract her. She tells you this in the presence of Roger, who has long since resigned himself to the pet name of "Poppy." Even if you don't ask her she'll tell you that "Poppy's legs are much prettier than Dietrich's." Once she sent him a wire addressed to "Legs Pryor." His band never allowed him to hear the last of it. Wants dozens of babies of her own. Until she has time, she's mothering young David Pryor, who's adopted and having every advantage.

TEN years ago she started at M-G-M. As a lukewarm redhead she thought she was pretty hot stuff. The studio's interest was cold. When they asked her to do extra work she refused. So they settled it by allowing her to make a sound track. She put her "art" and soul into her voice as she spoke her lines. After they let her out she learned her voice was used in a dog comedy. Today they are so doggone glad to have her back, they are the ones who are howling with delight.

Stories once intended for Jean Harlow are now being polished like mad. Every producer on the lot wants her for his picture. She almost went to England for the Bob Montgomery picture, but Mr. Mayer decided it would keep her off the screen too long. In four weeks she's had four portrait sittings. Now they are planning that many more. A special sexy gown by Adrian is being whipped up for special posing. No expense is being spared. The order is out for everyone to concentrate on making her a great star. With so many "first ladies" on the lot, the studio is quite excited over one real earthy gal.

Even when she carries on like a close-up of Gracie Allen, she's definitely one of the finest actresses and the dearest souls in the world. She's as true-blue as her favorite color. Paul Bern, who originally brought her to M-G-M, would be very proud that she's justified his faith. But she had to leave Hollywood for the stage, come back to Columbia, be won over and neglected by RKO and then—gain stardom at M-G-M. She's trouped every second of the way.

Down underneath that maze of contradictions in La Sothern's nature, there's an awful lot of good common sense. She's suffered a lot. She's learned a lot. She can tell you all the answers. She's terribly grateful for her break. But she hasn't forgotten the way she was shoved around when nobody wanted her. When M-G-M decided to launch this big publicity campaign she was called in on the meeting. For hours she sat there listening to them rave and plan her future in a supercolossal sort of way. Finally they asked her if she had any ideas she'd like to suggest.

"Why yes, I have an idea that will sla-a-ay you," said Ann Sothern in her most languid manner. "Why don't you just call me the 'Scr-r-oomph girl!'"

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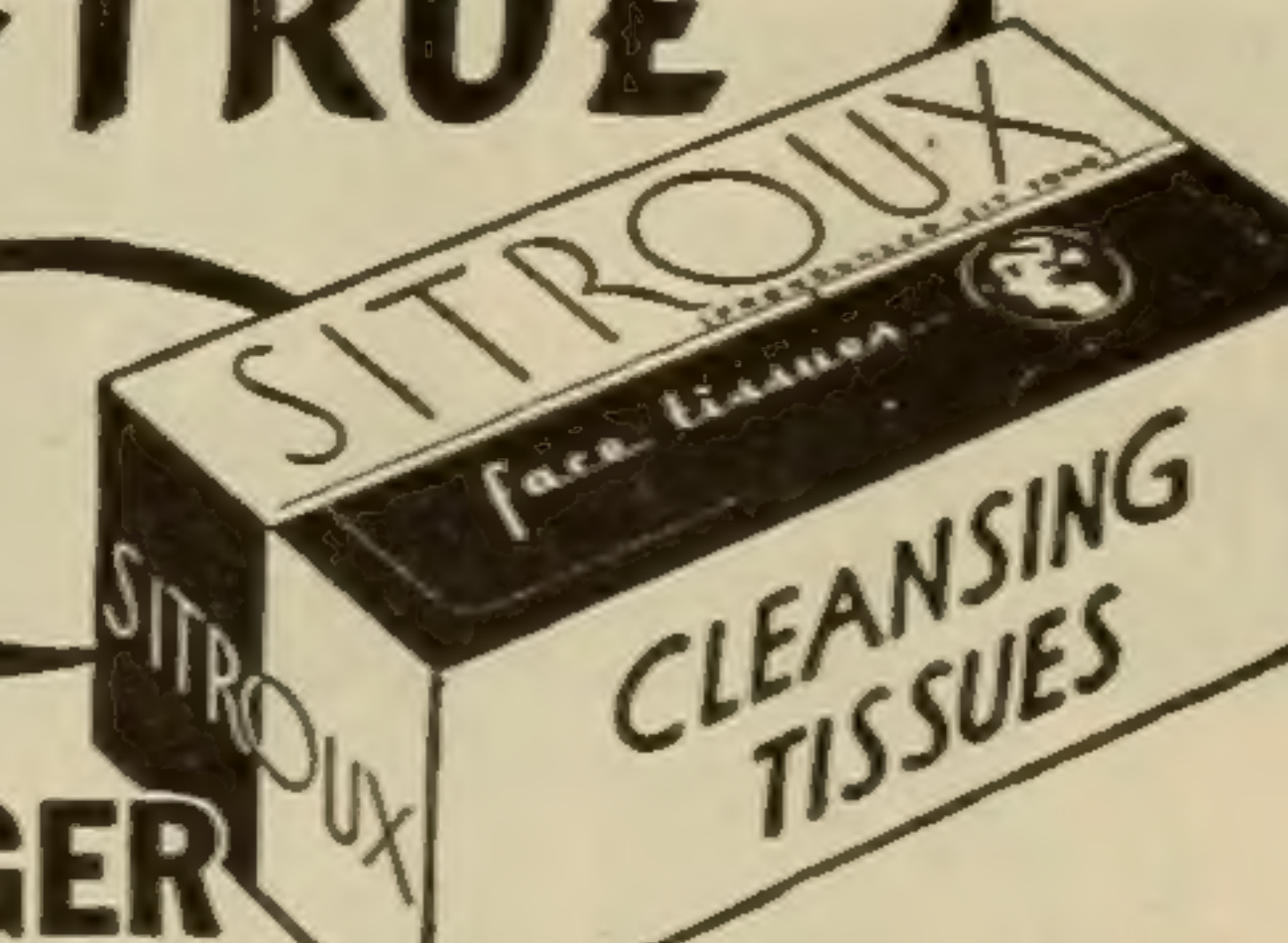
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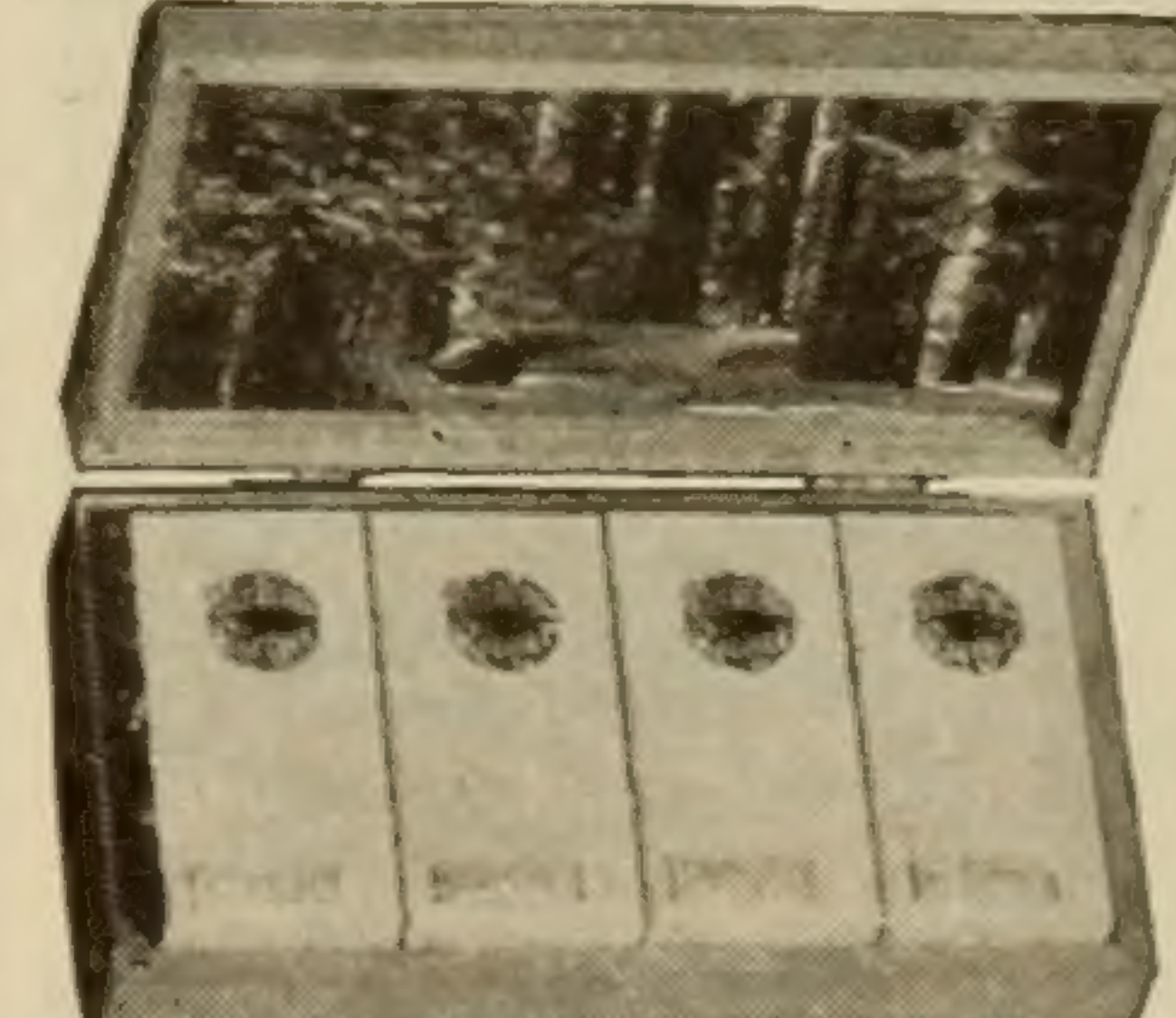
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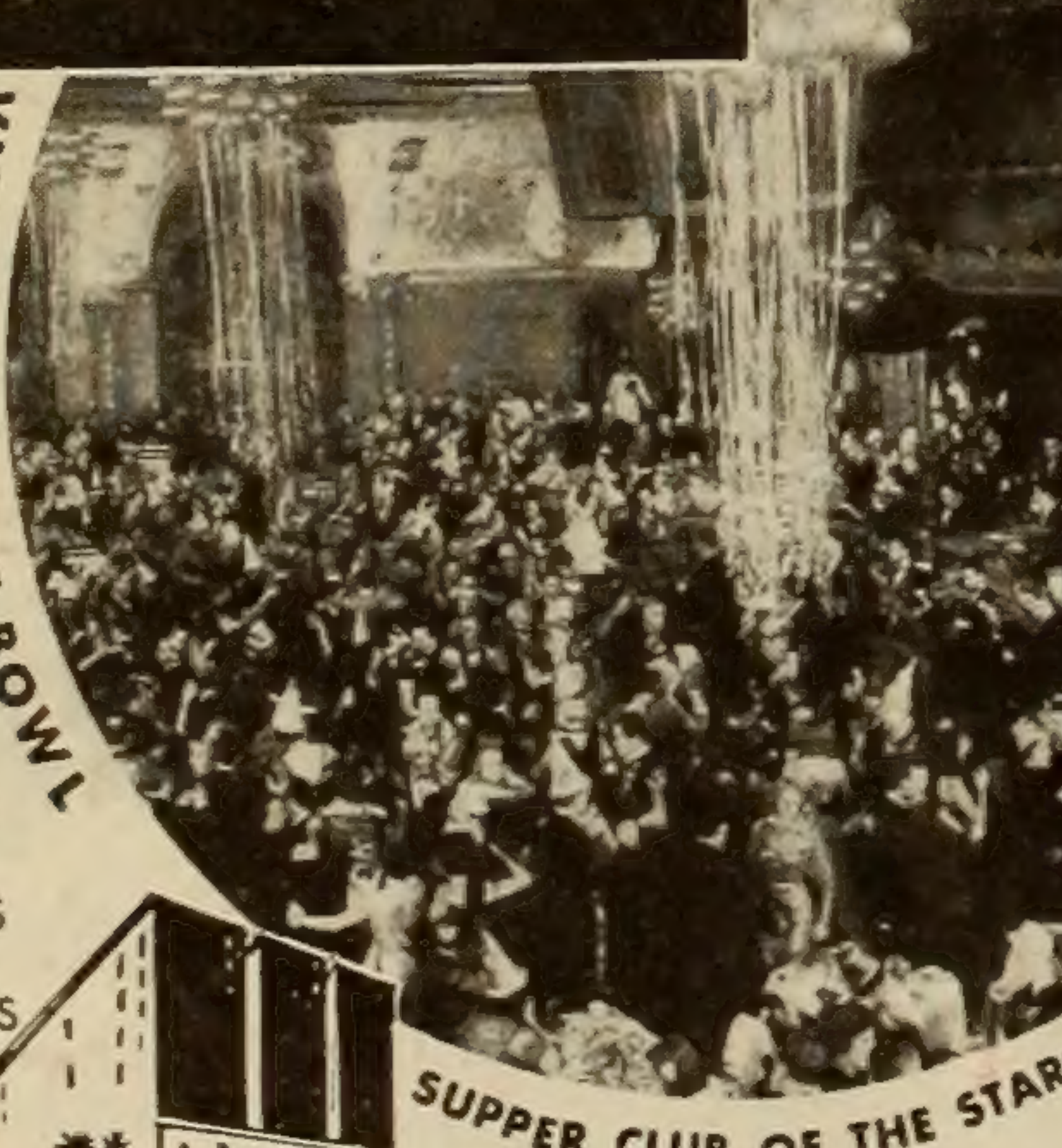
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Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

much longer. Try this trick, too, so you'll be able to do away with that constant necessity for adding more lipstick during the day. Barbara's lip rouge always looks as if it had just been applied and it stays on for ages.

"I've noticed that the untidy eyebrows of so many women ruin all of their efforts to appear well-groomed," observed Bill Knight. "A tiny brush for the eyebrows is as important a part of the regular make-up equipment as lip rouge or face powder."

Barbara laughed. "When I first started in pictures," she said, "my eyebrows had the inclination to practically ruffle all over. Now I've learned to carry a tiny brush at all times to smooth my eyebrows in place. I don't like a thin brow line, so I just pluck the little hairs that grow out of the natural curve of my brows."

Rouben Mamoulian, who's directing "Golden Boy," called Barbara to the camera just then, but Mr. Knight carried on. "The proper care of make-up materials is also very important. The skin on the face is very delicate; and I have often seen women applying powder with puffs and brushes that are dirty and clogged with powder. This is really inexcusable and it's just defeating their own purposes. Powder puffs should be washed frequently in lukewarm suds and rinsed thoroughly in water with a tiny amount of soap to keep them pliable and soft.

"Brushes, too, should be cleaned with solvents. Be careful, though, that the back of the brush isn't immersed in the solvent as that will take off the finish. After the brush has soaked for a few minutes, rub the bristles on a rough towel. A few minutes' work rewards you with a clean new brush.

"You know, so many women are very careful about their skins, yet many times they will apply cosmetics with tools that are so old and caked with make-up that they are almost unusable. Beauty appliances should be tended as carefully as the skin."

BEAUTY NOTES FOR FALL—The smart fall colors this year are jade green and brown, which call for new colors in make-up. We'll no longer be wearing the bluish and purple tones in cosmetics, but rather bright sharp colors are important now.

Brunettes, like Rita Hayworth, are wearing darker tones, deep reds that are clear and vivid.

Blonde Penny Singleton approves of softer pastel shades in make-up. Penny has a new coiffure, too, that is very attractive. She rolls her hair from her ears to the nape of her neck in two inverted rolls so that they follow the contour of her head and meet in a little point at the nape. This is set off by fluffy bangs.

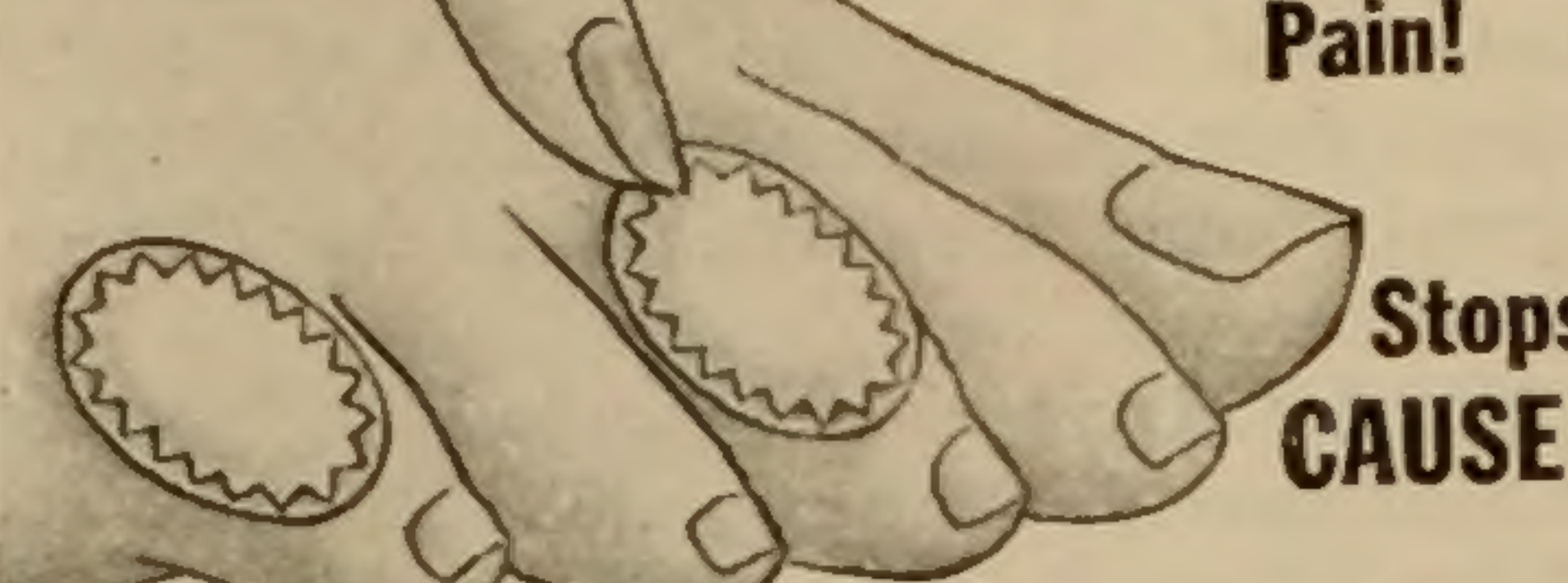
Screen stars must give their eyes special care because of the long hours spent acting under brilliant lights, and Gale Page has an optic exercise that she says really keeps her eyes lustrous and relieves strain. Frequently during the day she closes her eyes and counts to a hundred, then opens them and focusses them on some distant object for another hundred count. Before going out at night she rests for a few minutes and relaxes her eyes by placing warm compresses over them and then cold astringent-soaked pads. She also washes her eyes with a weak, warm boric acid solution.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 8)

Bowman turns blackmailer, Ginny shoots. But it's Ann Dvorak, Bowman's wife, who is accused of the murder. Suspense holds well throughout. (August)

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

A film company takes over the airport where *Tailspin Tommy*, the comic strip guy, works. Somebody puts real lead in the blank cartridges and there's a murder. Everyone thinks Tommy did it, but an accidental photograph shows the real murderer. John Trent plays Tommy and Marjorie Reynolds is his sweetheart. (Sept.)

SUN NEVER SETS, THE—Universal

Basil Rathbone and Douglas Fairbanks play brothers who belong to a family famous for its service to the Empire. Basil carries on the tradition, but Doug is engaged to Virginia Field and wants to enjoy life—that is, until Lionel Atwill plays merry ned with a secret radio station in Basil's district. Then, Doug rallies to the cause. Impressive, but overlong. (August)

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES—20th Century-Fox

This is intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans—such gory detail! Such massacre! Randy Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley when her parents are killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. You'll like Martin Good Rider, the small Indian Brave who treats Shirley like a squaw. (Sept.)

★ TARZAN FINDS A SON!—M-G-M

Oh, boy, another Tarzan! This time Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan cavort through the jungle with young John Sheffield. The sole survivor of a plane crash, the boy is brought up as their own, until relatives arrive to claim him—but Tarzan has taught the child his own tricks to keep him. Gorgeous underwater swimming scenes. A thriller! (August)

TELL NO TALES—M-G-M

The story of a hundred dollar bill, part of a kidnaper's loot, traced down by Newspaper Editor Melvyn Douglas, who saves his bankrupt paper as a result of a scoop he gets. Louise Platt helps him. Good suspense. (August)

THEY ALL COME OUT—M-G-M

This started out as a short, but the documentary material about Federal prisons was so dramatic, the studio made it into a feature. It's the story of two kids, Rita Johnson and Tom Neal, who belong to a gang, are captured early and given regenerative influence in corrective institutions. Something to think about. (Sept.)

★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Goldwyn-U.A.

The singing violin of Jascha Heifetz carries this picture. When Walter Brennan's music school for underprivileged children is threatened with foreclosure, young Gene Reynolds solicits Heifetz' influence and saves the day. The romance between Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea is lost in the shuffle. The music is grand. (Sept.)

THREE WALTZES—Vedis Films

As effervescent as champagne, this French picture provides a field day for Yvonne Printemps, who sings to the dreamy Strauss music which high lights three romances, ranging from the court of Louis Napoleon to a modern film studio. Pierre Fresney's dramatic abilities don't get much chance. (July)

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

A formula Western—but a good one. A lumber king pretends he wants to build a railroad; fakes right-of-way papers and government grants to get the land he wants. But George O'Brien fixes him. Lots of fighting and shooting. (Sept.)

★ UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

It's altogether breath-taking and wonderful—this 1939 version of "The Iron Horse." You'll die a thousand deaths and grunt with each swing of the hammer before the spikes finally unite the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific. It's lusty and romantic—with Trouble-shooter Joel McCrea and Gambler Robert Preston both falling in love with the Irish postmistress, Barbara Stanwyck. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are swell. (July)

★ WINTER CARNIVAL—Wanger-U.A.

Here's a new Ann Sheridan, in her first starring role. She's a streamlined young duchess, fleeing notoriety over her divorce, who finds herself at the Dartmouth winter carnival, where she meets Richard Carlson, a sweetheart she once jilted. While they are redeveloping their romance, newshawks and photographers descend upon them. Things pop merrily. And you'll have fun. (August)

WOLF CALL—Monogram

Jack London wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on paper. John Carroll is a playboy who goes up to a radium mine to get perspective on life and love. He does. Movita, playing an Indian girl, provides romance. (August)

★ YOUNG MR. LINCOLN—20th Century-Fox

Henry Fonda, exponent of the lanky farm-boy characterization, will make you forget any previous Fonda portrayals. You are offered Lincoln in the formative phase of his career and the picture culminates in his defense of two brothers, seemingly scheduled for the gallows. Romance hangs on the story of Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge (Pauline Moore). Alice Brady is excellent as the frontier woman. Don't miss this. (August)

Announcing . . . THE NEW
Odette
 SHOES

THE PERFECT COMBINATION
 BEAUTY · POISE · CHARM



FOR BEAUTY

Miss Lucille Ball, star of the RKO Radio picture, "Panama Lady"—"Odettes are my favorites. They're beauties. High style—fine materials—and that perfect fit which is the essence of smartness."

Lucille Ball



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Mrs. Ruth M. M. Betts, well known New York writer—"The woman in business must have shoes that are both smart and restful. That's why I pick Odettes. You look right and feel right in them."

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Already women all over the country are discovering that Odettes are the perfect combination of beauty, poise and charm.

Beautiful in styling. Perfect in fit. Modern lasts and measurements—for modern feet. Tailored types and dressy. All with the flexible forepart. Many have the arch supporting feature that gives ease without pressure. For name of nearby store which carries Odette Shoes, write BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

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FROM
16 to 60

IT'S EASY TO HAVE *Beautiful Eyes*

Regardless of your age, there's a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive—your lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye make-up. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

It's perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.

At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

